

# **SPUNYARN**

**VOL. II.**



THE SELAMLIK REVIEW AT YILDIZ IN THE DAYS OF ABDUL HAMID.

MARCH PAST OF THE TROOPS BEFORE THE SULTAN AFTER HIS RETURN FROM THE SERVICE IN THE MOSQUE

[*Frontispiece.*

# SPUNYARN

From the Strands of a Sailor's Life  
Afloat and Ashore

FORTY-SEVEN YEARS UNDER  
THE ENSIGNS OF GREAT BRITAIN  
AND TURKEY

By  
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K.C. of the Saxe-Coburg Order.

Aide-de-Camp for some years to the late  
Sultan Abdul Hamid.

VOL. II.

*With Frontispiece and 26 other Illustrations.*

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TO THE MEMORY OF  
THOSE WITH WHOM I HAVE WORKED AND  
ASSOCIATED IN THE PAST.



# CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. MY ENTRY INTO THE SERVICE OF TURKEY -	II
II. CRUISING IN TURKISH WATERS - - -	20
III. MY TOO-SUCCESSFUL TORPEDOES - - -	31
IV. MY WORK IN THE RUSSO-TURKISH WAR -	36
V. RELATIONS WITH THE RUSSIANS - - -	50
VI. TURKISH HOSPITALITY - - - - -	57
VII. ABDUL AZIZ ; HIS EARLY LIBERALISM - -	68
VIII. THE FALL OF ABDUL AZIZ - - - - -	71
IX. ROYAL VISITS TO THE SULTAN - - - - -	83
X. SOCIETY IN CONSTANTINOPLE IN ITS PALMY DAYS	94
XI. THE REAL ABDUL HAMID - - - - -	107
XII. THE ENTRY OF THE REVOLUTIONARY ARMY -	126
XIII. FOREIGN OFFICERS IN THE SERVICE OF TURKEY -	136
XIV. HOBART PASHA - - - - -	150
XV. BRITISH AMBASSADORS IN TURKEY - - -	161
XVI. AMERICAN DIPLOMATISTS IN TURKEY - -	189
XVII. FUAD PASHA AND THE BOGUS PLOT - -	200
XVIII. BAIRAMS I ATTENDED - - - - -	209
XIX. THE SELAMLIKS OF THE SULTANS - - -	223
XX. TURKISH STATESMEN OF THE PAST - - -	242
XXI. VISITORS TO TURKEY I HAVE MET - - -	248
XXII. SIDELIGHTS ON PERA LIFE - - - - -	261
XXIII. LAST DAYS BEFORE THE WAR - - - -	274
XXIV. THE FIRST DAYS OF THE ARMISTICE - -	281
INDEX - - - - -	289



# LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

## VOL. II.

The Selamlık Review at Yildiz in the Days of Abdul Hamid - - - - -	<i>Frontispiece</i>
Admiral Husni Pasha - - - - -	<i>Facing page</i> - 24
Rustem Pasha - - - - -	- 24
Constantinople: Pera and Galata - - - - -	- 34
Sir William White - - - - -	- 52
British Embassy, Therapia - - - - -	- 52
Hassan Pasha - - - - -	- 60
Admiralty Building, Top-Hané - - - - -	- 60
The Ortakieui Mosque - - - - -	- 70
The Naval College at Halki - - - - -	- 70
Malta Kiosk, in the Grounds of the Yildiz Kiosk - - - - -	- 108
Boating House in the Grounds of the Yildiz Kiosk - - - - -	- 108
The Sultan's Hospitality - - - - -	- 124
Mehemed V. Crowned - - - - -	- 136
Woods Pasha Landing at Seraglio Point - - - - -	- 136
General Blunt Pasha - - - - -	- 138
Sir Clare Ford - - - - -	- 168
Marquis of Dufferin and Ava - - - - -	- 168
Sir Gerard and Lady Lowther - - - - -	- 186
Dr. Gates - - - - -	- 196
Robert College, Constantinople - - - - -	- 196
• Sir Nicholas O'Connor - - - - -	- 210
Dolma Bagtche Palace - - - - -	- 210
Halideh Edile - - - - -	- 278
Therapia Bay - - - - -	- 278
Sir Horace Rumbold, Bt. - - - - -	- 286
Dr. Mary Mills Patrick - - - - -	- 286



# Spunyarn

## VOLUME II

### CHAPTER I

#### MY ENTRY INTO THE SERVICE OF TURKEY

I ENTERED the Naval Service of Turkey towards the end of the year 1869.

During the visit of Abdul Aziz to Queen Victoria, arrangements had been made to send to Turkey a British Naval Mission, headed by an Admiral. This project had fallen through, owing to the questions asked in the House of Commons about the Cretan Revolution, but when that troublesome affair was brought to an end by the grant of autonomy to the island, the project came up again for consideration.

The Turks, however, had changed their minds in respect of the constitution of the Mission and the Sublime *Porte* merely applied for the services of two Naval Instructors for teaching navigation, two gunners and an officer of Lieutenant's rank to act

- as Commandant of the Naval Cadets. With this application a special request was made by the Sultan's Government that I should be one officer selected.

The work of the Commission was nearly completed. The life-saving services were in full working order ; the lightship had

been placed off the entrance to the Bosphorus, the life-boats were at their stations, and nothing remained but the fixing upon all vessels entering or leaving the Black Sea the tariff of the tax which was to provide the requisite funds for its maintenance. I had sent in my report after the successful placing of the lightship, and it had been duly forwarded to the Foreign Office. In acknowledgment I received the thanks of the Minister, with his warm approval of all my work upon the Commission, and I was informed that Her Majesty's Government had been pleased to grant permission for my entering the Turkish Service as an instructor, so I donned the "fez" and wore nothing else in the way of head-dress whilst in Turkey, for nearly forty-five years. I was made a "Kaimakam" (Lieut.-Colonel) and given the title of Bey.

I joined the Naval College at Halki, married a few months after, and settled down to a shore life on that pleasant island in the Marmora, which lasted over four years. Then, after a good spell of leave at home, I was sent to take command of the cadets on board the school frigate *Hundevendighiar*.

Those four years were very happy ones. My duties were anything but irksome. I gave instruction in very varied subjects in the class-room, and had a small brig at my command for training the cadets in seamanship. I found the students generally intelligent and eager to learn, though they were a little too much inclined to imagine that to have understood anything they were being taught, was to have acquired a full knowledge of it.

The Governor of Halki College when I joined it, was Admiral Said Pasha, who was always known as "Ingliz Said Pasha," on account of his predilection for everything English, and the perfect



manner in which he spoke our language. He was one of the most courtly and perfect gentlemen I have ever come across, and was held in the highest respect by all his own people, as well as by all foreigners who had anything to do with him. Never once did I hear his honesty or his good faith called in question. He had a blind admiration for the English character, and thought us the "salt of the earth," and it really helped to hasten his death to see how Turkey after the Russian War was drifting away from England and losing her friendship.

He had been suffering from heart disease for some considerable time, before he returned to Constantinople, after a long period of service as Governor-General of Konieh. It was virtual exile, in accordance with the policy of Abdul Hamid, of sending away to a distance from the seat of Government all who had been in any way prominently connected with the events that led to the deposition of his uncle.

Ingiliz Said Pasha\* never forgot the compliment that was once paid to him by a little daughter of mine. One day when the Pasha was calling, she came running into the sitting-room shouting loudly for her daddy to come and mend her dolly. She was making such a noise that her mother in reproof said, "Lucy darling, you mustn't shout; you must keep quiet. Don't you see we have the Pasha here?" Giving him one searching look, she turned to her mother, and, pointing at Said Pasha, said with grave intonation, "That's not a Pasha, that's an English

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\* He was a Brother-in-Law of Dawad Mahmud Pasha, and was made Marshal of the Palace after the fall of Abdul Aziz.

gentleman !” He was very proud of the compliment and frequently referred to it.

Years afterwards when he was making a tour of inspection of his Province and was holding an official reception at Adalia, the presence of my brother-in-law, as one of the representatives of the Imperial Ottoman Bank, led to his speaking of the incident again. “My friend here, Mr. Whittall,” he said, addressing the assembled notables, “has a little niece at Constantinople, who told me I was not a Pasha but an English gentleman.” Then he explained what it meant to be an English gentleman, according to his view.

He was a great reader and philosopher in his way, and an excellent conversationalist. He had a special creed of his own, which might be summed up as “Good deeds and not words ; good deeds not for hope of reward, but love of justice,” and he had a great contempt for the Priests of the Eastern Churches. The Greek Theological College stands upon a hill at Halki in full view of the Naval College, and looking out of the window as he saw the young seminarists walking about in the pine wood clothing the hillside, he would turn to me with the remark, “There, Woods Bey, go the black beetles, the cumberers of the earth, who do no useful work.” He had no religious prejudices, and the ordinance of the Prophet in respect to the juice of the grape was a dead letter with him. Not that he ever much indulged in strong drink, and I never saw him imbibe anything but water save upon one occasion when I was the tempter. I had a small schooner-rigged little yacht, which used to lie at anchor in a small bay a hundred yards or so away from the house, and one day I took him for a sail in

it. The ward-room mess of the *Antelope* (the Ambassador's yacht) possessed a good recipe for the manufacture of milk punch, and a few bottles had been sent to me which I kept on board. After some time I casually asked the Pasha whether he had ever tasted milk punch. No, what was it like? "Oh, it is something very nice and soft to the taste," I answered. "Won't you try it?"

He thought he would, so I poured him out a wine-glass. He drank it, and, holding out the glass, said, "Where's the milk?" I refilled the glass and again came the question, "Where's the milk? I can't find it." Once more was the glass held out for another refill with the remark, "I haven't come across the milk yet!" A fifth and a sixth glass were drunk by the dear old fellow in vain attempts to discover the milk. Then he gave it up.

By this time, however, the Pasha was in as mellow a mood as the famous Mr. Pickwick at the picnic on the ice, but he did not go to sleep, nor had he to be sent home in a wheel-barrow when he landed. Instead of taking a doze he gave me an amusing account of how he once innocently became the worse for liquor. It was the only occasion in his life when he became so and was due to the concern of his old Scotch landlady for his health.

He had caught a very bad cold, and the "guid auld buidry" brought to his bedside a large, hot, stiff glass of gin-and-water, telling him to drink it right off at once. He did so, and soon had the most awful experience. His head swam round. He broke into a violent perspiration and felt so awfully queer that he said to himself, "Am I dying? Is this death?" Then he felt his eyes closing and imagined that death had come for him and

he knew no more. His eyes opened, however, in the morning, and he thought he must have died and come to life again, for he knew nothing of strong drinks or their effect, and had never seen a case of drunkenness. He did not like to mention his queer experience to anyone, and it was not until some months afterwards, when he visited a distillery and heard the word "gin," that he understood how jolly "tight" his landlady's remedy for his cold must have made him !

Said Pasha left and was succeeded by an ignorant old Rear-Admiral, who found fault with my training of the cadets on board the brig. He said that what I was teaching them was "captanlik," for which they would have no use until they were Captains, and I told him in pretty straight and strong language what I thought of his judgment. I asked him how on earth he thought that any officer could become fit to take command of a vessel, without having learnt first something about the duties of a Captain. He never interfered with me again, and I continued to drill the cadets of the graduating class on board the brig, and to get her under way once or twice a week, for a cruise round the Princes Islands. The cadets enjoyed the sailing immensely. They were very smart aloft, and I feel sure that many of them, if they could have had fair treatment after attaining the rank of Mulazim (Sub-Lieut.) would have made very capable officers.

When I joined the school frigate towards the end of 1874, she was lying at Suda Bay, and she remained there until the beginning of June. The winter of that year was the most severe one ever experienced by South-Eastern Europe and the Levant since I had settled in Constantinople. At Suda Bay in the month

of January, we had snow at the sea-level, and several of the villages were so snowed up that relief parties had to be sent to the imprisoned inhabitants with supplies of food. There were heavy falls of snow at Jerusalem, and many Arabs saw snow for the first time in their lives.

But the spring which followed was most delightful ; as one strolled about in the soft warm air with the white fleecy clouds floating amongst blue sky and tempering the heat of the sun's rays, one felt all the *joie de vivre* of buoyant youth. Mere existence was a pleasure. Breathing in that atmosphere was like inhaling "laughing gas," and looking around at the beautiful scenery I could well understand all the glamour that enveloped the mind of Disraeli, when he wrote "Contarini Fleming." I have never seen such a profusion of wild flowers as on the table land of Akroteri, the wide spreading circular promontory that forms the harbours of Canea and Suda Bay, and never tasted such honey as produced by the monks living there.

The only habitation of any size upon it is the monastery of "Haghia Triadha," which occupies a very lonely position in its central part. I paid the monks a visit one day with our Vice-Consul and the English engineer instructor of the cadets. We walked there from Suda Bay and spent two nights in the monastery, and had much fun with the monks by indoctrinating them with a little practical knowledge of electricity. I had taken with me a small "induction coil" and a one cell "bichromate of potass. battery." They knew nothing whatever about electricity or telegraphic communication, had never seen or heard of a telegram, and had no idea that messages could be sent, except by

word of mouth or letter, carried by someone sent expressly for the purpose. When I got them to join hands and gave them a shock, some of them thought the "auld gentleman" was at their heels, and jumped out of their loose slippers with loud cries of "Sheitan ! Sheitan !" (the Devil).

I electrified some water in a basin, and placing a medjidie (a large silver coin worth 3s.4d.) in it, said it should be the property of anyone who could pick it up. The old "Hegumenos" (Prior) much enjoyed the discomfiture of his flock, as they vainly essayed to grasp the shining piece of money. His first shock in the hand-clasping was enough for him, but he made all the others receive shocks repeatedly, that he might see their antics, and was hugely delighted when I took one of them unawares and he gave an awful yell. He had the cat electrified. She got very angry and clawed at the small wet sponges I had placed at the end of the wires, but she quickly stopped and crawled away terrified. Then came the turn of the dog.

The Hegumenos would have me give him one to see how he behaved. The poor dog got the shock all right, and the Prior one also, which he had not in the least expected. "Arslan" (Lion), as the dog was called, sprang up as he felt the shock. He made a bolt for the window, took the Prior fairly in the tummy and bowled him neatly over.

The next morning we continued our walk towards the end of the promontory, where there are some stalactite-lined caves, branching out in all directions. We had taken candles with us, and we explored several of them, passing from one large lofty cavern to another by narrow passages, and eventually reached a

ravine with tall cliffs on each side that led to the sea. These caves had evidently been used in the early days of Christianity, either as regular dwellings or places of refuge in time of persecution, as we found many signs of Christian worship.

The captain of the school frigate, a Lieut.-Colonel like myself, was my old friend Faik Bey, the Turkish officer I had met at Mauritius on my way home from Japan. There was a Commodore as chief in charge, a nice old fellow called Ibrahim Bey, who never interfered with either Faik Bey or myself, and we all got on very well together. Unfortunately, there was never any sea work. I could not give any order for the vessel to be got under way. The old Commodore was a cipher and allowed the Senior Naval Officer at Suda Bay to have large working parties of our men ashore daily, to dig and cart stones and other materials about the dockyard. There were several buildings in course of construction, and so these men who should have been learning their duties as seamen, were kept at labourers' work ashore, to save paying a certain amount of wages. I got no support from my friend Faik Bey, as he was convinced there would be no summer cruise for us—our "main-mast" was reported to be rotten, and the hull and "rigging" in such bad condition that the ship was scarcely seaworthy. There was reason for such a report about her, as she had never been docked, nor had her rigging been thoroughly overhauled since she was first fitted out as the sea-going school ship.

## CHAPTER II

## CRUISING IN TURKISH WATERS

WHILST Faik, however, was in daily expectation of receiving the order to return to Constantinople under steam, a telegram arrived one morning with peremptory orders to proceed to sea at once for a cruise along the African coast as far as Tunis. We got under way the next morning, and with a fair wind sailed out of the bay. We had very light, baffling winds, and not until the morning of the fourth day did we find ourselves off the westward end of Crete, and able to shape a course for Benghazi on the African coast. Then we got much more wind than we wanted—a gale from the south-west which nearly wrecked us. We lost our topgallant masts, main topsail yard and most of our sails. We should have been driven ashore but for being under banked fires, and able to get steam up just in time for us to claw off a lee-shore.

My assistant, Humi Bey, had a very narrow escape, being washed overboard as he was endeavouring to secure one of the quarter boats. He was fortunate enough to clutch a rope's end hanging over the side, and was able to haul himself on board with the next roll of the vessel. He lived to become an Admiral, and for one day was Minister of Marine after the proclamation of the



Constitution. He was a great friend of Lord Charles Beresford. We steamed back to Suda Bay, and within a fortnight were more ready for sea than before this mishap. A few days after our return, the "Training Squadron" under Commodore Lyons arrived in Suda Bay, and I think that some of their officers were rather astonished to see how quickly the old Turk could work at a pinch. I dined with Commodore Lyons, and met little Compton Domville, the Commander of the Flagship, who would have been a mess-mate of mine, had I but succeeded in reaching the *Boscawen* when appointed to her in 1858.

We were not recalled to Constantinople, but ordered to carry out our previous orders. We safely reached Benghazi, an oasis on the shore of the Libyan Desert, and remained there twenty-four hours, then went on to Tripoli. Tripoli, the chief city of the piratical Barbary State which bears that name, has a most picturesque appearance from the sea with its large, frowning castle, its outstanding, flat-roofed houses and palm groves. It was a wealthy city in the old days, even after the piracy which enriched its inhabitants had been suppressed by the fire of American naval guns,\* as it was the starting point for the great Caravan Trade with Central Africa. Its bazaars supplied all the European goods required by the natives of the Dark Continent as far south as Timbuctoo and Lake Tchad, and even beyond, and the returning camels brought back with them all the rich products of those comparatively unknown regions. To Tripoli came all the ostrich feathers, the lion and leopard skins, and

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\* 1804; the bombardment being to avenge indignities offered to American Shipping.

“ gums ” and other vegetable products of the tropical forests, as well as the gold dust from the washings of auriferous rivers. It has lost all its importance in that respect now, since Central Africa is so well tapped from the Atlantic coast to the southward, and it is a great question whether in the Italian war for the conquest of Tripoli, the “ game was really worth the candle.”

From Tripoli we proceeded to Tunis, where Faik Bey and I had a very good time as guests of His Highness the Bey. We were placed in charge of his private secretary, a renegade Italian who provided us with entertainment quite in the style of the “ Arabian Nights.” Whilst staying with him, we put on the indoor costume of the Arab gentleman, and sat cross-legged on low cushions to eat of the many dishes placed before us, as we listened to the singing of the dancing girls posturing in suggestive Oriental fashion. They were all young Jewesses, all good looking, and some of them very pretty indeed. They wore much barbaric jewellery, and their costumes were of rich materials, but so very quaint in shape and cut.

I was reminded of the Biblical saying, “ My horn hast thou exalted,” for they all bore on their foreheads the horn attached to the headdress of the Eastern Jewess. Their dress consisted of white silken trousers clinging as tightly as possible to their lower limbs, a loose, open, filmy skirt, and a short, sleeveless, embroidered velvet jacket.

With the old Commadore we dined in state at the Palace of the Bey, and were also entertained at dinner by Haireddin Pasha, the First Minister. We saw the ruins of Carthage and the chapel of St. Louis, the Crusader King of France, and all that was worth

seeing in the city. I very nearly created a diplomatic incident the first day of my appearance at Tunis by paying calls upon the British Political Agent and the Italian Consul-General, and ignoring the French. Sir Richard Wood was our representative at the time, and as he was an old friend of my wife's family I naturally called upon him. Then as to the Italian, I had been particularly asked to call and see him by my old friend Sandwith, our Consul-General in Crete, and personally deliver a letter. The matter, however, was set right by Haireddin, who explained that I had not called in any official capacity, but merely as a friend, and that I was not the Captain of the Turkish man-o'-war, who was Ibrahim Bey, and he did not propose to pay any visits to foreign officials in a port of the Empire.

Tunis at this period was in a way a small replica of Constantinople in respect to political conditions. Just as the Ambassadors of the Great Powers were struggling against each other for supremacy at the *Porte*, so each Political Agent was striving to establish the predominance of his influence in the councils of the Bey of Tunis. The British and the French were the great rivals, with the Italian playing in between. Sir Richard Wood was very clever at the game, and at the time of my visit had succeeded in drawing the bonds which united the Regency with the Ottoman Empire more closely together than had been the case for years.

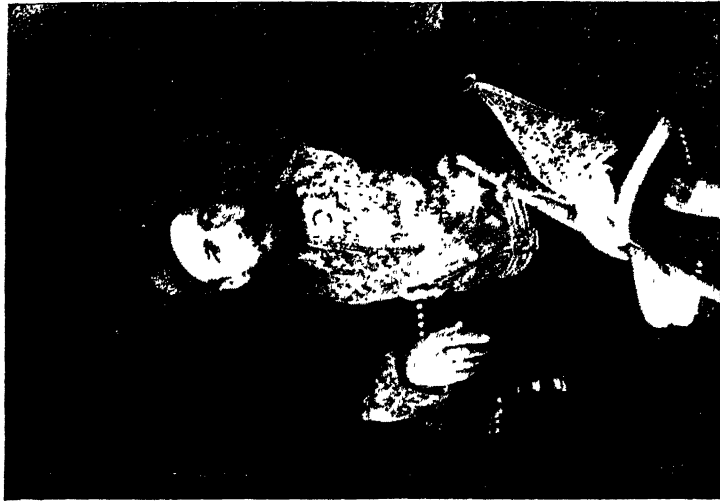
• Tunis had, in fact, become, through his diplomacy, nominally at least, an integral part of the Turkish Empire, which France, as well as England, had undertaken to preserve. When the power of the "Derebeys," the great feudal lords of Turkey, had been destroyed by Sultan Mahmud, attention was turned to subject

States of Northern Africa. Longing eyes had been cast upon these by King Louis Philippe, and Tripoli, as well as Algiers, very nearly fell into the grasp of the French.

A struggle had broken out between rival claimants of the Ruling Family, and the Capitan Pasha, cruising at the time with the Turkish Fleet in the eastern part of the Mediterranean, received orders to proceed to Tripoli and quell the disturbance. He was further ordered to arrest and imprison the contending chiefs and establish the direct rule of the Sultan. The late Rustem Pasha, who was Ambassador in London for several years, and was such a favourite at the Court as well as in Society, was the "Bahrieh Terdjuman" (Interpreter-Secretary to the Capitan Pasha) at the time. He more than once told me the story of how he himself hoisted the Turkish flag over the castle just as there hove in sight the French Expeditionary Fleet, which had been sent by Louis Philippe to take possession of Tripoli. If only the memoirs of Rustem Pasha could have been written and published, how very interesting they would have been found ! Unfortunately, all his papers were burned in a fire. Though nominally a Turk, he was in reality a Catholic gentleman and belonged to an old Venetian family. He was a Count Marini by birth. Brought up as a youth in Turkey, he was quite a Turk in his loyalty to the Sultan. He was an exceedingly able man and had occupied many important posts before coming to London. He had been Ambassador in St. Petersburg, as well as in Rome, and had governed the Lebanon for ten years with great distinction. We were great friends, and my wife and I always stayed with him in his hospitable mansion in Bryanston Square



ADMIRAL HUSNI PASH A.  
(MINISTER OF MARINE FOR ONE DAY.)



RUSIEM PASHA.  
(FORMER TURKISH AMBASSADOR IN LONDON )

whenever we visited London, where eventually he died in harness. He was a very notable figure in London Society, combining in his bearing the native dignity and courtesy of the high Turkish official with the polished manners of the Western diplomat.

We left Tunis loaded by the Bey with presents more bulky than valuable, as they consisted chiefly of bags of rice and sugar, jars of butter, and olive oil and honey—provisions for our presumably large households of wives and dependents—and returned to Constantinople, where the old frigate was dismantled and set aside as no longer seaworthy. I spent the next few months in my island home whilst another school-frigate was being got ready. The vessel selected was an ancient frigate, the *Mukbir Soroor*, built originally in America, and sent a few years later as a present from the United States to Sultan Abdul Medjid. She was put in dock and extensively repaired, but was of small steam power and her coal-carrying capacity was very limited. I was sorry to part with my two companions, the old Commodore and Faik Bey. I saw much of the latter as he afterwards became an Admiral and Chief of the Naval Staff. As to Ibrahim Bey, he was pensioned off, and we never met again. He was a very old man and had served in the Turkish Navy in the days of Sultan Mahmud, and told me some very interesting stories.

One was a graphic account of how the proud Pasha of Smyrna, who had defied the authority of the Sultan, was inveigled into his power and put to death. No overt action was taken against the recalcitrant Pasha, who doubtless thought that, as in the case of Mehemet Ali of Egypt, he would be tacitly allowed to

continue his quasi-independent rule. One day, however, the Capitan Pasha sailed into Smyrna Harbour and anchored off the Pasha's palace. The Admiral landed and conveyed a gracious message from the Sultan. He was invited to dinner, and was so well entertained that he accepted an invitation for the next evening. In the morning he sent to the Governor a golden arrow. They spent a jolly evening together, and in the morning the Sultan's Envoy sent an Arab horse as a gift to the Governor. In returning his thanks for it the latter invited the Admiral to dine with him for the third time, and this invitation also was accepted with alacrity.

The next day the Governor received from the Admiral a richly-decorated gun. With it was dispatched a most flattering letter breathing love and friendship and expressing the hope that the Pasha would honour him with a visit on board his ship that afternoon and dine with him. The unfortunate fellow swallowed the bait. He went off to the ship in the Capitan Pasha's barge, was received with great honour and ushered into his host's spacious saloon cabin.

Here, as they sat eating of the feast which had been specially prepared, the guest suddenly found that the ship was moving out of harbour. The music of the Admiral's band had drowned the noise of the ship getting under way, and she was slipping along with a fair wind towards the entrance of the Gulf. Springing up in alarm, he saw that he had been trapped and was a prisoner. He upbraided his host for his vile treachery, but the latter replied with accents of sorrow in his voice :

“ My dear friend, it is your ‘ kismet.’ You would have it so.

Here is the firman of the Sultan deposing you from your position and ordering me to hang you at the yard-arm. You became my friend and I tried to save you. I sent you an *arrow*. What did it mean? Flight. I sent you a *horse*. What was its signification? Speedy flight. I sent you then a *gun*. What should you understood I meant you to do? Defend yourself, as you would not flee. You did neither. My friend, it is the will of Allah."

He made a sign. The unfortunate Pasha was marched out of the cabin; the noose was ready, and the next moment he was swinging at the yard-arm. The stately battleship, with guns cast loose and double shotted, sailed past the castle at the entrance with the lifeless body of the Pasha of Smyrna still dangling at the end of the main-yard. Ibrahim Bey was a Mulazim of the second class on board the vessel and witnessed the tragedy.

He was also a witness of the betrayal of the Turkish Fleet into the hands of Mehemed Ali of Egypt by the Capitan Pasha when Sultan Mahmoud died, and was succeeded by his son, Abdul Medjid. It is a most interesting story, but too long for full narration in these reminiscences. I will only say that "Firar" (the Runaway), Achmet Pasha, as he is called in Turkish history, carried off the Fleet to Alexandria in order to save his own life and take his revenge upon the new Sultan for having ordered his execution. The Imperial messenger carrying the fateful "firman" to be delivered to the Admiral next in command was trapped on board the flagship, his wallet searched and the "firman" found. Its tenor justified the worst fears of the grand Admiral, so another "firman" was forged with the aid of his Secretary, and the original



seals attached. The Fleet was under way, cruising between Crete and Cyprus. The Commanding Officers were summoned by signal, and the Capitan Pasha, meeting them with a smiling face, announced the arrival of a "firman" from their Gracious Lord the Padisha (King of Kings). It was handed to the Secretary to be read, after Achmet Pasha had touched it with his lips and forehead as customary. Profuse were the congratulations of the Second in Command and the Captains when, as the false "firman" was read, they heard that Achmet Pasha had been confirmed in his high office, and that he was to proceed with the Fleet and carry out the secret orders which had accompanied the "firman." The "firman" was passed from one to the other. No one questioned its authenticity, but all touched it reverently with lips and forehead, as the Capitan Pasha had done.

His trusty Steward was dispatched in the fastest frigate of the Fleet to negotiate with Mehemed Ali, and on his return in an Egyptian steamship a few days later, the Fleet, in obedience to the Capitan Pasha's signals, sailed for Alexandria. The Commanding Officers were summoned to a conference on shore with Ahmet Pasha, and on arrival found themselves prisoners. Egyptian pilots were sent out, and the ships, brought into the inner harbour, passed into the possession of Mehemed Ali.

Subsequently I cruised through the Red Sea to the Persian Gulf on board the school-frigate *Mukbir Soroor*. The experiences were novel and amusing, and I became, so I was told, "half a hadji" by drinking from bottles of water brought down to Jedda from Mecca by sheikhs who had filled them at the well of Zemzem. I only mention the fact because of the orthodox Moslem belief

that lips through which this water has once passed can never again utter a lie.

On this voyage a dangerous fire on board was averted by a very able man who never lost his head and knew exactly what to do when the outbreak occurred, owing to the excessively tight packing of the "sternpost gland," which created friction. He was Reuben Warren, the engineer-instructor, the only other Englishman on board except Conolly the gunner. Warren managed by careful manipulation to let a little water reach the burning stuff and extinguish the fire before a dangerous leak had developed. At Port Said I met old McKillop Pasha, the Head of the Khedival Navy and Director-General of Lights, Ports and Harbours. He was a free-lance like Hobart, and had also been a blockade-runner in the American Civil War. Unlike Hobart, however, he did not succeed in escaping capture, and passed some time in a northern prison. He came off to pay us an official visit in return for our call, dressed in a uniform of his own device as it looked to me, being of a mixed Naval and Military character. He was a jovial old soul, too fond, poor fellow, of whisky-and-soda for his health and reputation. But he was a great favourite with Ismail Pasha, the Khedive. He liked his bluff way of talking, and was very tolerant of his weakness.

Ismail Pasha remembered him long after the old sailor had passed away, and I am afraid it excited the curiosity of Sultan Abdul Hamid somewhat when he saw us talking together about McKillop one night at the Palace. It was at a very memorable dinner, at which I sat as one of his guests with two dethroned princes, Milan, the ex-King of Serbia, and Ismail, the ex-Khedive,

and a third prince, who according to law should have succeeded Ismail Pasha. This was Halim Pasha, the youngest son of Mehemed Ali and the oldest living male member of the family when Ismail was deposed.\*

I ended my cruise in the *Mukbir Soroor* at Suda Bay in Crete. A telegram was there waiting for the Commodore, ordering my return to Constantinople without delay. I rejoined the College and devoted my attention to torpedo instruction. But it was very unsatisfactory work. It was like that of the Hebrews in Egypt "making bricks without straw"! I could not obtain what I wanted. The old naval Chiefs did not believe in torpedoes at all before the war with Russia, and the Council would not sanction any special expenditure. Still, very soon preparations had inevitably to be made for the impending struggle with Russia.

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\* One of his sons, Said Halim Pasha, was Grand Vizier when the war took place, and was subsequently assassinated in Italy.

**CHAPTER III****MY TOO-SUCCESSFUL TORPEDOES**

It was towards the eve of the war with the hereditary enemy when I was summoned by telegraph to attend an important meeting of a war council, sitting at the Ordnance Department under Dawad Mahmud Pasha, the brother-in-law of the Sultan. I was asked at the council whether I could prepare a torpedo and place it in the Bosphorus for explosion. Upon my answering in the affirmative, I received the order to arrange one as soon as possible. It was useless to point out the absence of the "necessary straw for making the required brick." So I asked for and obtained the necessary authority to requisition anything I wanted from any Department. With the exception of a length of "armoured cable," a remnant of which was in use for carrying the telegraph lines across the Bosphorus, everything else had to be improvised. The "sea-mine" was prepared under my directions and sent up to Kavak at the upper part of the Bosphorus.

I was working under the greatest difficulties. I had a problem to solve: to anchor a "sea-mine" in a strong current with the water varying in depth at every yard. It had also to be as far away as possible from the shore, and the length of electric cable was very limited. I had no steam-launch, and had to do the

best I could with a big lighter and a large rowing-boat manned by thirty men. Nevertheless I got the torpedo well off-shore, nearly in the middle of the channel. I had got it over the side just as a squall suddenly burst upon us. I was standing on the small platform of the lighter at the time, superintending the fastening of the mooring chains, and nearly went overboard as the wind caught my body. We were blown right across to the Asiatic shore, and had to remain there several hours before the weather moderated sufficiently to allow of our return.

I had fully expected to hear that the Commission would be coming up in the morning to see the torpedo exploded, instead of which, however, I received orders to return. I was kept in suspense for over a fortnight, and then received an order to be at Dawad Mahmud Pasha's konak at such an early hour the next morning that I was compelled to make a long journey from the Prince's Islands in a one-man caique. My mind was very heavy with doubt when I thought of leaky joints in the "circuit" with my improvised arrangements, and the whole way up to Kavak I was debating whether I should hedge against failure by explaining beforehand the possibility of a non-explosion through faulty insulation. Fortunately, I decided to leave it to chance, and Chance stood my friend. I coupled up my improvised "pile battery" of zinc and copper plates, and with my finger on the "firing key" stood awaiting the order to fire. We had to wait for some time, as many vessels were entering the Bosphorus and passing down in quick succession. At last there was a sufficient vacant space, and at a nod from the great Pasha, I pressed the key. Several Admirals and Generals were with us, and I shall

always remember the cry of consternation from one of these Naval Chiefs as he saw the effect of the explosion which followed my action. Hassan Pasha, the Admiral in question, spoke English very well as he had been many years previously serving for a considerable time on board one of our ships-of-war. He had been in the first Burmese War, and a shipmate of Admiral Sir George Tryon. I was indeed present at the first meeting of these two old shipmates when, years after the war, Admiral Tryon came to pay an official visit to Constantinople as Commander-in-Chief of the Mediterranean Fleet, and old "Chin-Chon" Hassan Pasha, as he was called, and I dined on board the Admiral's yacht the night before he started upon that fatal cruise in the *Victoria*. When Hassan Pasha felt the earth shaking under his feet, and saw an enormous body of white water, like a jagged iceberg rising up nearly to a hundred feet in height, he exclaimed: "That a torpedo! I'm not going near the Russian coast! Why, that water would have sunk any ship afloat!"

My mine explosion in the Bosphorus was a very great success. News of it travelled far and wide, and the Russians ever after had a wholesome respect for my defensive torpedoes. It was a weapon, however, which cut both ways, and the Turkish Fleet sent into the Black Sea at the beginning of the war kept a long way off the Russian coast. A few days afterwards I was ordered to prepare a "sea-mine" for the destruction of a vessel off the Naval College in the presence of the Sultan. I was naturally delighted, as I felt sure of my success this time. I hadn't bargained, however, for the supineness of the dockyard authorities. I was allowed no points in my favour. The old wooden frigate to

be the victim of the explosion was not sent down to Halki until the very morning the affair was to take place ; in fact, the Sultan in his yacht had actually arrived before the tug towing the vessel down had got her there. Hence there was no possibility of mooring the ship first and then placing the torpedo under her. I went off to the tug, and with some difficulty got the frigate placed sufficiently near to receive the full benefit of the explosion. Whilst I was doing this an active interchange of signals was going on between the College and the Imperial Yacht, on board of which was an impatient Sultan waiting to see the show. I landed from the tug-boat which had brought the vessel down with a heart beating from excitement and a mind full of apprehension as to the success of my work. But Luck has been much on my side throughout my whole career.

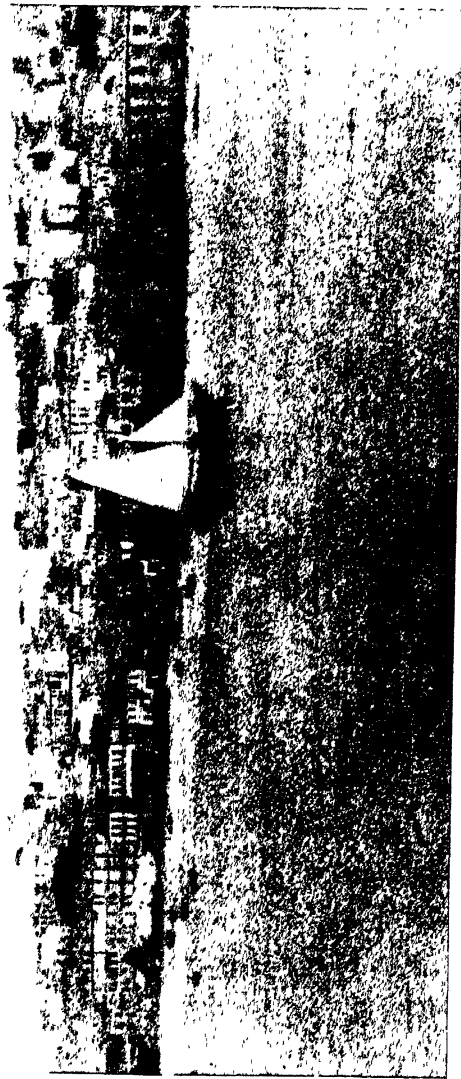
I coupled up my extemporised pile battery ; the signal was made " All ready," and I received the order to fire.

I touched the " firing-key " and the result was grand. It was like the birth of a young and lusty earthquake in its first moments of existence. There was a rumbling noise, the earth shook, and the windows of the mosque and college buildings facing the sea were shattered.

The frigate, looking so stately riding upon the calm water the moment before, was seen to rise bodily upwards and break in two as a high black column of mud and water shot up through her " bottom." Nothing was left of her but a ring of broken wood-work floating over the spot where she had sunk out of view amid the bodies of many large fish killed by the explosion.

It was too great a success, however, and I received one of

507



CONSTANTINOPLE : PLRA AND GALATA.



the greatest disappointments of my life. When I felt the shock and saw the effect I thought at once of the great reward I should receive. Instead, however, of the shout of Oriental greeting I almost fancied I could hear : " Bring hither the man whom the King delighteth to honour ! " " Fill his mouth with gold ! " and " Place upon him the robe of honour ! " what did I see ? Without any sort of signal being made to express appreciation, away went the Imperial Yacht at her swiftest speed, and the Sultan landed, never again to embark on board of her or any other of his yachts. The fact is, that although she was two miles away from the " sea-mine," the effect upon the yacht was such that the Sultan and all not in the engine-room thought one of her boilers must have suddenly exploded.

The Sultan not only never went on board one of his yachts again, he never ventured afloat even in a steam launch, but once a year, and that was only to cross over from Colina-Bagtche to Seraglio Point, for the annual ceremony of the " Hirkai Sheriff," the " Adoration of the Holy Relics of the Prophet."

## CHAPTER IV

## MY WORK IN THE RUSSO-TURKISH WAR

I WAS and still am an adherent of the old traditional policy : keep friends with Turkey. When I first went out to Constantinople Russia was looked upon as the common enemy both by the Turks and ourselves ; she was still regarded so for many years after, and the maintenance of a clutch upon the key which would open the door of the Black Sea to our Fleet at any moment was a cardinal point in our foreign policy. Hence it did not bring any great strain upon my conscience to continue serving in Turkey after war had been declared upon her by Russia. The Admiralty was disposed to recall me, in the expectation I should probably refuse, and then with a scratch of the pen it would be able to rid itself of an officer not wanted when all the combatant lists were being reduced, and who, moreover, had a claim against it for half-pay and pension. But wiser ideas prevailed elsewhere, and I was told to remain where I was.

After my success with the torpedo explosions in the Bosphorus and Marmora, I was called upon at once to draw up plans for coast defence, and a statement of what would be required to carry them out. The torpedo work was undertaken by "To-phaneh," the "Ordnance Department under the Grand Master of

Artillery," but the torpedo business was all under my control during the war. I was greatly assisted in it by two English employés in that Department, both clever men, who in after years attained the rank of General. One was Vinicombe Pasha, who had been a draughtsman at Woolwich, and the other Frost Pasha, who had been a foreman in the fuse factory. Frost died before the War, but my friend Vinicombe is still alive I am glad to say. They were both much respected by the Turks.

The Grand Master of Artillery wanted to have me turned over to his Department. I refused, however, to become a General, and put on red-striped breeches instead of gold-laced blue ones, so I remained attached to both the Navy and Artillery.

We turned out a lot of large observation sea-mines to be exploded by electricity, and a very large quantity of smaller, pear-shaped floating mines, to explode by contact. I have to thank the Russians for the model upon which the latter were made and fitted. It was one of several which Lieutenant Sleeman, R.N., who was then serving with the Turkish Marine, had picked up in the Sulina Canal; they had been placed by the Russians to bar it against the Turkish gunboats. Unfortunately, he had not been allowed to sweep for these dangers until their existence had been proved by the destruction of one of these gunboats sent up to reconnoitre, against his advice, without any previous examination. I had to place torpedoes in the Dardanelles as well as the Bosphorus—in the Dardanelles to save appearances in respect to our neutrality; in the Bosphorus, to stave off possible raids by the Russians. I kept everything in hand, and no outsider knew the real value of the mines as defensive weapons, or the

nature of their explosive arrangements. I had proposed just before the war started to place torpedoes at every point where it was likely the Russians would attempt a crossing. I was sent off, however, to Batoum instead. I was also sent to Sulina, and arranged torpedo defences which were highly successful in preventing the enemy from rushing the town. Again I borrowed an idea from the Russians, and made small mines for explosion by the weight of a man passing over any one of them. Some of these I placed on the beaches that form the shore-line of the great swamp through which the deep-water Sulina Canal runs to the sea. These beaches are the only roads by which Sulina could be reached. There was, of course, the approach by the canal, but this was barred by the mines I placed not only in the canal but on the bank on each side of it.

Sulina was full of spies, and the Russians learned all about these arrangements. However, they had made up their minds to take it, and prepared an expedition. Lighters were sent down the canal from Tulcha, with field-guns fitted like howitzers to give them great elevation, and the town was bombarded from a range well outside my "boom" and torpedoes, whilst a large body of infantry was marching down upon it by the northern beach. The bombardment did no damage whatever as the shells never got home, and the infantry suffered great loss, getting mixed up with infuriated Cossack ponies, which kept them under the fire of the two Naval guns placed to cover the "land-mines" and prevent any tampering with them. These rough, shaggy ponies were being driven in a body before the advancing troops

to cover their approach and open the road over the "mines" by exploding them. The explosions maddened the poor brutes, and they galloped back, kicking, plunging and biting in their terror. The Turkish shrapnel fell upon the Muscovite soldiers as they vainly essayed to get clear, and it ended in a complete rout of the invaders.

I will only mention that I took advantage of the correspondents thirsting for news to send draughts of false information for the enemy to swallow through the columns of the big London dailies. I gave them lots of information about mine-fields where not one mine had been placed, and accounts of large and formidable torpedoes which never existed. There was a good deal of "faking" about the whole business, but then I always took care to explode one torpedo wherever I was supposed to be placing a large number, and I never failed to give notice to certain special friends amongst them, so that they might witness the spectacle. In fact, I was pretty actively engaged, and although my name never appeared in any Press news sent from Constantinople, it is not surprising that one day the question was asked in the House: "Who is this Woods Bey, who is going about torpedoing everywhere?" There is always some stupid Member to ask a stupid question. The reply was to the effect that the Government knew nothing about him, and there the matter ended.

Apart from this work, I was assigned another important duty. I was appointed by Imperial "Iradeh" to sit as a member of the Prize Court, to try cases of "breach of blockade." The blockade of the Russian coast proclaimed by the Turks had become a farce as far as all foreign vessels save our own were concerned.

No British vessel was allowed by the Consulate to leave for a Russian or Roumanian port, whilst Greek, Italian and Austrian vessels were passing down the Bosphorus with grain cargoes continuously. They were all being arrested, and the "Procureur Impérial" (the Prosecutor for the Government) was waxing fat in pocket, as were also certain lawyers, over the fees and "considerations" they received for obtaining the liberation of the detained vessels. Freights were very high in those days, and owners could afford to give away a "bit off the top." Naturally there was an outcry on the part of our ship-owners, and my appointment was the consequence of an appeal to the *Porte* through the British Embassy.

At my very first sitting I put the "fear of the Lord" into the venal crowd. There were several cases, two Italian amongst them, before the court. The "Greek Procureur," a Turkish subject, opened the case against the first by arguing that as there was no Turkish Prize Law, and the Ottoman Commercial Code was founded upon the Code Napoléon, it was only logical the Court should turn to the French Law of Blockade. This was backed up by the applauding cries of "Yes, yes, of course," of an English lawyer engaged in the defence of certain Greek ships.

I let the Greek run on for some time. Then as he began to enunciate the "French Law of Blockade," I smiled cynically, and, turning to the President, asked if he would kindly let me know whether the eloquent gentleman speaking was the "Prosecutor" or the "Advocate for the Defence." "You tell me he is the Procureur Impérial—if so he hasn't taken much trouble to work up an accusation," I remarked. Then, stooping for a moment to

pick up a book at my feet, "Will you," I asked the President, "send for the 'Sal-Nanieh' (the official almanac)?" One was produced at once. "Please turn to the 'Naval College' and read the subjects taught there," I continued, "and you will see 'Naval Prize Law.' Excellency, here is the text-book, and I am Woods Bey, the professor, who explains it to the young officers of the Navy. That book is a compilation of British Naval Prize Law by a clever British lawyer, and it contains also many useful precedents, the fruit of a good many hours I spent in the library of the Middle Temple. It has received the Imperial sanction. Can you, Monsieur le Procureur, after this say any longer, 'There is no Naval Prize Law in Turkey?' "

Then commenced the assault of the English lawyer. The blockade was "null and void." No Turkish war-ships were off the Russian coast; there were no captures in the Black Sea. The vessels in any case had reached neutral waters before being arrested. I demolished all his arguments when assisting the President to formulate his reply.

It was not necessary to capture a vessel in crossing an imaginary line. There were no neutral waters in the Black Sea; all were belligerent. As regarded a force to support the "blockade," the forts at the upper part of the Bosphorus were sufficient. The plea of arrival in "neutral waters" when arrested would not hold good. The Straits were not neutral waters, but the territorial waters of Turkey. Moreover, these arrested vessels had not yet come under Consular protection, as their Captains had not been able to appear officially at their Consuls' office with their papers.

The vessels were all condemned, and though after a long

detention they were released by the Sultan to please Count Corti, the Italian Minister, the trial put an end to all the illegal trading which had been going on. But how I was slanged—what an ass I was called ! Our family physician, a Greek, said to my wife shortly afterwards : “ What a fool your husband is ! Why couldn’t he have held his tongue ? There was a very nice bag of gold which would have come your way had he not been in such a hurry to get those vessels condemned by the Prize Court.” I had a long chat subsequently with Count Corti over this question of the neutrality of the Bosphorus, and he acknowledged that my contention was correct.

Another good stroke I did for the Turks was to obtain possession for them of the Whitehead torpedo without payment of the heavy premium exacted by that inventor for the first one which he supplied to any Government. Captain Makaroff, a smart officer in the Russian Service—he was later the Admiral blown up by the Japanese in his flagship off Port Arthur in their war with the Muscovites—had organised an attack upon Hobart’s Squadron lying at anchor at Batoum. Three “ Whiteheads ” were launched from rafts but utterly failed to effect any damage. The Turkish ships were lying in a tier, and they ran past them. The one struck a rock near the shore and exploded, another struck something and knocked its head off, whilst the third ran right up on the sandy beach intact.

Immediately the wire from Hobart reached the Minister of Marine, my friend Ingliz Said Pasha, I got him to order that this torpedo and the remains of the other were to be sent down to the Admiralty at once. This was done, and as soon as they arrived I



got them into a store-room under lock and key with a sentry at the door and the key in my pocket. Then a letter appeared in the *Times*, describing the attack, with a few brief words about the "Whitehead torpedo" and its various parts, winding up with the remark, "and in this chamber is to be found the secret of Mr. Whitehead, now at the mercy of the Turks."

I had never seen the mechanism of the "Whitehead," but with the assistance of my friend Warren, the Engineer-Instructor of the Cadets, the torpedo was carefully disconnected. Everything was revealed. I had been wondering why this one had not exploded, and thought that possibly the operator in his hurry might have forgotten to withdraw the safety-pin. I found, however, the gear duly set; the engineers of the flagship had actually taken off the "head," and removed all the gun cotton, whilst the fulminate cap was still in position. It looked very corroded, so I thought I would try it. There was a large block of marble in the middle of the parade ground outside the depot, upon which I placed the cap, and taking up a piece of iron, I threw it upon the cap as I dashed past at a run. A sharp explosion followed, and looking back, to my astonishment, I found Warren grasping his leg. A piece of the small cap containing the "fulminate" had flown in his direction and cut a small vein, from which the blood was spurting. I improvised a tourniquet at once with my pocket handkerchief, whilst my "chaoush" went up to the hospital on the hillside just above us to bring down the Surgeon with proper appliances.

The effect of my explosive letter in the *Times* was to bring to Constantinople, by the first steamer arriving from Trieste, a retired Austrian Naval Captain, entrusted by Mr. Whitehead with

a special mission. He brought with him a large sum of money, and his mission was to obtain possession at all costs of this intact torpedo and any other remains of such weapons in the hands of the Turks. He pulled a long face when he realised the situation, that the torpedo had been opened and sketches made of various parts, and I am afraid that there were some who felt very annoyed with me for having destroyed the possibility of a profitable private deal. But Said Pasha was staunch and true. He left everything to me, and in the end the Austrian Captain left with the copy of the contract he had signed on the part of Mr. Whitehead. The two torpedoes in our hands would be thoroughly renovated in the factory at Fiume, and restored to the Turkish Admiralty with three others of the most modern type, all without payment, and whenever required, fifty others of the most improved type at the time were to be supplied at half the cost to other countries. In addition to this, two Turkish officers, the one a gunnery man and the other an engineer, were to be fully trained at Fiume in the use and maintenance of the Whitehead weapons.

In working as I was doing for Turkey I considered that I was also working for the interests of my own country, and I think so still, and I strove hard with my pen, when the Congress was sitting at Berlin, to preserve to the Turks their possession of Batoum. I was there at the critical moment when that knotty question came under discussion, and I did a journalistic feat in writing and dispatching simultaneously articles which were published in all the great London dailies, including the organ of Mr. Gladstone. Although these letters from "An occasional Correspondent" or "Our own," as the editors chose to head them,

differed somewhat in their wording, the text of the exhortation was always the same : " Do not let Batoum go to Russia ! " Our interest in the East required that it should remain Turkish. Batoum loomed largely as a " tower of strength " in the Eastern mind, and for it to come under the Dominion of the White Czar would immensely increase the prestige of Russia to the detriment of ours, as it did when that came to pass owing to the anxiety of our Government to have her signature to a Treaty of Peace. Then, as now, we were suffering from that same malady which so prejudicially, at times, affects the national welfare. It is a malady which, to coin some words, might be termed " *partie-exigentia*."

I had built a " golden bridge," as I thought, for the Russian Government to retire upon, if it were sincere in its declarations, that it was only to her commercial interests she was looking in desiring to acquire the port of Batoum. Millions had been spent in the vain endeavour for nearly three years to construct a harbour at Poti, the winter's gales having always destroyed the summer's work. So Batoum, the only port in the Eastern part of the Black Sea, from Sinope round to Kertch at the entrance to the Azof, was required as the bridge-head of their Trans-Caucasian Railway. The natives of the Batoum Province, the " Lazes," were intensely hostile to the " Muscovs," and were determined to oppose their entry into Batoum. They were all Mohammedans, and I pointed out that to hand these people over to Russian rule would be to violate the very principle upon which we were acting in respect to Bulgaria. There we were emancipating a Christian people from the yoke of " Islam," but in allowing Batoum

to become a part of Russia we were forcing a Moslem people against their will to submit to a Christian despotism.

The entrances to the passes that lead through its girdle of mountains to Batoum were being held by the older men, with women armed with axes to fight by their side, whilst the younger were preparing barricades behind them. I was invited by a deputation of leading Lazes to attend a meeting, and I sat in a stuffy room and listened for an hour to their pleading that I would ask the "Ingleez" to help them. If only I could give them a promise that England would help them, they would not wait, but would start an attack upon the Muscovites that very night. I could not give the promise they wanted, but told them to be patient and I would do my best for them. I wound up my articles by saying: "Let Batoum be made a "free-port," Russia can then have a railway from it to Poti, and we could have one to the Persian frontier. In this way the long caravan route from Trebizond to Persia could be avoided by our exporters to that country greatly to their profit. In this way the commercial interests of both countries would be duly guaranteed."

Russia jumped at the suggestion. Her negotiators declared at once that Russia would make Batoum a free-port, and to my amazement this bait was swallowed without examination. A free-port under the Turkish flag was one thing, under the Russian, a totally different one.

I should have mentioned that I was the only person in Batoum at the time who could speak or write English. All the correspondents had left for Constantinople, and so, in a way, I felt called upon to do their work. There were two Commissioners at

Batoum, Ali Bey from the Foreign Office and Nehad Pasha from the War Office, to act as political assistants to Dervische Pasha, the Commander-in-Chief. They had rooms in his house, whilst I occupied his large commodious tent, and we three all had our places at his table. Dinner was always a bit of a trial, as we were all fond of bridge and anxious to finish the meal and commence our rubbers. The old boy, however, wanted as much of our society as he could get, and kept us lingering over the preliminaries, drinking mastic and eating "mezzehs" (appetisers), so that it was generally pretty late before we got away from him.

It had required the presence of Dervische's army to ensure a peaceful entry of the Russians into Batoum. Not until the opposition of the Lazes had broken down under the pressure of the troops sent by him to clear the passes, and all the strategic positions had been handed over to the Russians, did Dervische leave with his army. The country had proved an invincible barrier, and a bitter feeling was created amongst officers and men when they had to leave.

With the arrival in the Marmora of the British Fleet under Sir Geoffrey Hornsby, a very gay time set in for the residents of the Prince's Islands. Many balls were given on board the larger ironclads, as well as theatrical shows. On board the flagship *Alexandra* there was a very clever group of performers, and I can well remember the wonderfully good acting of that poor fellow, Lieutenant Rason, who subsequently fell at the storming of Tel-el-Kebir, after having guided so well the advance-guard of the invading army across the Egyptian desert. How I had smiled up my sleeve as I read the thrilling accounts of how Admiral

Hornsby had "forced the Dardanelles," especially when I came to the description of those "moments of terrible suspense" as the ships crossed over the torpedoes and explosions were expected at any moment! I dare say Sir Geoffrey smiled also, and *pour des raisons*, as our French friends say (for reasons never mentioned).

The last big function at the Prince's Islands was a grand ball and supper given by order of the Sultan at the Naval College, in the large saloon of the Sultan's kiosque, which was always kept ready in case he desired to pay a visit to the college on the islands. It was a farewell entertainment to the Admiral and his officers, and all the youth and beauty of the fair sex from far and near were invited. The Imperial plate was sent down for the decoration and service of the long tables, and cooks, stewards and lacqueys also, to attend to the food and do the waiting. I had to attend to the arrangements at the kiosque, and requisitioned a raft of pine logs, with which I shored up the flooring of the saloon from below to prevent any part of it giving way.

The Grand Master of Ceremonies came down to do the honours for His Imperial Majesty, and at his request my wife played hostess and received the ladies, whilst I helped the G.M.C. to receive the Admiral and officers of the Fleet. The Naval band provided the music, and dancing was kept up until a very late hour. After the first few dances there was a very fine display of fireworks let off from a large lighter and a raft which had been sent down early in the evening. The entire function was much enjoyed by all who attended.

The war ended with the cession of Batoum, and the "free-port" became a byword. Goods might be landed without

Customs interference, but they got no farther. Immediately outside the town was a "Customs barrier," and the place was made a Naval and Military stronghold by the construction of new fortifications.

For my services in this war I was promoted to Colonel, and was placed on the Staff of the Admiralty under Hobart Pasha. I organised a torpedo school on board the *Hundevendighiar*, the ancient vessel in which I went for my first cruise in the Mediterranean. There was a mixed class of students, as young officers were sent for instruction from the Artillery Department. Many years after, when Abdul Hamid had been deposed and another régime had set in, I went to call upon a recently-appointed Minister of Marine to air a grievance, and to my astonishment received a very warm greeting from the occupant of the official chair. Hearing my name, up he jumped, exclaiming as he came forward to take my hand and lead me to a seat alongside his chair, "Woods Pasha, don't you know me? You were my 'hodjah' (teacher). I was one of your torpedo students from Tophanieh!"

The Turks have a great respect for anyone who has been their instructor, and whilst I was with him he pointed me out to all his visitors as his old "hodjah," and needless to say he did all I wanted. The years slipped by and I was made a "Liva Pasha," an Admiral entitled to fly my flag at the fore, as a Vice-Admiral does in the British Navy. But as Turkish Naval Officers have Military titles, I was a "Bahrieh Liva," a General of Brigade of the Sea Forces!

## CHAPTER V

## RELATIONS WITH THE RUSSIANS

AFTER the war the Russian Embassy did its best through its Naval Attachés to keep a strict watch upon all I was doing. There were always two of them, and the chief was installed in a house on the Therapia shore facing the Black Sea, with a very commanding view of the entrance.

One day I suddenly discovered that some tampering with the Naval torpedo students had been going on. The Commander of the *Hundevendighiar* came down with a somewhat scared face to inform me that a Russian Naval Captain was alongside, saying that he had been invited on board to see the "school-ship." What was to be done? "Oh, receive him with the usual honour and bring him down to me."

It was at an hour in the afternoon beyond the time that as a rule I spent on board, and he probably had not thought he would find any superior officer on board. I gave him a very cordial reception and commenced with a chat about torpedoes in general, and, with a little flattery as to the great progress that had been made in Russia in that section of coast defence, pumped him for information. On the principle of "throwing a sprat to catch a whale," he responded readily enough to all my questions, which I



fired away in quick succession, cutting short any attempt on his part to put in one himself. At last, however, he stopped with the remark that he wanted to know something about our work. Would I tell him where we exercised with our "Whiteheads," and would I mind showing him the firing apparatus of our electric contact torpedoes?

He was a newly-appointed Attaché and did not know me by sight, and was very much astonished and chagrined when I courteously explained that, as a foreign officer in the Turkish Service, I had to be doubly cautious, and could neither show nor tell him anything without the permission of the Minister. Oh, he was sure that His Excellency would not mind at all, and that he knew the President of the Council very well! I cut short his harangue with a *non possumus*, and bowed him over the side.

It was at one of those squally periods of Russia's persistent encroachments in Central Asia, and war clouds were gathering about the North-West Frontier of India, so with the object of stimulating the public at home, especially merchants of the Manchester School, who so dreaded the power of the so-called "Colossus of the North," I wrote a long article which was published in *The Times* under the heading, "The Russian Naval Position in the Black Sea." In it, utilising all the information I had gained from the Russian Naval Attaché and other sources, I pointed out the weak spot in her armour, the Caucasus, and the great effect which would be produced by the entry of the British Fleet into the Black Sea; and then I showed what little reason there would be to fear danger for the Fleet.

Some of my readers will possibly remember the "Pendjeh "

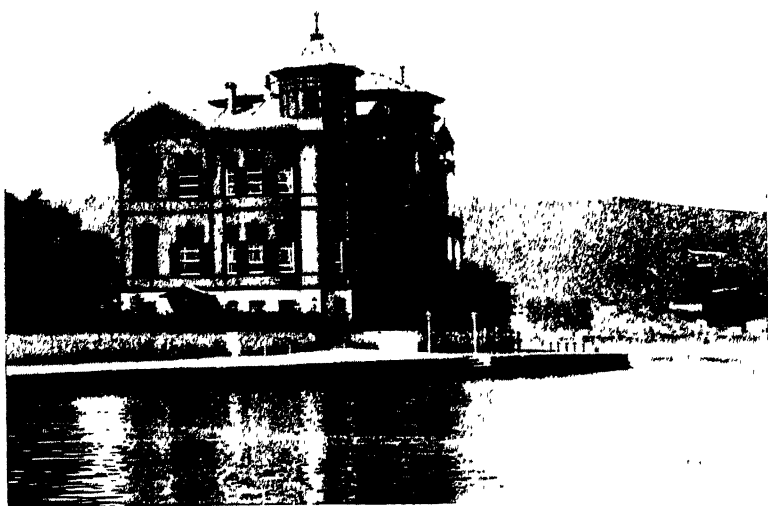
incident and the cartoon in *Punch* with Mr. Gladstone's declaration that "this page should not be turned until the wrong inflicted upon Afghanistan had been redressed." Then it was that in the "see-saw" of our foreign policy the Turks received a friendly pat on the back and the British Ambassador was removed for having selected that moment to present a bitter pill for the Sultan to swallow in the shape of an unfriendly Note. It was a strongly-worded remonstrance about the non-application of Armenian reforms, sent to placate the Nonconformist conscience ; but not to be delivered, however, to the *Porte* until it was opportunity to do so.

Sir William White was sent to replace poor Sir Edward Thornton, and as he knew more about Russia's Eastern policy than any other employé of the Foreign Office, and was a great opponent of it, the trouble was quickly smoothed over, and the most friendly relations established between the Embassy and Yildiz. But my article in *The Times*, though unsigned by its author, was soon "spotted" by the Russian Government, and my wings were cut in my soaring efforts to establish a good and efficient torpedo service.

Not long after this incident, I was appointed to attend a series of torpedo experiments in the Dardanelles to be carried out by the Tophaneh Department. It was at a time when the gold and silver currency was at rather a low ebb, and much coinage which had been recalled for the melting-pot was being re-issued. It consisted of what was called "metallic" copper, with a percentage of silver, and with the letter of my appointment to the Commission a large bag of the stuff was brought to me for



SIR WILLIAM WHITE.  
AMBASSADOR TO TURKEY



BRITISH EMBASSY, THERAPIA.  
(BURNED DOWN BEFORE THE WAR)

my travelling and lodging expenses. The day before I was to leave, however, an Aide-de-camp from Tophaneh came to inform me that the departure of the Commission had been postponed and I was to await further orders. I have been waiting further orders in respect to it ever since. I asked on several occasions what I was to do with the money, and I was told to keep it in hand for the journey that never came off.

Not long after my wife was calling upon the Baroness von Hobe, who, in the course of conversation, alluded to our "approaching departure," and expressed Society's usual formula of regret. Accordingly she was much surprised to hear from my wife that we had no intention whatever of abandoning Constantinople. It puzzled us very much at the time how this rumour could have got about. The key to the enigma, however, came shortly. Morel Bey, private secretary to Rustem Pasha in temporary employment at the Porte, called one evening to show me an interesting document, a copy of a dispatch which had been received from Shakir Pasha, the Ambassador in Russia, about the time of the Pendjeh incident. It contained the translation of an article in the *Nova Vremya*, the notorious enemy of England. It spoke of the editor's recent visit to "Czargrad" (Constantinople), and his interview with M. de Nelidoff. "Did His Excellency think an alliance between Turkey and England possible? Would Turkey join England in a war against Russia?"

"Yes; an alliance would be made between them at once, if the British Fleet entered the Marmora," replied the Ambassador.

"Would it be possible for the British Fleet to do so?"

"Oh, undoubtedly," he answered. "The land defences are not strong enough. They are only so-and-so; and in the next place the torpedo defences are in the hands of an Englishman."

"But how could that have been allowed to take place?"

"Well, it is not going to continue. I have been working with my German colleague. We tried hard to get rid of him, but Woods Pasha has been many years in the service of Turkey, and we could not succeed. But we have taken such steps that Woods Pasha will not be allowed to have anything more to do with the Dardanelles."

I am afraid I was a bit of a thorn in the side of Nelidoff as I took up the cudgels in the Press in defence of Turkish interests, and would belabour Russia with them from time to time. After one special attack, a strong complaint was made against me to the Sultan, and I received an Imperial rebuke upon one shoulder with a friendly pat of approval on the other.

Nelidoff was very good-natured, however, and although we were political enemies always treated me with the utmost courtesy in Society, and the names of my wife and myself were never absent from the invitation list for entertainments at the magnificent Russian Embassy.

Many years after the *Nova Vremya* attack upon me, there was an echo of it in a chance meeting between myself and the writer of the article. I was sitting in the saloon of a large steamship belonging to the Russian Volunteer Fleet. There had been a collision between her and a Turkish transport, and I had been deputed by the Minister of Marine to represent the Admiralty at

an official investigation of the damage. We were having a little refreshment after the sitting was over, when a tall, fine-looking fellow of the Swedish type, blonde hair, fair complexion and blue eyes, was ushered in, and an introduction took place. I had not caught his name and was not paying much attention to him, as he was talking Russian with the Captain, when I saw a card being pushed in my direction. I picked it up and read, "Col. Maximoff," and in the corner, "*Nova Vremya*."

There was a merry twinkle in his eye, as if amused at some thought.

"Oh," I exclaimed, "the *Nova Vremya*, the 'friend of England!' I am so pleased to meet you in person!"

"Yes," cried the Colonel, "the 'friend of England,' as *The Times* is of Russia!"

Then we had a little pleasant sparring over the policies of the two countries.

"Why," he asked, "are you English always opposing us wherever we try to push? Haven't you bagged enough of the world yourselves?"

"Why, my dear fellow, will you always put up your tariff walls against us? Knock them down and you will soon see what great friends the English would become. England must find markets for her goods, and it is the fear of their being closed against her which leads to the opposition you complain of."

As I was leaving, he looked at me with a smile as we shook hands, and said: "Your name is well known in Russia!"

"Is it?" I asked, in reply, and added: "Better known, I expect, than liked!"

“ Oh, no,” he said. “ We get the better of you and we may be friends in future.”

Colonel Maximoff was one of our most bitter opponents and fought against us in the Boer War. He was, as I heard, killed some months afterwards in a duel.

**CHAPTER VI****TURKISH HOSPITALITY**

RAMAZAN was a great season for the exercise of hospitality. Uninvited, anyone might enter a Turkish house and join in the evening meal, "iftar" as it was called. In the houses of the well-to-do many tables were spread to which the "kehayâ," the steward, would lead the self-invited guests, according to their degree. Three soups, several ragouts and roasts, sweets and the inevitable pilaff, with which all meals end in Turkey, were served to all who came.

Turkish cookery is very good. The ragouts are specially palatable. Some of the dishes bear curious names, pointing to their origin. "Kabob" is a term applied to all roasts, although the use of the word in the Western mind is associated only with the small pieces of meat grilled upon skewers. It also figures in amatory language, as when the ardent lover declares to the object of his affection that his heart has become "kabob," through the fire of his passion. One very much esteemed dish is called "Imam Byeldee" (the Imam fainted). It derives its name, so the story goes, from the fainting of an old priest at the feet of his wife when he found that another dish had been prepared for his evening meal upon his return, tired and hungry,



from a long journey. It consists of slices of "aubergine" (egg-plant) fried in the purest olive oil, and was the Imam's favourite dish. His mind had been dwelling upon it through all the long journey. His wife knew how much he liked it, and not doubting that she would have some of it prepared in readiness for him, he did not think of making any enquiry as to the food she was placing before him. His disappointment was so great when he lifted the cover and found something else, that unable to bear it, he fainted. So ever since this particular preparation of the aubergine has borne the name of "Imam Byeldee." There is another dish of the same vegetable, a *purée* with a smoky flavour, known as "Hunkyar Beyindee" (it pleased the Sultan). It derives its name from a dish of it having become accidentally smoked in the Imperial kitchen. The chief cook was afraid of the wrath of the Sultan, if such a dish were placed before him, and sought to evade the necessity for serving it. However, his dread lord had set his mind upon having a dish of this special *purée* for his dinner, and there was no time to prepare another supply. He insisted, therefore, upon having it; with fear and trembling it was brought, and to the great relief of the cooks and stewards "*it pleased the Sultan.*" So, ever after, this dish was purposely smoked, and called as above.

In after years, when I had attained high rank in the service of the Sultan of Turkey, I often went to "iftars" in the konaks of the Grand Vizier and other Ministers, sometimes accompanied by friends anxious to see something of Turkish life; the ladies, accompanied by some native female who could speak Turkish, would pass into the harem for their dinner, whilst I and my

male friends dined with the head of the household. The one great desire of foreign ladies visiting Constantinople, was, it seemed to me, to see a harem. The one idea thereon, prevalent in the Western world, was that every Pasha, Bey and wealthy Turk possessed, in addition to several wives, a number of lovely Circassian slaves. The harem was pictured as seen at Earl's Court, during the Exhibition of Constantinople, and in the Alhambra, when "La Belle Fatima," an Algerian Jewess, displayed her beauty as the "Light of the Harem," stretched upon a divan, and smoking a narghileh, with a small cup of coffee on a little table by her side. It was so astonishing to these visitors to find only one wife reigning in the house, and the harem to consist solely of this lady and her daughters, and female relatives on both sides, having no other homes. The fact is that the traditional harem is quite a thing of the past. It had practically become so, even when I first went to Constantinople in 1867. One wife was the rule more than the exception, as I learnt in time from Turkish friends with whom I became intimate. It was, therefore, difficult to meet the wishes of visitors who importuned my wife to be taken to a harem, but there was one very high Personage with whom I was officially connected reputed to maintain his household upon the same luxuriant scale as the great Pashas of a past generation.

Hassan Pasha was a Grand Seigneur, a type of the class which has ceased to exist in Turkey. He was a tall, fine-looking man, with features purely European in appearance, a characteristic of most of the best born Turks. Born on the island of Tenedos, he had doubtless Greek ancestry behind him, and he

certainly possessed the subtlety and business *fleur* of the Greek as well as a good deal of his capacity for success in financial dealings, while he was a master of intrigue. He was very courteous in manner and dignified in bearing, but a dangerous man to thwart in any of his designs. That he had a quick and clever brain is well proved by the fact that for over twenty years he maintained his position as the head of the Imperial Ottoman Navy, and succeeded in getting a revival in his favour of the old title which had been abolished soon after the accession of Abdul Hamid ; he will thus figure in Turkish history as the last of the Capitan Pashas. It will also have to be said of him that he was the destroyer of the Turkish Navy. For one day only did he cease to be Minister of Marine. This was before he became Capitan Pasha, and the reason of this temporary fall was his supposed complicity in a plot against Sultan Abdul Hamid. The Sultan occasionally rode from the Selamlık to Yıldız after the Friday morning's service in the mosque. On this occasion whether the horse had been tampered with or not, or whether it was merely <sup>restive</sup>, never publicly transpired, but as His Imperial Majesty was mounting, the animal at once bounded aside on feeling the weight in the saddle, and but for the exertions of the grooms, and the assistance of the Aide-de-camp at its side, would have thrown the Sultan. There was much rejoicing in Naval circles at the fall of Hassan Pasha, for he was anything but popular with the bulk of the officers on account of extra surreptitious levies, under his rule, upon their pay and rations, and there was a rush to congratulate his successor when he arrived at the " Divan Haneh " the next day. Short-lived, however,



HASSAN PASHA.  
(THE LAST CAPITAN PASHA )



was their satisfaction, since within twenty-four hours Hassan was back in his fauteuil, waiting to receive their congratulations upon his return to office. His great supporter at the Palace was an Arab astrologer from Mecca, an influential Sheikh. Hassan Pasha himself acquired a great reputation for piety ; he never failed to say his prayers at the prescribed hours wherever he might be, taking no heed of any persons present, whether Moslems, or Christians, motioning them with his hand to remain seated, as he stood up, whilst his personal attendant spread out his prayer carpet before him, in the direction of Mecca. He died in the odour of sanctity, a few years before the Revolution, and was buried in the Mausoleum he had prepared for himself at great expense, within the sacred precincts of the Mosque of Eyoub.

Taking advantage of my position as a Turkish Admiral I attended the funeral, passing into the cemetery with the many other Naval Officers who followed. It gave me the opportunity of inspecting the tomb of Eyoub, which no foreigners or non-Moslems were allowed to see. I saw the railed enclosure where the bones of the Standard Bearer of the Prophet and his devoted band of followers, slaughtered in their mad attempt to capture Constantinople, had lain until discovered soon after the fall of the great city. There, at head and foot, are still standing the two tall trees into which the saplings, placed by the orders of the conqueror to mark the hallowed spot, have grown. As the story goes, a pious Hadji came to the conquering monarch and told him that an angel had pointed out to him the exact spot where the bones of the martyrs were lying. He had been

led there in a dream, and waking up had marked the spot with two small sticks. The Sultan, to test the truth of his statements, ordered the man to be kept in close confinement, that he might not be able to communicate with anyone, and changed the position of the sticks, placing them at a distance, but amid similar surroundings. Then the Hadij was led, blindfolded, to the spot, together with the men who were to open the grave. Immediately the bandage was removed from his eyes, the Hadji declared that the spot was not the resting-place of the warrior saints, and he led them away to the place where the sticks had been originally planted. The ground was opened by the order of the Sultan, and there, sure enough, was a quantity of human remains, skeletons and broken bones. A fitting tomb was erected close by, in a "turbah" (shrine) with space sufficient for a few pilgrims to say their prayers, and the sainted remains reinterred. Subsequently a large mosque was constructed, with an extensive burial-ground. It may be mentioned that within this turbah takes place the enthronement ceremony of the Sultans of the Ottoman Empire. Standing by the side of the tomb, he is girded with the "Sword of Othman," the founder of his dynasty, by the "Hunkyar Mollah." He is a lineal descendant of the last Seljukian Sultan, who, as ruler of the kingdom of Koniah (the ancient Iconium), had converted the Sheikh of a pastoral Turcoman tribe into an Emir of high rank and large landed possessions. His other title is that of the "Grand Tchelabi." He resides at Konieh, and unless the Angora Government has greatly modified his position, must still be in the enjoyment of hereditary special rights and privileges. He is also

the hereditary chief of a very large and influential order of dervishes. So great was his influence in Asia Minor, in former years, that once, I remember, when invited by the reigning Sultan to come to Constantinople, but not feeling too sure as to what might have been the motive for the invitation, he sent a reply to the effect that if he came it would be at the head of 20,000 horsemen.

Hassan Pasha, as I have already mentioned, exercised hospitality on a generous scale, and I readily obtained permission for my wife and myself to bring one night to dinner a party of friends who had arrived from Malta in their yacht, with letters of introduction to me. The owner, with his charming young bride, was on a summer cruise in the Mediterranean. He was a very zealous officer of the Royal Naval Volunteers, was his own sailing-master and Captain, and kept his yacht quite on a man-o'-war footing. The Pasha's residence on the shore of the Bosphorus consisted of two separate buildings, the harem and Selanlik, connected by a long, spacious, covered-in glass gallery, at one end of which was a rockery with hidden water-pipes and jets, through which water could be made to spout or trickle at will, creating a pleasant sound, which he called his Nature's music. It was his summer dining-room, and we all sat together with the Pasha, at a well-equipped round table set with dainty linen, brilliant silver and beautifully-cut crystal glasses and water-bottles. He kept a first-class chef, and gave us a very excellent dinner on that occasion. My friends enjoyed it immensely. The ladies were particularly diverted by the way in which the dishes were served and their contents eaten. When

the dishes were placed in the middle of the table, we all went pegging away at their contents, with spoon or fork, as required. No wine or any other liquor was served—nothing but the best and purest brands of water, “Kanli-Kavak” and “Kaishdagh.” These are two of the most celebrated of the many springs of Constantinople, and it is worth mentioning that the water-drinking Turk has a very fine discriminating palate as regards that fluid, and can tell at once, upon taking up a glass of it, the spring from which it has come. Those wealthy enough to afford the expense have, when away from Constantinople, barrels of it sent to them daily, even to considerable distances. Large goblets of sherbet were, however, served before the coffee was brought in to conclude the dinner.

Afterwards, the Pasha carried the ladies all off to the harem, and we men were left to ourselves for a couple of long hours! I smoked a couple of “narghilehs,” and the others endless cigarettes, before the laughing bevy of ladies came back and began pushing us about. The door by which they entered had been left open, and we heard a lot of giggling behind it. Whilst we had been sitting, somewhat bored by our long waiting and our anxiety to get away, they had been having the greatest fun possible. The Pasha’s wife was very much the head of his harem. She was of very good family, the daughter of a high functionary of much influence, and a lady of great refinement, and though she spoke no foreign language, was well-educated according to Turkish ideas. As the wife of a wealthy Pasha she ruled over many slaves and attendants, dancing and singing girls, and players upon the native musical instruments. They were brought in to



perform before her guests, all richly dressed in silk, with beautiful embroidery. The Pasha's daughter and several other female relatives were there, and the Turkish ladies were all very curious about the dresses and undergarments of the English ladies. They sent the Pasha into another room, and insisted upon their visitors undressing to enable them all to try on each other's clothing. They wanted to know all about their husbands and marital relations in England, and we found that all the hustling we received on their return was in order to get us past the open door in succession, that the Turkish ladies might see what we were like.

Hassan Pasha amassed a large fortune as he was clever enough to secure for himself much of what would otherwise have passed into the hands of Greek and Armenian contractors.

Hence my Ramazan experiences in my earlier winters in Constantinople were very agreeable. My friend Ahmed Bey was very liberal-minded, but he had to bow to Turkish prejudice, and I never saw anything of his wife, although I used to receive friendly greetings from her ; but the Turks have a pretty custom of sending their children into the "haremlık," to wait upon their male guests, and his one little daughter, Rechmeyiah, used to bring me my early-morning little cup of coffee ; she was a slim little maiden, about seven years of age, with hair in little plaits, and henna-stained palms and finger-nails. Many years after, another little lady, who is still, I believe Minister of Instruction in the Angora Government, also used to minister to my wants and bring me coffee when I went to visit her father, an old friend of mine, and a great pro-English Turk. Little Halideh

Edib used to sit on my knee and prattle away ; she was learning English then in the American School for Girls at Scutari, and in later life remained a great admirer of everything English, until the Sèvres Treaty showed how ready the Allies were to sacrifice Turkey to the aggrandisement of Greece. Slight and frail in person, she is well equipped in mind ; is all soul with a spirit burning with the most ardent patriotism, and is, in a way, a sort of Joan of Arc, though the cause she upholds is not that of the restoration of any Monarch, but the emancipation of her country from a foreign yoke and the evils of ignorance amongst the women of Turkey. Halideh Edib paid a visit to England soon after the deposition of Abdul Hamid, and gave a lecture in English upon the position of women under the old *régime* in the Ottoman Empire. She also served as interpreter at the Mudania meeting between General Sir Charles Harrington and Mustapha Kemal Pasha.

At the end of Ramazan comes the great feast of the Bairam, the " Shekker Bairam " as it is named in Turkey, because of the customary exchange between friends of presents of sweetmeats in honour of the day. After the early-morning prayer the Sultan holds a grand levée, a " Selamlık," as it is called. It is a great Durbar, as it would be styled in India, and at it attend all the high dignitaries of the Empire resident in Constantinople, the Ministers, Military and Naval Officers, and Civil Functionaries, as well as the heads of the various religious communities, to pay homage to their Sovereign Lord. Each in succession, in accordance with his rank and position, passes before him, swearing fealty to the Throne of Othman, upon which he is seated. It is

a most imposing spectacle, though, dealing with it elsewhere, I only mention it now because the Bairam of 1867 was the very last occasion upon which it took place in public, and I was one of those privileged to witness it as an "invité" of the Embassy. Ever since that date the Bairam Selamlıks have been held in the great Throne Room, the spacious central hall of Dolma-Bagtche Palace, until the last year of the reign of Sultan Abdul Hamid, when the ceremony took place at Yildiz. On the occasion I refer to, at which I was present so soon after my arrival in Turkey, it was held, as previously, in the grounds of the old Seraglio Palace, and as usual a *Tribune* for spectators had been erected near the Throne, to which the public was admitted by tickets, a number of which were always sent to the Embassies of the Great Powers.\*

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\* With the establishment of a Republic in Turkey, these ceremonies, even in the very attenuated form which characterised these later years, have now come to an end.

## CHAPTER VII

## ABDUL AZIZ : HIS EARLY LIBERALISM

THE change which took place in the character of Abdul Aziz a few years after he came to the Throne was very remarkable. Whilst Heir-Apparent only, he became well known to many Europeans and was looked upon as a very liberal-minded Prince who would make a good Ruler ; moreover, he showed none of that hauteur and arrogance which was so largely developed in his disposition later on. He was the first Turkish Sultan who ever set foot on a foreign land except as an invader in the path of conquest.

It was an old legend with the Turks that wherever the Sultan set his foot the land must become Turkish soil, and this gave rise to a fiction I heard at the time to the effect that to serve as a foot-stool, a sod of the Empire was carried about in a cushion by Abdul Aziz during his memorable visit to the Western Courts of Europe. As may perhaps not be remembered in the present day, he paid, soon after he came to the Throne, a visit to Egypt, where he was lavishly entertained by his vassal, Ismail Pasha.

On his return voyage from Alexandria he stopped at Smyrna, and spent a whole day in the country-house at Bournabat of Mr. Charlton Whittall, the uncle of Mr. James Whittall of Messrs.

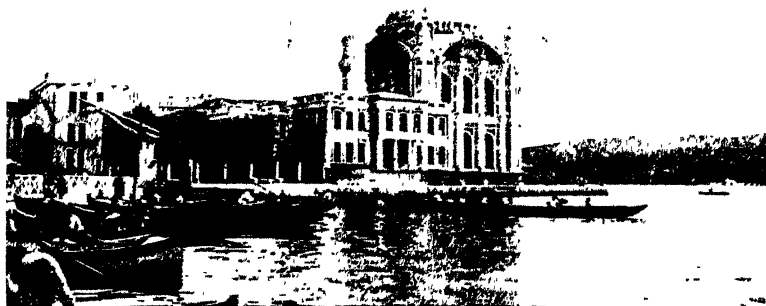
Jardine, Mathieson & Co., and father of the Mr. Whittall who caused such commotion at Yokohama by his fire-work salute to his friends the night before he left. The Sultan was received at the lodge gates of the avenue by my wife's mother, one of the three renowned beauties of Smyrna, and by Mr. Whittall's other daughter-in-law, Mrs. James Whittall. My wife's mother presented the keys of the house upon a silver-gilt plateau, and the Sultan noticing the embroidery upon the rich velvet Zouave jacket she was wearing, read thereon the Turkish writing in characters of gold, and seemed very pleased.

His Imperial Majesty had been preceded by a host of servants, his cooks and stewards, with a string of camels carrying the food prepared for himself, and also his table equipment, etc., and was followed by a brilliant staff, one member of which was Fuad Pasha, the Minister of Foreign Affairs at the time. Abdul Aziz remained the whole day at Bournabat, not returning to his yacht, the *Sultanieh*, until after sunset. He ate his meals in private, whilst those who accompanied him and the "notables," natives and foreigners, invited to attend his reception were entertained in large "marquees" outside the house. The Sultan had asked to see the menu of the banquet prepared for his staff, and noticing a favourite sweet dish, dates filled with pistachio nuts and cream, he requested that a portion of it should be served to him.

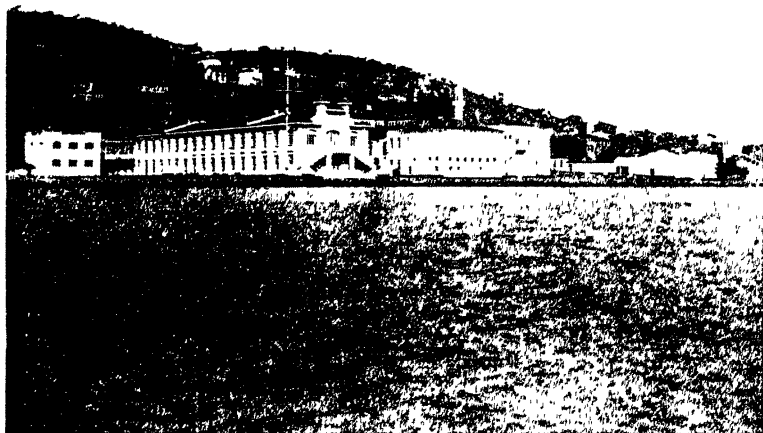
His Imperial Majesty was most gracious, and won golden opinions from all for his kindness and the pleasure he showed in acknowledging the acclamations of his people. The praises of their Sovereign Lord were sung everywhere, and loud were

the expressions of loyalty in Smyrna, the " Ghiaour City " as it was called by the Turks in those days. The Sultan took a walk through the extensive garden of his host, and at his own request was ushered into the Protestant Church at Bournabat built by Mr. Whittall some years previously. I was not there to see it, but I have been told that upon entering its portals the Sultan uncovered his head, thus showing a most unusual mark of respect not shown even by Greek and Armenian officials, who in those days wore their fezzes everywhere. The name of Whittall still stands high in the estimation of the Turks, and the great reputation for generous hospitality enjoyed by the one who entertained Sultan Abdul Aziz has been well maintained by his grandson, Sir William, who settled in Constantinople, and by the great-grandsons who now carry on the family traditions. Upon his return to Constantinople, Fuad Pasha was sent back to Smyrna to present to each of the two ladies who had received him at Bournabat a costly souvenir of his visit in the shape of a brooch set with large brilliants and pearls.

Abdul Aziz also made a very good impression in London and Paris ; but it is a moot question whether the very great attention he received and the Honours showered upon him did not lay the foundation for that ambitious pride and arrogant autocracy, which eventually brought about his deposition and death. I saw him for the first time in 1867, when I went down the Bosphorus to Dolma-Bagtche one Friday morning to witness his State Procession to the Mosque at Ortakieui for the midday service, and I shall never forget his proud and haughty bearing on that occasion.



THE ORTAKIEUI MOSQUE.  
THE FAVOURITE MOSQUE OF ABDUL AZIZ



THE NAVAL COLLEGE AT HALKI.

## CHAPTER VIII

### THE FALL OF ABDUL AZIZ

ABDUL AZIZ commenced his reign well, but in after years his character changed considerably, and when he lost the controlling influence of the two old and able statesmen, Ali and Fuad Pashas, he grew somewhat morose in disposition, and pride and hauteur became his most salient characteristics. Unbridled authority in the end governed his actions, and his Ministers entered his presence with dread. Never, it was said, were they allowed to be seated in his presence, but received their instructions standing before him, or, as it might be, his rebukes and their dismissal.

This it was which finally brought about his fall. Grand Viziers and Ministers found it impossible to carry on the Government with an autocrat who would brook no contradiction, or listen to any exposition of their views. It was not due to any revolution of the people, or outbreak of treason amongst the troops, that the All Powerful Overlord of the Ottoman Empire was suddenly removed from his Throne. It was simply the result of a conspiracy on the part of his Ministers, skilfully planned and rapidly put into execution once the scheme was complete and the men of action ready. They doubtlessly felt they might rely upon a quiet acceptance of an accomplished fact in case of



success, as there was a widespread feeling of discontent amongst all classes on account of the lavish expenditure of the Sultan and the maladministration in all Departments. The Governor of the Military College, Suleiman Pasha, was also in their secret, and one of their principal supporters in the conspiracy. In fact, the Young Turkish Party, though well scotched, with its most prominent members away in exile or living in a foreign land, had not been killed. There were still in Constantinople adherents of its policy to whisper adverse criticisms of the Sultan's rule, to talk about the happy prosperous times everyone would have under a Constitution. Moreover, amongst those admitted to the counsels of the conspirators was Zia Bey, an ex-Councillor of State, and a member of the Malcontent Party. There were also two "Ulemas," Nazif and Seid Beys, leaders of the "Softa League," allies for the time of the Young Turks. The Authors of the Plot were the Grand Vizier, Mehmed Rushdi; Hairoullah Effendi, the Sheik-ul-Islam, a man of advanced age; Hussein Avni Pasha, conqueror of the Cretan revolutionaries and popular Minister of War; Kaiserle Achmet, the Capitan Pasha; Midhat the Reformer, ex-Governor of Bagdad, and Minister without portfolio; Agiah Effendi, the head of the Post and Telegraph Department, as well as the principal officers in command of the troops and ironclads who had all been sounded and were on their side. They had all, indeed, been more or less informed as to what was about to take place and were ready to act as required. On the fateful night of May 30th, 1876, by order of the Capitan Pasha, who had taken up his abode on board the *Messoudieh*, the newly-arrived large ironclad built on the Thames, the boats of the

Fleet, manned and armed, formed a cordon along the waterside of the Palace, whilst Suleiman Pasha marched down with the Cadets of the Military School on the outskirts of Pera, and surrounded the harem. The battalion on guard at the Palace had been withdrawn, and Rediff Pasha, President of the War Office Council, in command of a body of troops from the Stamboul Garrison, kept watch and ward on the heights of Nishantash behind the garden of Dolma-Bagtche.

It was a very simple plan. None of the rank and file or officers not in the secret thought of questioning the authority for the orders they were receiving, and so the programme was carried out exactly as arranged. The gates were opened, and Suleiman Pasha, with a gang of stout Albanians, all well armed, passed in. The door of the Sultan's sleeping apartment was opened, and the unfortunate Monarch, who had gone to his rest in the firm belief that he was one of the most powerful rulers in the world, was roused from his slumbers and found himself prisoner in the hands of rough-looking men brandishing swords. He was informed that he was no longer Sultan, and that he must leave the Palace of Dolma-Bagtche at once, for his successor to enter and take entire possession of it. Dressing hastily he was placed in a steam-launch with one of his Aide-de-camps and a few personal attendants, and conveyed to Seraglio Point. There, in the grounds of the old Palace of the Sultan, he was confined in the Top-Kapou Serai, the small kiosque so well known to visitors during the reign of Abdul Hamid, and from which there are such beautiful views of the Bosphorus and Sea of Marmora. Whilst the advance upon Dolma-Bagtche was being made, steps were

taken to convey Prince Murad to the "Seraskerat" (War Office). It was as great a surprise to him to hear from the lips of Hussein Avni that he was Sultan of Turkey as it was to Abdul Aziz to learn that he was no longer the Padisha. It was with the greatest difficulty he could be persuaded to leave his home and accompany Hussein Avni, so morally limp was his condition. However, his nervous dread was overcome in the end, and he drove off to receive his formal recognition as successor to his uncle.

There on the parade ground, in the presence of a large body of troops upon whose fidelity Hussein Avni knew he could rely, the "Beyyat," his formal recognition as Sultan, took place amongst the most enthusiastic shouts of joy. Then came the reading of the "Fetva" in St. Sophia and the other great mosques of Stamboul—the decree of the "Fetva Emineh," who had been called upon to decide, according to the Koran, the fate of a Moslem Ruler who betrayed his trust—as set forth in the several accusations against Abdul Aziz. It declared that he should be deposed and another more worthy appointed, and it ended with the statement that Prince Murad was his lawful successor. The Imperial Standard was hoisted at the Seraskerat, and the thunderous salute of a hundred guns awoke the population of Constantinople and its suburbs from their slumbers, to learn from the men hurrying along the streets that a new Padisha was on the Throne. The same salute was repeated at noon as well as at sunset by way of exhibitions of the joy of the nation at its deliverance from the tyrannical rule of the ex-Sultan.

I was living at Halki at the time, and went up to town to

hear the news of this most stupendous and unimagined occurrence, for the secret had been so well kept that none but those privy to it had the slightest knowledge of what was on the tapis. On reaching the Bosphorus I found the whole city *en fête*, all the vessels dressed with bunting, flags and banners everywhere afloat and ashore, and the most unwonted scenes were taking place. Christian Priests and Imams were embracing each other, while Jews, Greeks, Armenians, and Turks were all fraternising, smiling and happy as if the millennium had arrived. All was joy for the next few days, and holiday-making the only occupation thought of. But it was short-lived. Sinister events were on their way which turned joy to sorrow. There was first the murder or suicide of the ex-Sultan, followed by the murderous attack upon the Council of Ministers by Tcherkess Hassan, brother of a Sultana and an ex-Officer of the Imperial Bodyguard, and then came the Bulgarian revolt and its severe chastisement, with its sequel—the disastrous war with Russia.

Whether the death of Abdul Aziz was due to murder or suicide is a question which will never be satisfactorily answered. Officially it was declared to be suicide, after a medical examination at which foreign surgeons and physicians were present. There was one amongst them whose *bona fides* could not possibly be doubted. This was Dr. Dickson, Physician to the British Embassy and British Delegate to the Board of Health. He was a physician of much experience, and very independent in his views and utterances. He was an intimate friend of mine despite the difference in our ages, and I have always considered

that he saved my life when I was seriously ill by an heroic remedy he insisted in being carried out against the opinion of my regular medical attendant, who feared a fatal result. I was very much interested in this question of the ex-Sultan's death, and not only had a long chat with Dr. Dickson at the time, but on subsequent occasions also, and I never knew him to waver in his opinion, or to alter his version of what took place when he was called upon to examine the body of the dead Sultan. I recorded this account in an article I wrote shortly afterwards entitled "Murder or Suicide?" though I never published it. I have the original still by me, and have been refreshing my memory of the tragic affair by a recent perusal of it. It is too long for its insertion here in its entirety, and full details would be wearisome to read. It should suffice to say that to the day of his death Dr. Dickson always declared, as he did then, that Abdul Aziz committed suicide, and was not assassinated. He alone of all the medical men who were summoned to view the body and pronounce upon the cause of death was not satisfied with a mere superficial examination. He closely inspected every part of the body, took measurements of the wounds, and examined the apartment in which the tragedy took place. He was so fully convinced by what he saw that he came away with the firm conviction that the unfortunate Sultan had died by his own hand, and the report which he presented to the Ambassador ended with the words: "I went prepared to find murder, and saw nought but suicide." With all the other doctors and surgeons present, including Dr. Marounin, physician of the French Embassy, he signed the official report which was published together

with the official account of the finding of the body. It stated that the ex-Sultan, upon his deposition, had been placed for safe custody in the Top-Kapou-Serai; that on the third day had been removed to the residence assigned to him and his family, a block of apartments in a detached dependency of the Tcheragan Palace; that the following day he was found dead in a small room attached to his sleeping apartment, having opened the veins in his arms with a pair of small scissors for which he had asked in order to trim his beard.

According to Dr. Dickson, the wounds bore exactly the appearance of such openings as would be made by a person using such an instrument for the purpose alleged. Those of the left arm were long and deep incisions, whilst those of the right one were but short cuts and stabs, as if loss of blood had taken away the strength of the left hand. This verdict of suicide was, however, not generally accepted. Human nature is always inclined to believe the worst, and the death of the deposed Monarch was too opportune for all thought of assassination to be cast aside. Before very long the belief spread widely in many directions that the authors of his downfall, fearing reaction in his favour, which if successful would cost them their lives, compassed his death in such a manner as would leave no trace of any of their hands in the "crime." There soon became current various accounts of the manner of Abdul Aziz's death founded upon the alleged revelations of a little harem slave, who talked of "screams" and "sounds of struggling."

There was much support to the suicide theory in addition to the appearance of the body, well nourished and very white and

clean, save for the blood which had flowed from his severed veins and dried upon the flesh. He had developed a great eccentricity of character during the last years of his reign. Much as he had liked to show himself to his subjects when he first came to the Throne, he shut himself up a few years after his visit to England and France, and only appeared at the Friday's Selamluk and other religious functions, which his position as Caliph compelled him to attend. He also at times exhibited a very morose temper. He was said to take great pleasure in witnessing combats between all sorts of animals, and was specially fond of cock-fighting, and it is said the victorious cock was on more than one occasion decorated with the Order of the "Medjidieh." He was very fond of music, and when at times a dark mood came upon him, as in the case of King Saul, Guatella Pasha, his Italian Master of the Palace Band, would be sent for to play to him upon the piano for hours together, until his troubled spirit found rest in sleep. To a man of his proud and haughty nature, to be suddenly hurled from his high estate, must have been terribly galling and hard to bear. It was said of him that when informed of the surrender of Sedan, the capture of Napoleon, and the fall of the Empire, he made the remark to those about him "that it was impossible for him to understand how an Emperor falling as Napoleon had done could still remain alive."

The story of the "scissors" having been supplied at the deposed Sultan's request was confirmed, according to what Dr. Dickson told me, by a communication he subsequently received from Dr. Van Millingen, one of the Palace physicians, who

however was not present at the enquiry. Like Dr. Dickson, he had been a resident in the East for many years, and they were old friends. Descended from an old Dutch family, a member of which had settled in Scotland, he had adopted a medical career, and was Lord Byron's physician during his expedition to Greece, and was with him when he died at Missolonghi. He had been a Physician to the Households of both Abdul Medjid and Abdul Aziz, and at the time of the tragedy, was in attendance upon the "Hasnadar-Agha" (the Eunuch-Treasurer) of the Imperial Harem. It may also be mentioned that he was the father of the late Professor Alexander Van Millingen of the Robert College, the well-known author of several interesting works upon Constantinople. When the doctors were assembled for the examination at Tcheragan, they received a message from the Valideh Sultana (mother of the ex-Sultan) that she was ready to answer any enquiries they might like to make to her in respect to her son. Dr. Dickson desired to have this done, but his proposal to have her questioned was overruled by the others present on the ground that their mission was merely to view the body and pronounce the cause of death. Foiled in his desire to hear what the mother of the ex-Sultan had to say about the death of her son, Dr. Dickson sought the assistance of his friend, and through the agency of Dr. Van Millingen's patient, the desired information was obtained. The following is the account received by Dr. Dickson from his friend, as he related it to me.

Abdul Aziz on the fatal morning had demanded a pair of scissors, with which to trim his beard. He had sent the female attendants away, and as far as they could tell he was alone in



his room. Sometime after the Valideh, feeling anxious about her son, sent one of her women to see what he was doing. Finding the door closed, the girl tried to get a peep at the Sultan through the window of an adjoining room. Failing to do so, she went back to report, and was told to knock gently and enter. She did so, and then, upon trying to open the door, found it locked. The Valideh Sultana hearing this suspicious circumstance, rushed with all her slave and sable attendants to the room. The door was forced open, and her unfortunate son was found lying in a pool of blood with the small pair of scissors by his side. That the scissors had been used for cutting his beard was undeniably true, as this was found not merely trimmed, but cut close short to the skin, a most unusual proceeding on the part of a Mussulman. A weak point in the evidence for suicide was the omission of any autopsy to ascertain whether any poison or any narcotic had been administered to render him helpless in the hands of intending assassins.

After a lapse of five years, when his successor was firmly fixed upon his throne, the question was reopened and became the subject of a "State Trial." Fachri Bey, the Aide-de-camp most in favour with Abdul Aziz, and who had accompanied the ex-Sultan and shared his imprisonment in the Kapou-Serai, was said to have made a confession. It was to the effect that at the bidding of the conspirators he had administered chloroform, and then the Eunuchs, who had been bribed to carry out the "*suicide*," did their work whilst the dethroned Monarch was insensible. All those concerned in the conspiracy still living at the time were arrested, and amongst them two brothers-in-

law of the Sultan, the Dawad Mahmoud and Nuri Pashas, who had married daughters of Abdul Mejid, and also Midhad Pasha. They were all condemned and suffered severe punishment, the three above mentioned being exiled to the Hedjaz, where it is said they were most harshly and cruelly treated and died miserable deaths. The principal authors of the conspiracy had gone to their account within a very short time of their successful *coup d'état*. All the chief Ministers, save the Sheik-ul-Islam were sitting in Council in a room of the Grand Vizier's house at Ortakieui, when a Circassian Officer of the ex-Sultan's Bodyguard suddenly broke in upon the meeting. Tcherkess Hassan Bey, as he was called, was said to have been a brother of one of the ladies of the Harem of Abdul Aziz and the motive of his attack was a desire for revenge upon the authors of his fall and death. He had managed to pass the cordon of sentries, and springing into the room with a revolver in one hand, and a drawn sword in the other, he shouted to Midhad, who was rising from his seat, "Dovrama" ("Move not") and fired right and left upon the others at point-blank range. Hussein Avni, the "Seraskier," fell dead at once with a bullet in his heart, as also the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and others were badly wounded, amongst them the Capitan Pasha, before the assailant could be mastered by the others present with the aid of the guards who came rapidly to their assistance at the sound of the firing. Tcherkess Hassan, having emptied his revolver, fought like a wild cat with his sword, and was in a dying condition when finally overpowered and carried off to be hanged, after sentence by summary judgment, on the "gibbet" placed at the Stamboul end of the Galata

Bridge. This murderous attack upon the Ministers created a profound impression everywhere, and followed as it was by the attack of Ali Suavi upon the Palace, related further on, had much to do with shaping the policy of Abdul Hamid in dealing with the internal affairs of the Empire.

## CHAPTER IX

### ROYAL VISITS TO THE SULTAN

SHORTLY after the opening of the Suez Canal, several visits were paid to Abdul Aziz by Royal and Imperial Representatives of the Sovereigns he had visited during his Western Tour.

The Empress Eugenie was one of these visitors, and had a magnificent reception. She was then at the height of her beauty as a woman, and of her power and influence as consort of the most powerful ruler in Europe, as the Emperor Napoleon was at the time. She was lodged in that very coquettish Palace of Beylerbey, on the Asiatic shore of the Bosphorus, just opposite Dolma-Bagtche. As one of a few privileged foreigners on board a French steamer, carrying officials and their friends, I had the pleasure of seeing her land from the State Barge of the Sultan. Smiling with pleasure at her enthusiastic reception, she won all hearts by her beauty and gracious demeanour, as she stood for a few minutes bowing her acknowledgment of the greetings she was receiving. She fascinated all who came across her, even the Sultan, who it was said went to her room when she had left and wept over her departure. The Empress to the end of her life retained a very pleasant memory of that visit, and when very many years after I had the honour of meeting her on board her yacht in

the Solent, we had a long chat together about Constantinople, and her host on that occasion. It was during the Coronation Review of King Edward, when I was a guest of Sir Thos. Lipton on board his beautiful yacht the *Erin*. He was on very friendly terms with the Empress, and when she heard of my presence on board the *Erin*, she sent a gracious request that I would come and have tea with her. She wanted so much to have a chat, I was told, with one who knew Constantinople and its Sultan so well.

The Empress was so pleased to hear that I had witnessed her reception and been present at the public fêtes in her honour. We talked a great deal about Abdul Aziz and his successors, and she told me of the hitch at the last moment in the arrangement for the State Procession on the arrival of the Sultan at Paris, owing to the terror displayed by his young son Yusuf Izzedin, when he found that he was to be placed in the same carriage with his cousins Murad and Abdul Hamid. Nothing would induce the young Prince to join them, and another carriage had to be sent for. The Sultan, it should be mentioned, had taken his two nephews, Murad and Abdul Hamid, with him on his visit to the Western Courts. They were the nearest heirs to the Throne, and in accordance with Eastern customs were always kept under the eye of the reigning monarch. The Empress Eugenie was at this time of great age, but she still possessed much charm, and no one could wonder at the devotion of her friends.

Her Imperial Majesty subsequently paid two more visits to Constantinople in her yacht, and I saw much more of her on each occasion. She was received by Sultan Mehemed and Yusuf

had been selected by the cavalier-leader of the Cotillon and placed in line. At the opposite end I stood with eight other cavaliers, selected and placed in line by the leading lady. We faced each other in anxious expectation for the signal that was to release us for the pursuit of our partners. Before it came, however, a paper screen was drawn across the centre of the ball-room, completely obscuring our view of each other.

The signal came with the first bars of a waltz, and away we rushed, plunging through the screen. We had all seen where the Princess was standing, and in the struggling race to be the first at her feet for the honour of dancing with her, we fell over each other and were all defeated. Just before anyone could reach to claim the guerdon, Lord Carrington, the Equerry, gave his arm to the Princess and they waltzed off together.

It had been beautifully arranged, and no one felt hurt or slighted. The Princess was in it, as she had wished to be, but not of it, as was fitting.

The Duke of Edinburgh came twice to Constantinople, whilst he was in command of the Mediterranean Fleet, and I was attached to his person on each occasion, as one of the Sultan's "meh-mendars" (officials in charge). It was due to his very kindly mention of me to the Sultan as "an old friend" whom he would very much like to see. I owed to him, and do still to his memory, a great debt of gratitude for what he did for me during those two visits to the Sultan. I had incurred the enmity of the powerful Minister of Marine on account of my friendship with certain Palace officials, and his idea was that I might be giving information about him, and expose some of his little money-making ways.

So Hassan Pasha had been doing his best to annoy and drive me into resigning my position in the Turkish Service.

The friendship of the Duke, so openly displayed by my seat at his side in the Imperial carriages, whilst the Turkish Aide-de-camp sat in front, and his references to past relations at the Naval banquet given in his honour, quite altered the situation. The Minister cynically acknowledged his defeat in one significant word, whispering "Courtuldu !" to me, as he passed out of the saloon, after bringing a complimentary message from the Sultan to the Prince at the Selamlik : " You've got out of my net ! " So I had when, as he probably knew at the time, the " firman " (patent), which raised me to Ferik's rank (General of Division,) was being written.

On this first visit, the Duke was accompanied by our present gracious King, then Prince George, a young Lieutenant whom I found most kind, considerate, and very chatty. Shortly after, I received my promotion. I was also made one of His Majesty's Aides-de-camp (Adjutant-General), and became one of the Members of His Household. It was a curious position, for I was a nineteenth century man in a Court, as it were, of the fifteenth, for I was in the midst of intrigues, and could instinctively feel the webs in progress all around me without being inside them. I was watched and spied upon by the secret police ; and the paid agents of the Russian and German Embassies, amongst the officials frequenting the Palace, kept a strict note of all my visits there.

The second visit of the Duke was paid in August, and the most unpleasant task was placed upon my shoulders of securing the

postponement, at the last moment, of the annual Regatta. It was the chief aquatic show of the year, and always took place on the great festival of the Greek Church, the Birthday of the Virgin, and attracted an enormous crowd to the islands. I had been for years one of the members of the committee, and had always organised the races. The Duke was trying to avoid the affair, but when the Sultan heard that his visit was being postponed for a few days he gave an order to Munir Pasha, the Grand Master of Ceremonies, to have the Regatta postponed also. I was telegraphed to attend at the Palace early in the morning, and was told that the Regatta must be postponed, but it was not to appear as if it were so by official orders. It was Saturday and past noon before I could get back to Pera, and the Regatta was to take place on Monday.

I never worked so hard before as I did that day to have the postponement of the Regatta made known to the public in time. I managed, however, to get posters printed and sent off in charge of Port officials, for placarding all the landing-places on the Bosphorus, as well as at San Stefano and other villages on the Marmora, served by the ferry-boats. Instructions were also sent for the news to be disseminated by the village criers, and I hoped for the best. Then I left for Prinkipo to face the committee, to the local chairman of which I had wired for an extraordinary meeting to be held as soon as I arrived. With what a howl of indignation was the explanation of my telegram received ! There was, however, nothing for it but to "grin and bear it," as I told them ; and as to their complaint that I should have consulted them first, I pointed out that I had to act at once, as there



was no time whatever to spare for consultations. I fancy that no one was ever cursed more than I was that night, as all their preparations had been made for the Monday's feasting, and much good provender that would not keep was thrown, it is said, into the Bosphorus.

Dead failure was prophesied for a postponed Regatta, to take place on any other day but the Feast of the Virgin. As for myself, I felt very small, and much inclined to blush for my audacity when Sunday proved to be a fine day, and the weather on Monday ideal for racing. I had ransacked my brains for a formula in which to announce the postponement of the Regatta without stating that the committee were acting by Imperial Order, but after I had looked at the sky and seen a few dark clouds, I could think of nothing better than the following draft for the placard :

“ The Regatta Committee, in view of the threatening appearance of the weather and the great éclat that would be given to the fête by the presence of H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh, who will arrive before the end of the next week, have decided, in the interest of the public, to postpone the Regatta until the following Monday.”

However, the Regatta proved to be the most successful Constantinople has ever known. The day was proclaimed a general holiday by all the banks and large mercantile establishments, and was much more largely attended. The Duke accepted the situation with great good humour and came down on the Imperial Yacht. The weather was everything that could be desired.

His Royal Highness was lodged during both visits in a beautiful

kiosque communicating with the Sultan's private apartments by a covered picture gallery, in which, with some very good paintings, were hung a lot of awful daubs, the production of amateurs of position living in Constantinople and sent as presents to the Sultan.

There was a great deal of official visiting, and it was difficult for the Duke to move without a crowd. One day he told me that he wanted to go shopping in Pera incognito, and asked me to manage it. We started together after lunch. I had explained quietly to the "Chef de Sûreté" (the Head of the Secret Police) what was wanted, and he promised that there should be no outward signs of the watch kept over the Royal guest. A good sized "coupé" without trimmings was procured and we drove off together, and had a very successful afternoon, the Duke finding everything he wanted. He bought a very fine handsome massive silver trophy for the Admiral's Prize Cup in the forthcoming Fleet Regatta, and various other things. But it was a hot day, and shopping was warm work.

"Is there any place here where one can get a good glass of beer, Woods?"

"Yes, sir, there is the German Church, where the best of Pilsener is on draught," I answered, and then at the amazed look of the Duke I told the story of Von der Goltz and the German pastor's invitation. How heartily he laughed over it! The story is worth retelling.

Von der Goltz had been sent to Turkey to help in the reorganisation of the Turkish Army and had been invited soon after he arrived to lunch with the German Pastor von Suhle, who lived in a house attached to the church of his pastorate. He had

explained its situation and had told his guest to ask for the German Church if he found himself in any difficulty at all. Von der Goltz, however, had been studying Turkish very hard, and was rather proud of his attainments in that direction, so on reaching Pera he accosted the first decent-looking person he came across with the query : " Where is the German Church ? " in good Turkish as he thought. He knew that " Allemanni " was the Turkish name for a German, and " Djanimi " the word for mosque (a place of worship), and so he said with a smile, " Allemanni djanimi nerodah ? " His hearer had never heard of a German Church, nor had the next man he asked. A third, however, when asked the question, brightened up after a moment's reflection, and, taking him by the hand, gravely led him up a narrow passage opening out of the " Grand Rue," not into any church or its courtyard, but into the spacious saloon of Janni, the famous dispenser of ice-cooled Pilsener and Munich beer. Von der Goltz was given a guide and duly arrived at his host's quarters.

When the Duke and I got to Janni's two of the small ordinary " bocks " were brought, in answer to our demand, whereupon His Royal Highness's countenance fell. " Why, Woods," he said, as he scanned the dimensions of the glass, " does the man take me for a baby ? "

The Duke and Abdul Hamid got along very well together, and I was frequently entrusted with friendly communications between them. They were both great lovers of music.

When the Duke was leaving, the Grand Duchess Serge of Russia was expected at Constantinople. She was the Princess

Elizabeth of Hesse and the favourite niece of the Duke. He wrote a letter to her the day before he started and, as an after-thought, handed it over to me with the words, " Woods, I am going to give you this to deliver, and you will have the opportunity of seeing the prettiest woman in Europe." She arrived the day after her uncle had left, and in truth I did see a lovely young girl when I called on board the *Kostroma*, the vessel which brought her from the visit she had been paying with her husband and his brother, the Grand Duke Paul, to the Holy Land. When I reached the vessel's deck, I found the illustrious tourists absent on a visit to the Sweet Waters, in one of the large Imperial caiques. I had to wait a considerable time, and it was quite dusk when they returned. A tall, handsome-looking man came up to greet me. I took him to be one of the suite, until, after a little pleasant chat, he said, " Let me take you down to present you to my wife," and I found it was the Grand Duke Serge himself. The Princess looked just like a charming young English girl, dressed in her simple white muslin dress and a white sailor hat with blue ribbon. She gave me a very gracious reception, thanked me for bringing the letter, and asked me several questions about her uncle and his visit. She told me how very pleased she had been with her visit to Palestine and Syria. I met them the following night at a grand ball given in their honour at the Russian Embassy at Buyukdere on the Bosphorus, where marked attention was shown to me by both the Grand Duke Serge, his brother Paul and the Princess. It is very sad to think of the terrible fate which befell them all.

\*Apropos of the Duke of Edinburgh's visit to Constantinople

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\* The Grand Duke Serge was assassinated at Moscow, 1905.

I may mention that in 1904 I paid my one and only visit to Rumania. H.M.S. *Scout* was going to Galatz, to be present at an official opening of the last cutting of the Sulina Canal, and I accepted the invitation of her Commander, now Vice-Admiral Sir Ernest Gaunt, K.C.B., and made the trip with him. The Crown Princess, now the present charming and beautiful Queen of Roumania, is the daughter of the late Duke of Edinburgh, and I was glad of the opportunity *pour presenter mes hommages* at the Court, then in residence at Sinaia, the Royal summer residence. My old friend Sir Charles Kennedy was then Minister at Bucharest, and I enjoyed my short visit very much. I had a most interesting conversation with King Charles on political matters, and lunched with the royal family at Castel Pelesch, the Royal château. I met with a very kind and gracious reception from both the Princess Marie and the Crown Prince her husband, having tea in their very pretty chalet in the forest, and there made the acquaintance of the little Princesses, now grown into beautiful women. I had already met the young Prince Carlos, as we had called in at Kustendji on our way up to Sulina, as the young Prince was there at the time with his Military instructor, attending some manœuvres. He took a great interest in the British ships of war on account of his grandfather's connection with the Navy, and paid us a visit on board the *Mohawk*. He was then about nine years of age, and struck us as being very intelligent by the many questions he asked about the ship and her armament, and we thought him a very nice manly little fellow.

## CHAPTER X

## SOCIETY IN CONSTANTINOPLE IN ITS PALMY DAYS

THE glamour of Constantinople and the Bosphorus has gone to return no more. Never again will its residents or its visitors witness such scenes, and have such a pleasant time as I had during the first years of my life in Turkey. The life and movements of Society in Constantinople possessed an attractiveness all its own.

Of 1867 and the next few years it may be spoken as the palmy days of Turkish Rule, after its emancipation from the thralldom of the Janissaries. There was peace at home and abroad. The rebellion in Crete had been suppressed, thanks to the strict blockade of the island established by Hobart Pasha when placed in command of the fleet in the Archipelago, and the energy of Hussein Avni Pasha, the Commander-in-Chief of the Military forces operating against the rebels. The Sultan still retained the good opinion formed of his character when he first came to the Throne. He was often seen in public, and occasionally went in State to attend a gala performance in the Opera House of Pera. It was the era of foreign loans, Turkish credit stood very high in the world of finance, and money seemed to be flowing everywhere.

What a gay season was my first one in the City of the Sultan !

The Ramazan happened to coincide with Christmas-tide, and the Greek Easter to fall into a later month than ours of the Catholic and Protestant Faiths. This led to a great prolongation of festivities, and balls and social gatherings of all kinds were in progress amongst the orthodox of the Eastern Churches, whilst we good people of Western Faiths were at the Lenten services. There was, in addition to the Opera, a very good company at the French Theatre, where Offenbach's Vaudevilles were nightly performed. There were also several *café chantants* of the French type, and the "Jeunesse Dorée" of the Turks flocked over nightly from Stamboul and the other Mohammedan suburbs, to these haunts of pleasure. For the élite of Society there were the balls at the Foreign Embassies and the houses of the rich Greek bankers. Nearly every night throughout the carnival a big dance took place somewhere or other in Pera, for which I received an invitation, and I derived much amusement from watching the habits of Society in this great meeting-place of East and West. There was, I may say, no general Society. Roughly speaking it might be divided into two classes, ambassadorial and financial.

Turkey was still in the days of the tutelage imposed upon her after the Crimean War, and the Ambassadors of the Great Powers were as Uncrowned Rulers in the country, wielding a right of interference through the "Capitulations" which placed foreign subjects outside Turkish jurisdiction. Observing the courtesies due to each other as members of the diplomatic family in ordinary life, there was, however, no great amount of friendly feeling between them. Each was working in the dark, to increase his own influence with the Sultan and his Ministers, and to lessen that of his rivals.

With the exception of our own Ambassador, the others exercised great authority over their fellow subjects, and could send out of the country anyone whose further stay might be considered undesirable.

In the absence of a native Court, each Embassy formed a separate Court of its own for upholding the prestige of the Ambassador and the Government he represented, and there were both regular receptions which might well have been styled "Levéés" and "Drawing-rooms." It was only in the entertainments of the financial classes that the members of the foreign colonies met each other.

In those days no Embassy invitations were sent to outsiders except to a few personal friends and foreign officials, but each colony was well represented at its own Embassy dances, and this gave one the opportunity of meeting many pretty women of various nationalities and races. These Embassy Balls were very brilliant affairs, especially when given in honour of some Sovereign's birthday, as all officials were in full uniform, and embroidered coats covered with glittering stars were to be seen in abundance, as well as pretty faces and graceful figures, well set off by Parisian toilettes of the latest fashion. Every week there was a ball at the Austrian, Russian and French Embassies upon separate nights, and one occasionally at the British. Germany was not "in it" in those days, and the King of Prussia was represented by a Minister who led rather a retired life, and lived in a large wooden house, which looked as if ashamed of its shabby appearance in a back street, and was crying out for a covering of new paint. I enjoyed those at the Austrian Embassy most of all. The old Baron



Prokesch-Osten had represented his Most Catholic Majesty the Emperor Franz Josef for many years at the *Porte*. He was a very wise old diplomat, who, foreseeing events, said that Turkey and Austria should always hold together, as the fate of the one was bound up with that of the other, and if they did not do so they would both come to grief, and their Empires pass away at the same time.

The "Cotillons" at these dances were always a great feature, commencing after supper at midnight to last through several hours. It was the aim of the leaders to introduce special figures, and their ingenuity was much exercised to produce surprises. The Baron had long been a widower, and his charming daughter, a Baronne by marriage, had for some years made it a practice to spend the winter season with her father, and presided over his hospitable entertainments with such grace and affability as won all hearts. It is sad for one who remembers so much, to look back upon the past and then turn to the present and see the condition of the erstwhile prosperous twin-kingdoms of Austria and Hungary.

I remember well the last dance of one season in the Austrian Embassy, which was connected with an incident somewhat painful for the poor Baron. Constantinople, like other great cities, has always had attraction for those clever people who live by their wits. They used to come in all sorts of guises, as agents for wealthy financiers seeking concessions, and traders with goods to sell only existing *en l'air*. In this instance, the gentleman—I really must style him so, he was so perfect in his manners, so winning in his ways, and so good looking—was a young Hungarian

who passed himself off as an officer of Uhlans, whose luggage had gone astray during his journey from Hungary to Trieste. It was not long after his arrival before he knew all about the "terrain" he had come to investigate. There was a café in the Grand Rue where the young secretaries of the Austrian Embassy were wont to assemble in the evening for their *apéritif* of mastic and cheros. He created an opportunity for speaking to one of them sitting alone. Passing from one subject to another, the conversation touched upon the Danish War in which Baron Prokesch-Osten lost his only son. The young stranger, who gave his name as "Baron" Grobman and asserted he was an officer of Uhlans, expressed his keen regret that he was unable as yet to call upon the Ambassador, since this was the object of his journey, as he thought it might please the father to hear all about his son's death from the man who had received him in his arms as he fell mortally wounded at the storming of the Danne-Werke. Unfortunately his luggage had gone astray. He had been hoping to receive it, but as it had not turned up, he was having a uniform made for him by a military tailor who had promised it should be ready on the morrow. The difficulty was the sword. "Was there anyone at the Embassy," he asked, "who possessed a cavalry sword?" His newly made friend did not know at the moment, but said he would make enquiries.

An account of the *rencontre* soon reached the ears of the poor old Baron, who had loved his son very much, and as he was anxious to hear what the young fellow could tell him, he arranged to receive the "Baron" the next day, and actually lent him his own sword for the occasion. The quasi Uhlan officer made such

good use of his opportunities that he quite won the Baron's heart. He evidently knew all about the son, and his story held so well together that he was not only invited to the Embassy, but made the guest of honour at a special dinner to introduce him to the other Ambassadors. He was thus launched upon the high society of Pera, in which he became a general favourite, carrying all before him in the ball-rooms. I was introduced to him after a ball by one of the secretaries in whose room I was having a parting glass. He spoke English fluently with a very good accent, and French equally as well, and gave the impression of being a man of much culture. In fact, everyone was taken in by his glib tongue ; he spoke so familiarly of well-known people in Vienna.

In the ball-room no lady was pre-engaged, however full her programme, if the Baron came up to ask for a dance ; he danced so gracefully and looked so handsome in his well-fitting uniform of scarlet and light blue. I met him again at the French Embassy in the same week, when his success with the ladies was as great as ever. Then for the last time we met in a private house of a very rich Greek merchant, with several very pretty daughters and nieces, for whom he was giving a large ball. Our friend, when the Cotillon time arrived, was unanimously elected leader and there never was a more joyous dance. Dancing was kept up until a very late hour, and it was five before the last of the ladies left. When the chaperons, anxious to get home, slipped away from the ball-room with their charges, he ran down to the street, drew the young girls out of their Sedan chairs and brought them back again for the " just one more dance." He kept the men up to their duty, routing them out of the smoking-room with the threatening

point of his sword, but all so good-humouredly that they could not take offence.

Six o'clock found the Baron and myself with two of our own Embassy people seated in a small room at a supper table, with our host presiding at one end and his fair eldest daughter at the other. We had voted when the last lady guests had left that it was too late altogether to think of going home to bed and too early to leave the warm house for the wintry cold of the streets. So our good-natured host had fallen in with the suggestion of our versatile friend, that we should have a little supper-breakfast together before we parted. It was broad daylight when we left the Embassy, it had been snowing off and on during the night and the street was deep in snow. The temptation was too great. We began snow-balling, and the last I saw of my friend was his Uhlan cap flying off his head through a lucky shot of mine as he was going round the corner. As he stooped to pick it up I hurriedly turned away into a street running in another direction as I was not quite sure how he would take my parting gift.

Two days elapsed, and I was again at an Embassy Ball. It was once more at the French Embassy, and, missing the graceful uniformed figure of my friend the Baron, I turned to one of the Austrian secretaries standing near at hand to enquire about him. He was the one who had introduced us to each other, and I naturally thought he would be able to tell me the reason of his absence. Great was my astonishment when, instead of affording an answer to my query, he muttered something, as he turned away upon his heel, with such a look of anger that I stood rooted for the moment in wonder at his very strange conduct. I sought an

explanation at once from one of our Embassy people. It was St. John, a second secretary who subsequently rose to be a Minister and a K.C.M.G., and with whom I had, as I narrate elsewhere, an amusing adventure in the Sea of Marmora. His answer fairly startled me.

“Why, my dear Woods, where on earth have you been these last two days? Don’t you know that the Baron, as he called himself, was shipped off yesterday on board the Austrian Lloyd steamer for Trieste, in irons? He was a first-class swindler and forger and was wanted for having absconded some months ago with the contents of the Military chest, but had successfully evaded capture at Trieste. He thought he had covered his tracks sufficiently well, but a request which arrived at the Austrian Consulate for enquiries to be made at Constantinople, about a certain swindler in flight, led to the discovery of his identity.”

No wonder Von Weber had glared at me; as St. John grimly remarked, he was probably under the impression that I was “pulling his leg” over his misfortune.

With the exposure of the impostor and his departure vanished all hope of seeing the return of the £30 St. John told me Von Weber had lent him. In justice to the Austrian Ambassador, who was the chief victim of the impostor, it should be mentioned that he paid most of the debts of the soi-disant Baron, as he felt that in a measure he was morally responsible for having launched the young fellow upon his social career. Fortunately he had not had time to work up any great swindle or run up debts to any large amount. Many fishy characters have made their appearance at Constantinople since then, but none ever succeeded in taking in

Society so successfully, or made such a picturesque appearance as did this young fellow.

Many beautiful women were to be seen at these balls in those days, but apart from the Princess Ignatief, the wife of the Russian Ambassador, the ladies of the diplomatic families, charming as some of them were, did not shine in Society as beauties.

The Princess Ignatief was not only a beautiful woman, but a very clever one, and an able assistant to her husband. It is said that she quite won Lady Salisbury over to her views, when she came with her husband upon his special mission to arrange the future of Bulgaria, after Gladstone's Atrocity Campaign. It was also said that she exercised, also with some success, the charm of her persuasive conversation upon Lord Salisbury himself. Tall and stately, with well-shaped features and a graceful figure, she was such a great contrast to her husband. His features were stamped with marks of Tartar origin, and though his face showed great intelligence and will power, he could not be called good looking, and they were jestingly spoken of as "The Beauty and the Beast." He was a great diplomat, and would have proved a stronger opponent to Lord Stratford de Redcliffe than Menchikoff, had he represented Russia at Constantinople in those days. He gained as much for Russia from the Chinese Government, and possibly a little more than we did, as the result of negotiations at Peking after our victorious war with the Celestial Empire. In fact, he owed his transfer to Constantinople to this success. Having convinced the Chinese Government that Russia was really the friend upon whom China could rely, a similar mission at Constantinople was entrusted to him. With

more truth may the historian say of Ignatief that he was the author of the Russo-Turkish War, than Kingsley observed in saying of Lord Stratford that he deliberately brought on the Crimea Campaign.

It was quite an amusing and enjoyable sight to see the Princess lead the "Mazurka," danced at the Russian Embassy as I have not seen it danced elsewhere. What an exciting effect this dance has upon the volatile Russians. I have seen an old General in full uniform, covered with stars and ribbons, who had been watching from the doorway, suddenly break into the room and join the dancers. Booted and spurred, up he jumped into the air, down upon his heels at a lady's feet, up again, clicking his heels together, on he went twisting and twirling about, until red in the face and perspiring profusely, he brought his efforts to an end. I have also seen one of the great pillars of Russian influence in Constantinople, a Chief Dragoman of the Embassy, holding the floor alone, whilst the rest of the occupants of the ball-room stood gazing with admiration at the celerity and grace of his wondrous steps. But this was many years after, in the days of M. de Nelidoff, and M. Maximoff was a past master of the dance. Like many Russians, he was a very hard drinker, and Society said it was only when he was extra well primed that he was able to do it. He certainly was always in a very jolly condition whenever I met him at any of the Russian Embassy Balls. It was the more extraordinary that he was so graceful in dancing, as he was short and stumpy in figure, with a somewhat uncouth appearance.

The belle of Society, however, was undoubtedly a lovely English-woman who shone as a star throughout the season and had

most of the Ambassadors worshipping at her feet. She was Mrs. Ogilvie, the wife of a retired British Military Officer, a gallant Captain, who some years afterwards was killed at the Battle of Orleans, fighting as a volunteer in the French Army against the Germans. She is still living, I am glad to say, and has retained so much of her beauty that there is little beyond the snow white hair to indicate an advanced age, and she has still a figure which many young girls might envy. Another lady of considerable beauty, who made a stir in Society at that time, was Mme. Kuhlmann, the young wife of an eminent German engineer. She was the mother of the Von Kuhlmann who played such a part as Secretary of the German Embassy in the intrigues that preceded the Great War.

In addition to the Embassy Balls, there were those in the cause of charity. They likewise became great Society functions, as each was under the patronage of some Ambadress, or in the absence of one, the Great Elchee himself. A big committee of rich and influential residents was formed, to whip up the funds by donations and the sale of tickets, whilst arrangements were left to a small working section. The general committee was not confined merely to those who were under the authority of the patron of the ball, and there were plenty of aspiring outsiders ready to accept membership, since they saw in it a passport of admission to the higher position in Society they desired to obtain.

For many years these charity entertainments took the form of *bals masqués*, conducted, alas ! not upon such lines as those of Covent Garden. There was no scrutiny of tickets, and they were given away and distributed without any discrimination. I have



spoken of these public balls as social functions. They were hardly that, as the rôle of Society in connection with them was confined to putting in an appearance at the theatre in which they invariably took place, before the exalted patron arrived to the strains of his National Anthem. There, seated in their boxes, the ladies displayed their finest toilettes and jewellery, whilst the men promenaded and paid visits to their fair friends.

Society was supposed to remain until the Ambassador and his party had left, which was generally half an hour or so before midnight. The entire floor of the theatre, cleared of all encumbrances, was filled with a motley crowd of merry masqueraders in all sorts of costumes. They were all of the lower classes—shopmen, servants, barbers, waiters, dressmakers, young clerks, etc., with a sprinkling of gilded youths out for a lark. It was not considered *bon ton* for anyone who wished to be considered somebody to mingle with the crowd below, although I have known more than one enterprising English lady to do so in a “domino” and under the escort of a male friend in the same disguise. So Society looked down and watched the antics of the crowd. There was but little in the way of mystery or intrigue to relieve the situation. But I remember one occasion when a sprightly pierrot puzzled all the diplomatic people in the boxes he visited with his little hints and innuendoes uttered in a squeaky treble. Not till some days after was it discovered that he was the son of Kadri Pasha, an ex-Minister of Foreign Affairs and subsequently a Grand Vizier.

Another personage of importance in those early days was M. Bourée, the French Ambassador. Soon after my arrival he

achieved what was considered a great political success for his Government. It was the creation of a Turkish Government college or *lycée* for the education, upon French lines, of Turkish youths. The "Galata-Serai," a very large building occupying a commanding position in Pera with ample space for play-grounds, was set aside for the purpose, and started with a French director and an ample staff of French professors. Like the "Robert College" on the Bosphorus, which provided so many of the officials necessary for the administration of Bulgaria when emancipated from the direct rule of the *Porte*, the Galata-Serai has played a considerable part in shaping the course of Turkey's progress. It has provided many useful and clever men for the public service, and it was from amongst its graduates that Abdul Hamid selected his special staff of chamberlains and secretaries with whose aid he was enabled to carry on his absolute rule.

After a few years, the charity entertainments I have described took another form. Concerts and private theatricals took their place, and I was present at several notable performances at the French and British Embassies. It was Lady Dufferin who set the fashion. She was very fond of acting, and well merited the applause she always received.

**CHAPTER XI****THE REAL ABDUL HAMID**

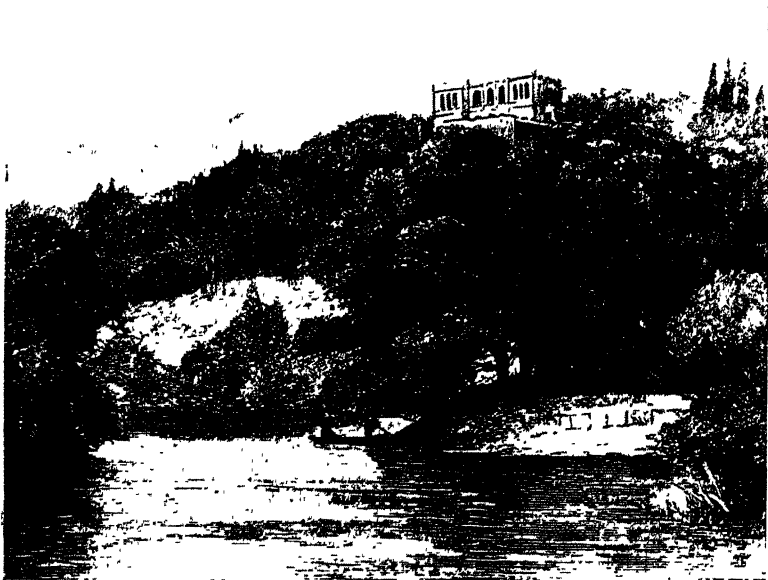
NOTHING that I have seen in print as yet has done justice to Sultan Abdul Hamid. No proper idea has been given of his mind and character. In my opinion he was one of the most remarkable men who ever occupied a throne, and but for the manner in which his accession to supreme rule was brought about, he might have shone in history as one of the best Sultans Turkey has known since the foundation of the Dynasty. He had led a quiet life, was addicted to no vices, and was well thought of by the few Europeans who had dealings with him as an intelligent and amiable Prince. But he had seen how easily his uncle had been deposed, and his own brother subsequently set aside, and he must have felt that he himself was regarded merely as a puppet. So mistrust was engendered in his mind, and unfortunately became the salient feature of his character. It soon grew to such an extent that he evidently determined to trust no one thoroughly, but play a "lone hand."

Not openly, however, was this mistrust displayed, for he spoke at times with great apparent frankness. It was this mistrust which led him to take up his abode at Yildiz from the very beginning of his reign. Standing in a good-sized garden, it

was only one of the many Imperial villas for summer residence scattered about the Bosphorus, but it is situate upon the ridge of hills that runs parallel to the water, and thus occupies a fine strategic position with extensive views all round, commanding the approaches from all directions.

Tents and huts hastily erected to provide accommodation for the personal staff, Court officials and servants, soon gave place to permanent buildings, and in time Yildiz became a collection of detached pavilions and dwelling-houses. They were surrounded by lovely gardens and grounds laid out by a skilful landscape gardener. They had spread over the adjoining hill and down its slopes to the Bosphorus, and a high wall surrounded the whole Imperial domain. With guard-houses at its gates and a garrison of some five thousand picked men, the Imperial Guard, it was in reality more a fortified camp than the palace of an emperor. It was not, however, until after Abdul Hamid was securely seated upon his Throne that it attained such dimensions.

His abandonment as a residence of Dolma-Bagtche, which stands upon the waters of the Bosphorus, showed clearly his appreciation of the part the Navy had played in bringing about the fall of his uncle. Prince Murad, although proclaimed Sultan, was never invested with the Sword of Othman, which is the equivalent ceremony to the crowning of a Western monarch, and so he cannot be considered to have attained the "Sultanate." The victorious Junta that had overthrown Abdul Aziz found him too weak and nerveless for their purpose. So he was set aside and replaced by his lawful successor, who was duly enthroned, and I attended the ceremony with the cadets of the Naval College.



MALTA KIOSK, IN THE GROUNDS OF THE YILDIZ KIOSK.  
(By courtesy of the "Illustrated London News.")



BOATING HOUSE IN THE GROUNDS OF THE YILDIZ KIOSK  
(By courtesy of the "Illustrated London News")

I have no intention whatever of entering into the vexed question of Murad's mental condition. I could say a great deal about it, but I will merely draw attention to the fact that he lived for a great many years in seclusion, dying a natural death in the end. I may mention, however, the current belief that he was much given to indulgence in strong drinks, and also the report started after the deposition of Abdul Aziz to the effect that the latter had deliberately striven to destroy the intellect of the Heir Apparent in order to pave the way to the Throne for his own son. His death was a relief to the situation in a way, as during his quasi-imprisonment, several plots were said to have been discovered for restoring him to the Throne.

The " Titus Oateses " (I must put it in the plural ; there were so many of these Professional Informers) were always nosing about, and plots were fabricated for the sole purpose of being discovered in order to bring reward to their authors. I am able to speak with authority in respect to one such plot as I was indirectly connected with it. As it is, however, rather too long for introduction in this sketch of Abdul Hamid, although very illustrative of the sort of scheming always in progress, I have given an account of it in a separate chapter under the heading of " Fuad Pasha and the Bogus Plot."

To do justice to the reign of Abdul Hamid, it must be viewed as a whole, without focussing the mental vision upon any one portion of it. It will then be seen how well his rule, tyrannical as it undoubtedly was, worked for the reconstruction of a shattered Empire.

For my part, I cannot avoid thinking that but for Abdul Hamid

there would be no existence, at the present day, of such a large independent Ottoman State as that over which the Angora Government holds sway, as will probably be recognised by some future historian. When one looks back as I can to the abject condition in which Turkey was left as the consequence of the unjust war forced upon her by Russia so soon after Abdul Hamid came to the Throne, and then turns in remembrance to the position she held up to within some few years of the great world struggle in which she joined up with Germany, it must be acknowledged that her recovery under the Hamidian *régime* was marvellous.

The Russian War left her practically bankrupt in men and money, saddled with heavy foreign debts contracted in previous reigns, an empty Treasury and depleted revenues, and no army beyond the few thousands which had been rallied upon the Tchatalja Lines for the defence of Constantinople. Shorn as she was also by the Berlin Treaty of her largest and richest province in Europe, as also of her most important strategic defensive position on her Eastern frontiers, and with disorganisation everywhere in Asia Minor, no wonder was it that, in the eyes of European statesmen, the Ottoman Empire was but *une quantité négligeable* on the political chess-board.

Yet how comparatively few were the years that passed away before the Turkish finances had been set in order, trade and commerce revived, much of her foreign debt paid off, and her military forces so strengthened that her good will was sought by all the Governments of the Great Powers, including our own, whenever there was a Russian scare about India. It is also perhaps not too much to say that had Abdul remained upon the Throne, the

terrible conflagration from which Europe has not yet recovered might never have taken place—even then it would the sooner undoubtedly have been brought to a victorious end by the maintenance of Turkey's neutrality.

I am no panegyrist of Abdul Hamid. I know all the defects of his character, and how heavily the spy system organised at Yildiz, the foundation of his autocratic rule, weighed upon his people, and what a curse those "djournals" were. These were daily reports, but they developed into denunciations. The army of "informers" was legion, as every chief spy had his satellites, who were sent to watch over the movements of suspected persons, and rewarded according to the apparent importance of their reports. Everyone was subject to this espionage, even heads of missions, and the Sultan knew everything that went on in the social life of Pera, and a good deal which *did not*! Some of these "hauts personnages," as they were styled in the local journals, were somewhat flighty in respect to the fair sex, to say nothing worse of them, and it amused Sultan Abdul Hamid very much to tell an Ambassador, or a Minister, during an audience, about the amatory peccadilloes of his brother diplomatists. His hearers would be highly amused, little thinking that maybe their own reputations would suffer in a similar manner on another day.

Being a Turkish Pasha, I also received the attention of these gentry, and occasionally heard through friends of mine at the palace of "djournals" against me. Once it was reported that I was employing forty sailors of the Fleet to dig a well in the garden of my house at Prinkipo. Neither the house nor the garden



belonged to me, and the only foundation for the report was the appearance of my "chaoush" (orderly) amongst the workers who were deepening the well for its owner. On another occasion it was reported that I had dishonoured my position as an Admiral by going into one of the dry docks to have a look at the bottom of a vessel.

I have said that I cannot applaud the actions of Abdul Hamid, but I can make allowances for his position, and understand his motives. Underlying all was a strong sense of duty to the dynasty, and his determination to do all in his power to keep intact what was left of the Empire. I believe he really had the welfare of his people at heart, and desired to be considered a beneficent paternal ruler. He was very generous in his charities, and his gifts were by no means confined to those of his own faith. There was not a Christian charity which did not receive a handsome addition to its funds once a year from the "Imperial Privy purse." He did much for education, and he endowed the poor with a precious gift, for which, as I am told, his name is still blessed by them. It was that of clear, fresh water, running at the turn of a tap from many fountains on each side of the Golden Horn. They were supplied by reservoirs built at his own expense, as was also the necessary canalisation. Unfortunately the mistrust engendered by the manner in which he was brought to the Throne poisoned his mind, and nullified much of his efforts, by depriving him of the valuable assistance he might otherwise have derived from able and devoted officials, whom he could not bring himself entirely to trust. A violent attack upon Yildiz by some hot-headed "Young Turks," led by Ali Suavi

Bey, to force the signature of Abdul Hamid to a Constitution at the point of the sword, strengthened his purpose to fortify his position in every way possible. The *coup de main* failed, and the author paid the penalty with his life. The Sultan bided his time. He had to bow to the will of his Ministers, and Parliamentary institutions were established. The Chamber of Deputies had scarcely commenced to function, however, when the Russian War was sprung upon Turkey. Its first President was a very notable personage, Ahmed Vefyk Pasha, a very learned Turkish gentleman who spoke several European languages, English amongst them. He was a great bibliophile and possessed a very extensive library in his mansion at Rumeli Hissar. He was very eccentric, and many amusing stories were told of him.

The time of the Parliament was principally spent in wrangling over a law for Military Conscription, and interpellations of the Ministers of War and Marine over the conduct of the war. To judge from the debates as they were reported in the local papers, the Deputies apparently thought it to be their duty to direct operations. According to the Constitution, the Sultan was Commander-in-Chief of both the Army and Navy, and he was determined to take as active a part as he could in the Government of the country. To assist him in the work he formed a special "Chancellerie" at Yildiz. All the members of this department were selected from graduates of the Galata-Serai—the French Lycée—for their knowledge of foreign languages and general ability. They became important personages in time, with whom much intriguing was carried on by Foreign Ambassadors and their

chief dragomans, when in after years the functions of the Grand Vizier and his Cabinet had been usurped to a great extent by the Imperial committees. They were in close touch with the Sultan, who really directed all affairs from his Palace, although nominally the seat of Government was still the "Sublime Porte" in Stamboul.

Abdul Hamid found himself much in the same position as one of the rulers of the mediæval States of Italy, surrounded by enemies, as he understood it within and without, and the tactics of his rule were undoubtedly Machiavellian. He had a very active mind, and although he had but a very limited knowledge of French, and knew no other European language, he read or had read to him, the translations of many European books. There was a staff of translators at Yildiz always at work either translating European newspapers or books, and I was told by one of them, a Viennese Jew, who died many years ago, that he had translated for the Sultan Machiavelli's work for the guidance of Princes. He was very fond of detective stories, and particularly liked those of Sir Conan Doyle. He had them all translated for him, and when, some years ago, the creator of "Sherlock Holmes" paid a visit to Turkey with his wife and accompanied me to the "Selamlik," he decorated him with a high award of the Order of the "Mejidieh." Abdul Hamid had great personal charm, which was acknowledged by all who came in contact with him, even by Sir Philip Currie, who detested him because he could not bend him to his will, and get him to restore to the *Porte* its old authority in the Government of the country. Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, who had two long audiences with him, told me when I saw him after

the last one that Abdul Hamid was the only statesman he had met in Turkey.

"Tommy" Bowles was equally pleased with his visit to Constantinople. Arriving on a Thursday, he went to the "Selamlık" with me the next morning, and after the ceremony he was received by the Sultan, and I was ordered to be present at the audience. His Majesty received us in quite a small room, and Munir Pasha, the Grand Master of the Ceremonies, was the only official in attendance. The Sultan knew that Bowles' sympathies were Turcophile, and they got on very well together, especially after he had remarked, in answer to some observation, that a good monarch should aspire to be as a father to his people. It was not quite what Bowles had said, but it was near enough, and it enabled the Sultan to assure his visitor that such was the great aim of his life. We were both invited to dine at the Palace that night, and we sat at table with the Sultan and his sons, together with the Minister of Foreign Affairs and a few high officials in attendance at Yildiz. After dinner the Sultan conducted his guest to his Bijou theatre attached to his private apartments. There he sat with him and Munir Pasha in a large open box facing the stage, whilst the rest of us, with the Princes, sat in the open gallery extending on each side of the Imperial enclosure.

Abdul Hamid paid little attention to the play, talking most of the time with Bowles through the Grand Master of Ceremonies. The actors and actresses were French with native supernumeraries, and the play, to my astonishment, was somewhat of the "blood and thunder" order. The scene was laid in Italy, in the Calabrian mountains, where a Milord Anglais with a comic valet had strayed

into a lonely inn frequented by brigands. In the last scene, when an attack was made upon the place by the "carabineers" to rescue the Englishman, there was a good deal of firing. Seeing the calm demeanour of the Sultan, I could not help asking myself: "Is it possible that the man sitting there, paying no attention whatever to the loud explosions going on, can be the great coward he has been so often depicted by writers in the Press, so nervously afraid of conspiracies and attacks upon his person?" The fact is that Abdul Hamid was not a coward. His courage was well shown on the two special occasions—the Bairam earthquake and the bomb explosion at the Selamlık.

But he was not going to give any points to his enemies. Abdul Hamid was no hater of Christians. He had no dislike for Armenians, and some of his most trusted officials for many years of his reign were Armenians. He had no religious prejudices, and one of his first proceedings was an endeavour to bind his subjects together by a Law of Common Military Service. The non-Musselmans had always complained of the "haratch," the tax paid by them for exemption from service in the Army. The Sultan, hearing of the opposition of the Christian clergy to the proposed Law, summoned the Patriarchs to reason with them. They explained that it was the difficulty of providing for the observance of their duties, by Christian soldiers in a Mohammedan Army, which led them to wish for no such change to take place. "That is easily arranged," he replied. "There can be as many priests as 'Imans' to each battalion. Then as to the performance of separate rites of burial, should the necessity arise after a great battle for a common grave for the fallen, the 'Imans'

can stand on the one side and the priests on the other. They can say their respective prayers for the dead, and bestow their blessings, and if a sprinkling of those of the one faith should fall upon those of the other as they lie together, it will do them no harm. They will sleep as soundly. They are all children of the same soil, and owe to it the same duty of defence against foreign invaders." The Patriarchs still held out, and it ended in the formation of a few separate Christian regiments.

Abdul Hamid was a "fine diplomat," and knew well how to play upon the jealousies of the Great Powers and their ambitious desires for aggrandisement, and his one aim was to keep friends with all, and to avoid all danger of a war with any one of them. Another principle that governed his political dealings was masterly inaction. It reminded me of an old political cartoon which appeared in *Punch* many years ago when the late Lord Derby was Minister of Foreign Affairs. In this cartoon Lord Derby is seen holding on to a tree, whilst his colleagues are floundering about upon slippery ice, and he is saying, according to the legend below the drawing, "there is nothing so easy, so long as you don't move." So the Sultan, whenever he found himself hard pressed, took refuge in silence. In vain did Ambassadors use their utmost persuasion at the Grand Vizierate, and haughty Chief Dragomans hector Heads of Departments. There was "nothing doing"—not even the smallest matter could be settled without its being referred to the Imperial Chancery. Everything upon which the Sultan did not wish to make a decision went "mindar altindeh" (under the sofa), as, with a shrug of the shoulder, the anxious enquirer at the Palace would be told.

He was a most adroit handler of individuals, and in connection with this characteristic a very amusing story was told me long ago by one of his Chamberlains which is worth mentioning as illustrative of that astute Sovereign Ruler's method of dealing with troublesome matters. It related how Abdul Hamid "choked off" a too importunate Envoy, and sent him back empty-handed after fooling him for weeks. His finishing stroke was keeping the Envoy silent, during the time allotted for the audience he had at last obtained, by relating to him a long and somewhat improbable story of something that had happened to him during his stay in London.

Variations of this anecdote have been published, but the facts are that the Envoy in question, M. Mijatovitch, had been sent on a special mission to obtain from the Sultan a political concession connected with the eternal rivalry of the Eastern Churches and the struggle between them in Turkey. The Government he represented—Serbia—was strongly supported by Austria, ever ready to meddle in matters connected with the Balkan Provinces, whilst its special rival on this occasion—Bulgaria—was backed by another foreign Government—Russia—equally powerful, if not more so, and just as much given to thrusting its finger in Turkey's political pie to pull out plums for itself.

The incident, indeed, occurred during one of the phases of the struggle between Serbia and Bulgaria for religious supremacy in Macedonia, and the Spécial Envoy who was considered *un fin diplomate* had been sent to obtain the consent of the Sultan to the appointment of a few more Serbian bishops in that large province of Turkey. My friend Mijatovitch, though we met several times

of its ancient rights and splendour a tie which would strengthen his Empire abroad as well as at home, and regain for it in prestige what it had lost in territory as a result of the Russian War. He became a true Caliph in his protective fostering care of Islam. No Caliph since the glorious days of those who ruled at Bagdad until its fall ever received such universal recognition as Abdul Hamid did. At his Court at Yildiz resided Mohammedan representatives from all parts of the world, from such distant places as Western China and Central Africa. It was quite a lesson in ethnology to stand on Galata Bridge during the "Haj," the season of the pilgrimage, and watch the variety of Mohammedans streaming over it to the "Valideh Mosque" on the Stamboul side—Tartars from the Dobrudja and Crimea, Kalmuks and Kirghiz, Caucasians of various tribes, Turcomans, Kashgarians and Afghans—they had all found their way by the Black Sea to the city of the Caliph, in assurance of the help they would receive from him to reach their journey's end. At the "Valideh Mosque" they were sure of shelter, and a dole of bread if they required it, and a free passage to Jeddah was provided on board the vessels of the "Idareh-i-Massousieh," the Government transport service, for all unable to pay for tickets.

Abdul Hamid took a great interest in the Liverpool Mussulmans—of whose existence he had learned through a paragraph in an Arabic paper. Sheikh-Abdullah Quilliam, as he called himself, the founder of the Community, was invited to Constantinople by the Sultan and received much honour at his hands. He was treated as an Imperial guest, and one of his secretaries who spoke



English was attached to him as "mehmendar" (guide). This official was Hakki Bey, who after the Constitution became a Minister, and subsequently appeared in England as the Special Envoy sent to negotiate a treaty for the completion of the German railway from Bagdad to Bassorah. He was also for a time Turkish Ambassador in Berlin. Quilliam had brought his youngest son with him, and I was present at a concert given one Friday afternoon for the entertainment of Baron and Baroness Calice, at which the Sultan took the youngster on his knee and caressed him. Quilliam, who belonged to an old Manx family, was an extraordinary person. I believe he was perfectly sincere in his conversion to Islam, and never received any gift from the Sultan for himself, save a decoration. He had never sought help from the Caliph, and had never been in communication with anyone in Turkey before he received this invitation from the Sultan. He was a clever writer and a smart solicitor, well up in the law, and a great student of theology and history. His case was a curious evolution from the chrysalis state of a Sunday-school teacher, and staunch upholder of Nonconformity, to that of a preacher of Islam. His conversion, as I learnt from his own lips, was brought about by a journey to Spain, where he was sent to convalesce after a severe illness. He crossed over to Morocco, and was so struck by the way that the Mohammedans carried the observance of their religion into their daily life that he determined to study Islam. He was a total abstainer, had been so all his life, and the Prophets' Law of Abstinence from Strong Drinks strongly appealed to him, as did also the sayings of the Prophet. It ended in his conviction that "Islam"

was the religion which contained the least errors, and so he formally adopted it.

Abdul Hamid, as far as I am able to judge, was a kindly-natured, amiable man. This will doubtless not be admitted by his enemies, who have gloated over the opprobrious title "the Great Assassin" bestowed upon him by Gladstone. But he no more deserved that epithet, with which the latter sought to brand him, than did the late unfortunate Emperor of Russia, or the ex-Ruler of the German Empire. Like the ill-fated Czar Nicholas II., he was the victim of circumstances, and things were done at times in his name which had never been sanctioned. Still, he was an autocratic Ruler, and so cannot escape the responsibility. Abdul Hamid was very fond of his children, and proud of their attainments as musicians. They were all taught different instruments, and he enjoyed hearing them play together. Prince Bunar-ed-din, his youngest son, was no mean performer on the piano, and he played from memory on one occasion for nearly two hours for the benefit of the young Baron Franz Calice, son of the Austrian Ambassador, and myself. We were both waiting for the end of a long audience between Franz Calice's father and the Sultan after we had all dined at the Palace.

Every great musician who came to Constantinople was sure to be invited to play at the Palace, and it was there I first learnt to appreciate the violincello by hearing Herr Popper play before the Sultan. I had also the pleasure of seeing the great Italian Shakespearean actor Salvini play before the Sultan, as Shylock, in "The Merchant of Venice."

One of the favourite accusations against Abdul Hamid in proof

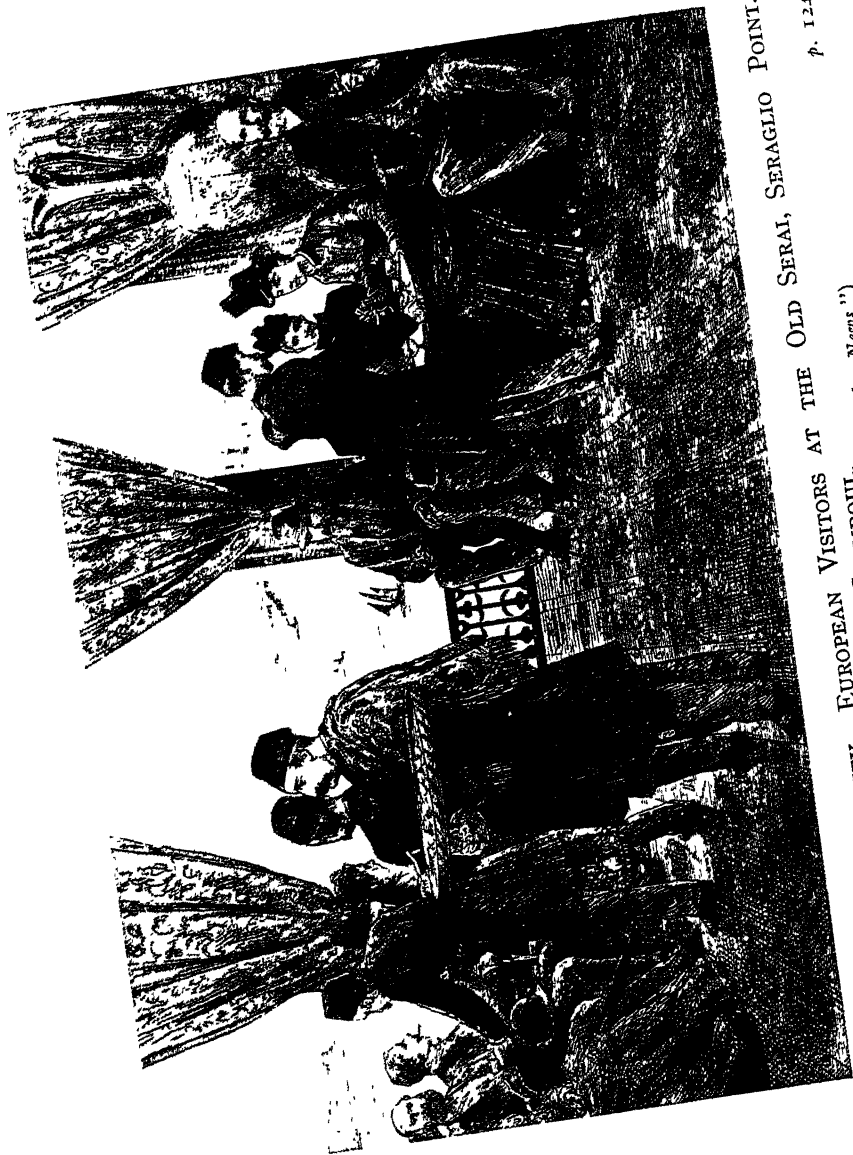
of his alleged cowardice was that he shut himself up at Yildiz and never went over to Stamboul but once a year. In this, again, the want of true perspective, with which everything connected with Turkey has always been regarded, prevailed, and a wrong impression consequently created. Oriental monarchs, as a rule, are not given to moving far away from their Palaces, and within the extensive grounds of Yildiz he had everything he required for amusement and exercise. There was a sheet of water upon which there were rowing-boats and a small steam-launch. He had such shooting as he wanted, sitting at times in a small kiosque near a large pond, upon which were floating artificial decoy ducks to attract the coming flights of wild fowl. These ducks had been sent out to him on one occasion by H.R.H. the late Duke of Edinburgh, with other shooting gear. Amongst these articles was a rook rifle with which the Sultan used to potter about in the grounds of Yildiz, shooting pigeons and other birds he came across. A goodly supply of cartridges had been sent with the rifle, but it was not very long before I was requested to order a further supply for him from London. He took a great interest in pottery, and started a Sèvres factory with French artists. There was also a large carpenter's shop, in which the Sultan himself occasionally used a lathe and other tools ; it turned out beautiful cabinet work, inlaid with mother-of-pearl, tortoiseshell and ebony. He was lavish in his hospitality. Royal guests were loaded with valuable gifts, and no visitor of distinction invited to the Palace left Constantinople without some souvenir.

In respect to guests whom the Sultan delighted to honour, it

was sufficient for him to hear that anything had excited the admiration of anyone of them for it to be immediately sent to him as a gift, with the compliments of his Imperial host. Hamdi Bey, who, as curator of the Imperial Museum, had charge of that unique specimen of ancient Greek art, the reputed sarcophagus of Alexander the Great, was terrified when he heard of the approaching visit of the ex-Emperor of Germany for the second time. He was so afraid that the Sultan might be tempted by his flattering guest, who called him "brother" and "friend," to bestow upon him that priceless sarcophagus, that—so it was said—he had it made known to his Imperial Master that he would put an end to his own life if it were ever sent away from the museum. This fear of the Sultan's generosity appears to have been with him from the beginning. In his jealous care for its maintenance in the possession of Turkey, he is supposed to have had the sarcophagus first placed in its position, and then the room in which it stands built around it, with windows and doorway purposely made too narrow for it to be passed through either the one or the other.

The discovery of this sarcophagus was the glory of his life. He was not the actual discoverer, but he received timely information that led him to think that a "find" had been made near Saida (Sidon), in Syria, of some ancient tombs, and he hurried to the spot and took charge of the excavations and the removal of what had been unearthed. Several other sarcophagi were found at the same time.

This one, the gem of the whole collection, was found broken into many pieces. No parts, however, were missing, and each



POINT,  
SERAGLIO

AT THE OLD SERAI,

p. 124

THE SULTAN'S HOSPITALITY. EUROPEAN VISITORS AT THE  
STAMBOUL.  
(By courtesy of the "Illustrated London News")

piece was so carefully packed that, when put together by the students of the school of arts under the skilful guidance of Hamdi Bey, it was very difficult to trace the marks of fracture. Hamdi Bey was a great friend of mine, and I was one of the privileged few who saw this beautiful art treasure before it was placed in the museum. The colouring, now so faint, was then most strikingly visible. Hamdi was an artist to his finger tips, as painter and musician, and exhibited in himself a clear instance of inherited instincts. His father, Edhem Pasha, who reached the highest rank in Turkey as a Grand Vizier, was a little Greek boy saved by a Turkish Bey from the Scio massacre and brought up as his own son, and his mother was an Arab lady with the poetry of the East in her soul. Hamdi Bey was educated in Paris and possessed all the vivacity and charm of a cultivated Frenchman. He married a Parisian lady and had several charming daughters and one son.

## CHAPTER XII

## THE ENTRY OF THE REVOLUTIONARY ARMY

It is possible that Abdul Hamid might have saved his Throne, had he chosen to fight for it, as there was quite a large body of troops who would have fought for him. But he was always more ready to trust to diplomacy than the sword, and was very averse to the shedding of Moslem blood by Moslems. It was against his principles as Caliph, the Protector of Islam, to countenance such proceedings, and this was the reason why he would not send down troops to Egypt, to suppress Arabi Pasha's revolt, when so earnestly requested to do so by our Government. Not until the British Expeditionary Force was about to start did he consent to co-operate, and then it was too late.

It was made too late, I should say, by the diplomacy of Lord Dufferin. The Government was willing enough for some Turkish troops to be sent, but when it came to the question of numbers and landing-places, objections arose, and as one was cleared away another sprang up. Lord Dufferin always managed to be out of the way whenever a fresh note arrived from the *Porte*. He had a small sailing yawl which he worked entirely himself, and he could thus take refuge in the Marmora whenever he did not wish to be found. So delay followed delay, and the victory of

Tel-el-Kebir, having brought about the surrender of Arabi, the Turkish Government was informed that the services of Turkish troops in Egypt were not required.

I do not suppose that much is now remembered of these events that led to our occupation of Egypt, and there are some things connected with Egyptian affairs of that period which never became known to the outside world. I will not say that I was in the swim, or took any active part in what was going on, but I knew a great deal about the various moves on the political chess-board, and subsequently learnt a great deal more.

It was a very curious situation altogether. It was like a three-cornered fight, in which each antagonist was fighting for his own hand, but seeking to obtain, when he attacked one of his opponents, the help of the other. Whilst all were working at cross-purposes, each had a common objective with the other two. The British Government desired with Arabi to thwart the ambitious designs of the Sultan upon Egypt. The Sultan desired with us to suppress Arabi's efforts to establish Egyptian national Independence, and Arabi Pasha was one with the Sultan in his wish to see the European domination of Egypt disappear. All were intriguing for the attainment of their several aims, when Lord Alcester's guns and Lord Dufferin's diplomacy made the pot boil over. But for the bombardment of Alexandria, one side of the Egyptian question would have disappeared by the removal of Arabi from the scene of his activities by Oriental methods, which were not understood in England. In the East, cajolery is employed when the use of force is not considered advisable, and the net to entrap Arabi and carry him off was being



skilfully spread. A howl of indignation, however, was raised at home when the public was informed that the Sultan had conferred upon Arabi Pasha the Grand Cordon of the "Medjidieh." Little did any of the wiseacres understand that this was but the saliva with which the "Boa Constrictor" covers the victim of its appetite before swallowing it. I know that an important letter for Arabi was entrusted to Gordon Bennett when he left in his yacht, the *Nanouma*, for Egypt, and that this was followed by the dispatch of a special mission in the Sultan's yacht.

It consisted of a very crafty old Turkish Marshal who bore the sobriquet of "tilki," the fox. He was accompanied by one of the confidential secretaries of the Sultan, and their mission; ostensibly to invest the Egyptian dictator with the high decoration that had been conferred upon him, was in reality to lure him on board the *Izzedin*, and take him away to Constantinople.

Abdul Hamid, unfortunately for his own special interests, allowed his chagrin at the sudden collapse of his hopes to master the situation, to get the better of his diplomatic acumen. An opportunity was given to him to retrieve much, when General Baker Pasha received a request from Malet, our resident Minister at Cairo, to reorganise the broken elements of the Egyptian Army. The Sultan would not hear of it. He refused to see Baker Pasha, and to all his requests for leave to accept the offered position would make no answer. After dancing attendance at the Palace over three days in the vain expectation of receiving the Imperial permission, Baker Pasha left without it, and Abdul Hamid never forgave him. The French at Constantinople were always intriguing against us, and Hobart Pasha, having heard at the Palace that the

Sultan's hesitancy to dispatch troops to Egypt when requested by the British Government was due to a threat from France, sent for me, and we put our heads together. The result was a joint letter to His Majesty in which we tried to stiffen any desire on his part to resist the pretensions of the French. The Sultan, according to what Hobart had heard, had been told that if Turkish troops were sent to Egypt, the French Fleet would oppose their landing by force. Hobart's blunt language was put into my best French, and Abdul Hamid was informed that the threat was nothing but French bluff, and that we were ready to stake our lives and reputation that if he would send us in command of the transports and their escorts we would get the troops ashore. We assured him that the French would never dare to fire upon the ships, and provoke the wrath of England. It was, however, of no use; the Sultan preferred to trust to his diplomacy.

It was the same when the Salonica Army was clamouring at the gates of Stamboul. His diplomacy might have succeeded had it not been for the defection of the fleet, which, under the command of the Deputy Minister of Marine, left the Bosphorus for San Stefano and joined hands with the Parliamentarians. It is hardly to be wondered at, for the Navy was permeated with hatred for the "Hamidian regime." Until the Revolution, which swept away many of the old obstructive officers, it had weighed heavily upon the younger men. There were several very clever young officers whom I knew and tried to help. They were keenly anxious to acquire knowledge, and did their best to keep abreast of Naval progress, by reading the various publications upon Naval matters. One of these young officers was Reouf Bey, who

became so well known in England as the Captain of the *Hami-dieh*, and one of those who negotiated the Armistice. He is the son of an old friend of mine, who was Commander of the school frigate during my voyage with the cadets to the Persian Gulf in 1876. These young fellows found their way blocked by the jealousy of the older officers. They stood no chance of advancement unless favoured by high protection, as merit was no road to promotion, and so no wonder was it that the Young Turkish party possessed so many adherents amongst them.

It was on that same afternoon of the last Selamlik that the fleet left, and the Sultan was prepared for the entry of Mahmud Shefket with his troops. Orders had been issued from the Palace that no resistance should be shown. Apparently, however, they had not reached the guard-houses in Stamboul, as at several points on the road the soldiers turned out to question the rough-looking men marching with arms in their hands, and quite a number were killed before the men on guard would surrender. Early in the morning the sound of heavy firing woke up the people of Pera to find Mahmud Shefket's army in possession of the whole city. Cadets of the Military College were guarding the Foreign Embassies, and a wild-looking set of soldiers, principally Albanian and Macedonian troops, were encamped in the streets. I went down with my son-in-law to the Galata Quay and saw him off by the Roumanian steamer. He was the Dutch Consul-General in Syria, and on his way to the Hague. Firing was going on at the gun wharf close by, and I went off to the *Imogene*, lying with the other Embassy yachts in what was called in derision "Harmony Row," on account of the occasional fights between the rival crews.

I found the officers all on deck. Captain Makins told me they had been under fire for some time, as there had been resistance on the part of the soldiers on guard, and the bulwarks of the *Imogene* and boats had been peppered a bit by rifle bullets. A few small shells from the Stamboul side had fallen near at hand, and a sailor on the fo'c'sle of the Italian *Stationnaire* had been killed by a splinter from one of them.

In spite of their rough, uncouth appearance, the volunteer soldiery were under perfect discipline. This was due in a measure probably to the large leaven of young officers shouldering rifles amongst them. As I walked back to my home, passing the Austrian Embassy, I saw an anxious Ambassador peering through the gateway. Firing was still going on at the upper part of Pera, just outside the residence of Admiral Gamble. His staff had joined him there, and when one of them incautiously took a peep out of the window, a bullet came whizzing just over his head. A small group of soldiers had taken possession of the fountain in the Taxim Square. They belonged to the Salonica Regiment which had mutinied and attacked the Chamber of Deputies. They were bent upon selling their lives dearly, as they knew the punishment in store for them. One by one they were shot down, until only a "chaoush" was left. He continued firing until, his last cartridge gone, he folded his arms, and, standing erect, faced his enemies and met his fate like the brave man he was, falling dead with a volley in his chest.

Early that afternoon, meeting Rustem Bey, an Anglo-Pole, whose father had been a Pasha in the Turkish service, we walked out together to see how affairs were going on at the Taxim, as it

was known that the soldiers in the barracks near there were holding out. The nearest one had just been captured after most of its defenders had been killed by shell and rifle fire. Rustem Bey was a prominent member of the Young Turk Party, and as we were passing the Military College we met a General of the Revolutionary Army and his Staff, such a ragged-looking set of fellows. The General and Rustem were old friends, and it was amusing to see the General jump off his shaggy steed and throw his arms round Rustem's neck. The General told us that he was on his way to reduce the "Tash Kishlar" barracks with artillery fire, as a last remnant of the Salonicans were still in possession of it and would not surrender.

After parting with the General we met Major Bonham, one of the Macedonian Gendarmerie officers who was on his way to see what he could of the attack upon Yildiz by the troops of Mahmud Shefket, marching up, as he had been told, by way of Sweet Water Valley. There was a large house at Chichlee, from the roof of which, as I knew, a good view could be obtained of the surrounding country. Bucknam Pasha was residing in one of the flats it contained. So we all went there, and with our host sat on the roof for hours, vainly waiting for the attack to develop. We had an excellent view, and could look right into the grounds of Yildiz, where the apartments of the Sultan were in full view. There was an appearance of great calm about the place. Soldiers of the Imperial Guard were sitting about the hill-slopes outside the Palace. Guards were at the main gates as usual, and soldiers carrying their rifles marched down the hill to wards Beshiktash, and either came back again or others did so, to replace them.

We remained until within an hour of sunset, and poor Bucknam, who went back with us, had to remain the night, as the road out of Pera was barred by military sentries. Bucknam was an American, a fine, bold seaman, somewhat of the buccaneer type, ready for anything which would bring in money. He was taken into the Turkish Naval Service through the recommendation of Leishman, the Ambassador. He was a very good and most amusing fellow, and used to delight me with his "tall" stories. He had seen much service as a successful Captain of mail steamers, but none in the Navy of his country. Gamble's mission brought his career to an end. He started business, however, in Turkey, and died in Constantinople during the Great War.

The next morning, meeting Bucknam still at the Club, we started off together to investigate. We drove out of Pera, passing several patrols unquestioned, and actually reached the gates of Yildiz. A couple of gate-keepers were there, and I was invited to enter with the usual "Boyoroun, Pasha" (welcome). I was anxious to hear what had become of one of my particular friends, and as the men could only tell me that there were very few people save those in the harem, I went into the Chamberlain's department to enquire. Only two persons were there, the one a secretary and the other a Circassian of General's rank, brother of a Sultana. These with their two valets, were the only people within those precincts, always, in days gone by, so thronged with officials, servants and suppliants.

The following day Abdul Hamid was informed of his fate. The Decree of the Parliament was announced to him in a small salon adjoining his private apartments, in which more than once

I had been received by him in the old days. It was brought to him by a deputation of three persons representing the Army, the Navy, and the Parliament. One of them was my friend, Hickmet Arif Pasha, who had been Minister of Marine, and one of my cadets. In speaking of the matter to me some time after, he told me that the ex-Sultan had taken his deposition very calmly. I have seen a painting of the interview by His Imperial Highness, Prince Abdul Mejid, heir to the Throne, before he was appointed "Caliph" by the Angora Government.\* The figures are life-size, and I was much struck with the fidelity of the portraiture, and the great attention shown to the minute details. Abdul Hamid was then sent off to Salonica, closely guarded. There he remained, as is well known, a prisoner in the house of Mr. Allatini, a Levantine Catholic merchant, until the outbreak of the first Balkan War. He was then brought back to Constantinople on board the *Lorelei*, the German Embassy yacht, and resided in the Palace of Beyler Bey as a State prisoner, for the rest of his life. He was never harshly treated, and his brother, Yaous Mehemed Sultan, was solicitous about his welfare. He was also visited by the members of his family not residing with him. Enver Pasha, who had married one of his nieces, saw him several times, and showed him all the respect due to his position as head of the family to which he had become allied.

Abdul Hamid led a tranquil life in the Palace of Beyler Bey. According to his own lights, he had always worked for the maintenance of the Empire, and when the Constitution was proclaimed,

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\* Deposed (1924), and expelled by the Angora Government. He is still Heir Apparent and resides on the Lake of Geneva.

declared that his own hope was that the people had been sufficiently educated to carry on Parliamentary Government. "The power and authority," he remarked, "has now passed into the hands of the children; let us see what they will make of it."

Abdul Hamid was a great Sultan, and might have been a greater had he possessed more courage and less mistrust. Another peculiarity of his mind was his belief that everyone had his price, from Crowned Heads and Governments down to humble individuals. I am afraid that he was given some ground for this belief, by the way concessions and contracts in favour of the respective industrial establishments of their countries were pressed for by the ex-Kaiser, the King of Italy, and the French Government.

He did not live to see the fall of his friend the ex-Kaiser, passing away peacefully about a year before the Armistice.\*

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\* The record of the closing years of the Sultanate was:—Abdul Medjid, 1839-1861; Abdul Aziz, 1861-1876 (deposed); Murad V., 1876 (May-Aug., deposed); Abdul Hamid, 1876-1909 (deposed); Mehemed V., 1909-1918; Mehemed VI., 1918-Nov. 1922 (left the country); 1922, Republic declared.

The Grand National Assembly at Angora thereupon resolved that the office of Sultan had ceased to exist and that the office of Caliph, which had hitherto been vested in the person of the Sultan, should be filled by election from among the Princes of the House of Othman. Abdul Mejid (born 1868) was accordingly chosen, but he was deposed (1924) and expelled by the Turkish Government. He is, of course, still the Heir Apparent, and he resides by the Lake of Geneva.



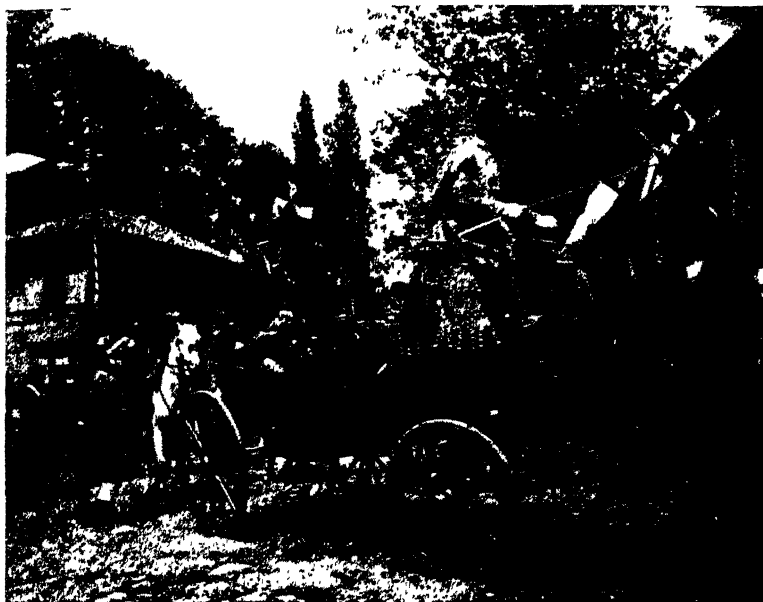
## CHAPTER XIII

## FOREIGN OFFICERS IN THE SERVICE OF TURKEY

WHEN I first went to Turkey, there were several foreign officers in the service of the Sultan. There were three old German non-commissioned officers, who, from the position of drill sergeants had attained field rank, one of them that of General.

There had been a French military mission of which one member alone had remained, General Lecoque Pasha, and there was still on the pay-roll of the Ottoman Admiralty as a pensioner, a British Naval officer, known as Mushaver Pasha. This was Sir Adolphus Slade, K.C.B., who for many years after the retirement of Walker Bey had served as Naval Adviser with the Turks, and was with the Turkish Fleet at the bombardment of Sebastopol by the Allies in the Crimean War. He lived much like a Turk, with the exception of the absence of any harem about his establishment. I often had a chat with him as he sat upon his divan with one leg under him, smoking his long jasmine stick "chibook" (pipe).

Baker Pasha came to Turkey with a staff of retired British Army Officers, to reorganise the Gendarmerie. Before, however, he had time to do much work, Russia sprang her war upon Turkey. Poor Baker Pasha! His story is, I should say, scarcely remembered



1909. MEHEMED V. RETURNING FROM THE EYOUB MOSQUE, WHERE  
THE SWORD OF OTHMAN WAS GIRDED ON HIM (HIS CORONATION)  
AFTER THE DEPOSITION OF ABDUL HAMID.



WOODS PASHA LANDING FROM AN IMPERIAL CAÏQUE AT SERAGLIO  
POINT.

now. I saw a great deal of him whilst he was in Turkey, as we occupied neighbouring villas at Prinkipo. He was a very keen soldier, a brilliant cavalry officer and a good tactician. Debarred from service in the British Army, he could not keep out of the war, and volunteered for active service with the Turks. He was sent to the front some time after the siege of Plevna had commenced, and acquired much renown amongst the Turks for his gallant service in the Balkans. He accompanied the army sent to relieve Ghazi Osman which failed to reach Plevna in time. After its surrender, Baker, with his small brigade, covered its retreat, holding the victorious Russians at bay, and after inflicting great loss upon the enemy brought off the whole of his men in safety. The Turkish soldiers would have followed him anywhere, after their first experience of his quality.

His dismissal from the British Army was a great blow. He felt the disgrace keenly, and the great object of his life was to regain his lost position by good service to the British Government. He thought the opportunity was coming to him when he accepted Malet's invitation to reorganise the Egyptian Army. He did good service in Egypt—organised the Gendarmerie, was wounded in a battle with the Mahdi's forces, and died in the end of a broken heart. He was a great favourite with the late King Edward, and had been much encouraged to believe that at Queen Victoria's Jubilee he would be reinstated in the Army. He was lying in bed much weakened by fever when the Jubilee honours were published. His name was nowhere in the lists, and the disappointment was so great that he turned upon his side and died. I know upon the highest authority that the Queen had decided to

pardon him, and had not the " Order in Council " been postponed for a few days, it would have been the tonic required to carry him through his convalescence.

One of the officers who came from Great Britain to Turkey, was my dear old friend General Blunt Pasha, who was attached to the Turkish Gendarmerie Department for many years. He had fought as a subaltern in the Crimea, and when he died not long after the proclamation of the Constitution, he was buried by the Turks with Military honours little short of those shown at the burial of a Field Marshal in this country.

Captain Manthorpe Bey was a retired Naval officer who took service with the Turks in the Russian War. He was one of the old school who did not believe much in torpedoes, and being given command of a small squadron, went round the Russian coast, blazing away wherever he saw an opportunity for doing damage to the enemy. He did a good deal to private property for which poor Turkey had subsequently to pay a heavy indemnity for those days. He took his Flagship right up the Sulina Canal to Toulcha at its confluence with the Danube in spite of warnings about sea-mines. He would have gone further but the way was barred by a heavy barricade, so, after making a good reconnaissance, he returned to Sulina, little thinking that whilst hovering about off Toulcha there was a big mine just beneath him, which a Russian officer, hiding in the adjacent reeds, had been vainly endeavouring to explode. I learnt this after the war from the officer himself, who was on board the Russian Embassy yacht. Captain Manthorpe died soon after the war came to an end.



GENERAL BLUNT PASHA.

(ATTACHED FOR MANY YEARS TO THE TURKISH GENDARMERIE.)

There was another English Naval officer who took service with the Turks in the war—Lieutenant Sleeman—a smart young gunnery officer whom I placed in command of the Sulina defences. He left, however, after the war, returned to England and started a business career.

Mahir Pasha (General Borthwick) was one of the first friends whose acquaintance I made shortly after my arrival in Constantinople. He was then an officer of the staff of the Turkish Army with the rank of Major. He subsequently rose to the rank of Colonel and to the command of the Gendarmerie in the Autonomous Province of Eastern Roumelia with the Sultan's firman as a General and Pasha. He was the youngest brother of the late Lord Glenesk, proprietor of the *Morning Post*. Awfully good fellow as George Borthwick was, he had been a bit of a trial at times to his brother, as money always burned holes in his pocket, and he was no sooner freed from one set of debts than he speedily became entangled in fresh financial difficulties. Fortunately for him, however, he possessed a very generous brother, who never failed to respond to an appeal for help.

Mahir Pasha was at the height of his career in the Near East when I saw him last. It was under somewhat peculiar circumstances. I was returning from a little holiday trip to Bulgaria which I had undertaken at the instance of a friend who had asked me to undertake a delicate piece of negotiation for him at Sofia. I had gone by way of the Danube to Lom Palanka, from which landing stage there was a good carriage road up to the large plateau in the Balkans upon which stands Bulgaria's capital, where I spent a very pleasant ten days. I had, however, rather exceeded

my resources, as I discovered when it came to paying my hotel bill. There was hardly enough cash left in my purse to pay travelling expenses to Tatar-Bazarjik, the terminal head at the time of Baron Hirsch's railway to Constantinople. I faced the situation and slunk away with my Gladstone bag at daybreak the next morning in a country springless wagonette called "Telega" after having made an entry in style, driving up to the hotel in a three-horsed phaeton. What an awful journey that was across the long, wide, spreading plain to the foot of the Iktiman Pass! It was midsummer, and the heat intense. There was a good bedding of hay in the wagonette, but there was not much comfort in it. I was so jolted and knocked about by the excessive bumping of the vehicle, that I couldn't sleep and I couldn't read, as both hands were employed in the effort to steady myself, and right glad I was when the sun went down behind the encircling hills, and I was able to walk. We reached the foot of the pass, and after giving the horses a good rest, away we started, and I walked up the whole way to the summit. I mounted the "torture machine" again, but felt no further pangs, as I was so dead tired, that I dropped off into profound sleep. I was roused up by a sudden cessation of movement and the voice of altercation.

The wagonette had been stopped by a mounted gendarme, who wanted to turn us off into the Bush. He said we were on the wrong road, but I could see that he had been drinking, and I went for him in my strongest Turkish. I hurled the name of my friend Mahir Pasha at him—his commanding officer—and threatened him with the direst punishment for having dared to stop

one of the Sultan's officers on the highway. Taking the whip away from the driver, I slashed the little horses and away they sprang, almost pulling the gendarme out of the saddle as he was holding the reins. With a parting swear word we left him behind, and in a few minutes reached a guard-house, where I reported the matter. They knew the man, said he was much given to liquor, and was probably pretty well drunk. They gave me coffee, and after a good rest we started again. The day was breaking as we reached the other side of the mountain, and commenced the descent to the plain upon which stands Tatar-Bazarjik. I went off to sleep again, and woke up to find the stout little steeds trotting along merrily over the good macadamised road leading to the railway station. As we drew near, I caught sight of a number of horses picketed in a field, with a lot of white-coated troopers loitering about, and as the wagonette stopped at the door of the station café, who should I see but my old friend George Borthwick. He was standing with a couple of subordinates to whom he was giving directions.

He was amazed to see me, but awfully delighted, and it wasn't long before we were yarning away over a good breakfast. "What is the meaning of all this Military display in this quiet place?" I asked. "Oh, my dear old chap, I'm after Spano, and I shall get him to-day I feel sure. He is close at hand, I know, and yesterday we got his goat," he answered. "Oh, that sounds well. Got his goat, have you? Why you've as good as got him," I remarked, amused by his answer with its hopeful prediction. "But where is he?" I asked. "Oh, up there," was the answer, and I learnt to my great surprise that Spano, the notorious



Greco-Bulgar brigand chief, was believed to be lurking somewhere about in the very part of the forest through which I had passed in my descent from the Iktiman Pass. But a few weeks previously Spano had carried off and held to ransom Baron Hirsch's local manager. The sum demanded for his release had been paid, and Mahir Pasha with his gendarmerie had been in hot pursuit ever since. Although "he had got his goat" he failed, however, to get his person, and Spano was never captured as far as I could learn. It was fortunate for me that I had not allowed myself to be driven off the high-road by the drunken gendarme, as I would otherwise have probably also fallen into his hands.

When there took place the *coup de main* on the part of the Bulgarian Government which brought about the unity of the two Autonomous Provinces, the Governor-General and all other Turkish officials were arrested and subsequently sent off to Constantinople. My friend Mahir Pasha felt very indignant at not being treated in a similar manner. Was he not an officer of the Sultan? Why was he exempted from arrest? he asked. "Oh, it is all right," said the chief authority in temporary command. "We don't want to interfere with your personal liberty. No one wishes to injure you." In fact, he was given to understand that if only he kept quiet and gave no trouble his salary would continue. But George Borthwick was not made that way. He was true to his salt, was no traitor, and did not wish to be thought one, so he packed up his traps and returned to Constantinople. His position, however, was a difficult one. He had married the daughter of a Russian Colonel and there was a small family. The salaries of Turkish officers had been much reduced since the

days when he first took service under the Crescent Flag, and their payment was very irregular, so he was very glad to accept an offer from his brother, and went back to England with his family. I was on very friendly terms with Lord Glenesk, and much enjoyed my chats with him whenever I came to London. I admired his sound judgment and clear-sighted views on home and foreign political questions.

Szechenyi Pasha came of a great Hungarian family. He was the brother of the Count Szechenyi, the Asiatic traveller, and they were sons of the Count Szechenyi who was called the "Maker of Hungary," as he was the great promoter of all the industries started in the Magyar kingdom, which had been thereby rendered so prosperous up to the period of the Great War. Szechenyi Pasha was very handsome and a great worshipper at the shrine of Venus, and his fortunes suffered from it. He was, however, a very enterprising fellow, and after the death of his father struck out for himself.

He was impressed with the need for providing efficient means for dealing with fires in Pesth, and came over to England to work as a fireman under the late Captain Shaw, the famous organiser of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade. In this way he obtained a practical knowledge which helped to re-establish his financial situation. He often used to talk to me about those old days, and his association with King Edward, who, whilst Prince of Wales, frequently attended fires in London and lent personal assistance. Szechenyi returned to Pesth and organised a "fire brigade" which attracted the attention of Sultan Abdul Aziz when he passed through that town upon his return journey from Western Europe.

The Sultan had such a nervous dread of fire that he would have no coal or wood fires anywhere about the Palace, and after a destructive conflagration at Beshiktash which had spread considerably, he had all the houses upon the other side of the road passing under the garden walls of Dolma Bagtche pulled down and made into an extension of the Palace grounds. It was done in twenty-four hours. Many of their occupants who were also their owners objected to leave, more especially as the scale of compensation was a low one, but the Imperial orders had to be carried out, and the sailors were landed from the fleet to do the work of destruction. The Palace was kept warm by charcoal burning in large handsome "braziers," placed about as most required. The "mangals," as they are called, were rather traps for the unwary, in saloons from which one had to retire backwards from august presences, gracefully bowing to the floor. I generally took care to glance over my shoulder, but one day I found myself abruptly taking a seat in one of the braziers. Fortunately the smouldering charcoal was well covered with ashes of previous ignitions, and although I met with a warm reception I escaped all injury to body or clothing.

Szechenyi Pasha trained the men as they were raised, and having done their service they were passed into the "Reserve." They were organised on a military footing, something like that of the "Sapeurs Pompiers," and were both "firemen" and "infantry." They formed in fact "Corps d'Elite," being all picked men of good, stalwart figure, and were well trained in the use of their weapons for fighting, both against fire and the enemies of their country. Szechenyi Pasha, as he always

preferred to be called, was always very early upon the scene when the alarm of "yaughin var" (there is fire) was heard in the street. He lived in Constantinople until the first year of the Armistice, but took no part whatever in the War.

The Prussian Army had a good reputation for efficiency after the Napoleonic wars, and a few of its non-commissioned officers and subalterns were engaged to assist in training the Turkish soldiers. The great von Moltke came as a Military adviser to the Staff, just as Von der Goltz did in after years. He was serving in the field and was actually present at the Battle of Konieh when the forces of the Sultan were so completely shattered by the Egyptian Army under Ibrahim,\* the eldest son of Mehemed Ali, that there was nothing left to bar its way to the Bosphorus. Our intervention in Syria brought about a pause of which the Czar, Nicholas I., took advantage to wrest from the Sultan the secret † Treaty which led to the Crimean War. It was the price for the dispatch of 20,000 men, whose landing at Beikos was commemorated by a stone pillar on a jutting point at Beikos Bay, which was destroyed by the jubilant Young Turks after the proclamation of the Constitution.

When Mr. Gladstone enunciated his bag and baggage policy—where is that policy now?—Abdul Hamid, the wily, dispatched a small private mission to Berlin. It only consisted of one member of the Yildiz Chancery, Reshid Bey, a graduate of the Franco-Turkish *Lycée*, and his clerks. He was sent to place Turkey at

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\* He totally defeated Reshid Pasha in 1832, thus bringing about the peace of Kutahieh.

† The Treaty of Hunkiyar-Skelessi—secret, until Lord Stratford de Redcliffe became aware of its existence.

the feet of Bismarck. The latter accepted what Mr. Gladstone was throwing away—the traditional friendship of Turkey. Turkey was a splendid pawn to hold on the political chess-board. He very graciously acceded to the request for a number of German officers to be sent to reorganise the Turkish Army. Von der Goltz, a smart young Major of the Staff Corps, who had excited much attention by his book “The Nation in Arms,” was selected as instructor for the staff, Baron von Hobe, a Prussian Junker, for the cavalry, Kamphoevener for the infantry, and von Ristoff for the artillery. The German Emperor took care that their prestige should not suffer for want of means to make a splash, and so special salaries were demanded and obtained for them, equal to those of Marshals in the “Vaterland”; hence starting as Colonels they were rapidly advanced to “Brigadiers” and Generals of division, and subsequently appointed Aides-de-camp to the Sultan, while they all became Pashas. They were not allowed to do anything more than give a few lectures in the class-rooms of the various Army Schools, and no really useful work was done by any of them, except Von der Goltz Pasha. It was not their fault; it was due to the jealousy of the superior Turkish officers, and to the supineness of the Sultan. Still Abdul Hamid really wanted the moral effect produced by the presence of these selected German officers in Turkey upon the European Governments, rather than any benefit the Army might receive from their instruction.

Von der Goltz, who was very energetic, managed, however, to train the cadets of the staff class very materially in scouting and reconnoitring work and topographical sketching. The Turks

conceived a very high opinion of his military genius, and were very sorry when he left to take a high command in Germany. They wanted him to come back after the Constitution was proclaimed, to reorganise the Army with full executive authority. He did come on a visit of inspection, and the result was the "mission" of General Liman von Sanders, which did its work so well that the well-trained Turkish Army became the "shield and buckler" of Germany's back doorway. Von der Goltz made his home in Moda on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus from the time he arrived until he left.

Whilst Von der Goltz had the sharp look of the soldier-student, von Hobe looked the smart cavalry guardsman. He became "Master of the Horse" to the Sultan, and selected the horses and carriages for Royal guests, and consequently became the possessor of many coveted foreign decorations. Madame la Baronne was also a very comely woman of the portly German type, and the gossip in a certain circle of Pera Society declared that she was *au mieux* with His Imperial Majesty. The insinuation was probably shafted by jealousy on account of the attentions they both received from him. She rather "bossed" it over the German Colony until Prince Radolin arrived as Ambassador. The Princess did not approve at all of the position Madame von Hobe had taken up, and there was a question of von Hobe's recall. He was allowed to remain, however, on the understanding that Madame took a back seat in future.

Von Ristoff Pasha, the artilleryman, found so little to do that he spent much of his time in Janni's "Bier Halle" in Pera, and attained the distinction of being known as "Beerah Pasha,"

from the number of "bocks" he consumed before dinner. He was of the stout, red-faced, somewhat bloated featured order of German drill-masters. I believe he was a very good artillery officer, but he could not obtain the necessary means for giving to the officers and men the practical instruction they required.

Von Kamphoevener Pasha was the infantry "Inspector General." Von Hobe and von Ristoff also officially bore the same title, the one of cavalry and the other, artillery, but though they might inspect in a way if they liked, they could not instruct. He was not of aristocratic descent, according to Junker views, and the "von" to his name was an honour conferred upon him by the ex-Emperor when Von der Goltz left, and as the senior in German Army rank he became the head of the Mission. He afterwards acted as the private agent of the ex-Emperor, for confidential communications between him and the Sultan, which he did not wish should pass through the official channels. He was a tall, good-looking fellow with a fine presence. He had a haughty contempt, like all the others save Von der Goltz, for the Turkish officers and the military organisation. But he scored one great success—the battalions of the Imperial Guard under his direction acquired the "goose-step" to perfection. It was quite a sight to see the men strutting past the Palace at the Selamlık reviews. How well it must have looked in German eyes, to see with what precision toes were pointed as legs were thrown out with strict rigidity, whilst the bodies were kept in such a stiff attitude, one might have thought they were of wood rather than of flesh and blood. But it was only during the short interval they were under the eyes of the Sultan that this parade march

was kept up. Von der Goltz used to laugh at the idea of making Achmet, the Turkish soldier, into such an automaton as Fritz.

Von Ristoff died, and a Major Grümkov came to take his place. When the Greek War broke out all the German officers volunteered to serve in the field, but their offer was not accepted by the Sultan. Grümkov, however, on the plea that he wished to see if the Field Artillery had been supplied with all requisites, obtained permission to go to Thessaly. He appeared at Edhem's headquarters as a General of Artillery and Aide-de-camp of the Sultan, and was received with all the consideration due to his rank. He obtained an escort of cavalry and rode out to reconnoitre on his own account. He rode on and on without seeing anything of the enemy, and at last reached Larissa, and, galloping over the bridge, took the town, there not being a single Greek soldier in the place to defend it. The cry had been raised at the approach of Grümkov and his cavalry escort, news of which had been hastily wired from some quarter, "The Turks are coming! The Turks are coming!" A panic ensued, and the Prince, with all his staff, hastily bolted.

The soldiers followed suit, and much in the way of stores and ammunition fell into the hands of the Turks. The reward for this success was Grümkov's recall to Constantinople, but he received from the Sultan the Grand Cordon of the "Osmanieh" in brilliants.



## CHAPTER XIV

HOBART PASHA

SOME months after my arrival, Captain the Hon. Augustus Hobart appeared upon the scene. He was several years older than myself and much higher in rank, being a Post Captain on half pay. He was a bold and intrepid seaman, and a very good, warm-hearted fellow. Although the son of an Earl and well in the running as a prospective heir to the title, there was no "side" about him, and he was always laughing at the airs the Consular and Diplomatic people gave themselves.

Before coming to Turkey, he had had a very adventurous career, which has been well told in the book he wrote before his death. It was his misfortune that he was born some two or three centuries too late. He would have held a good place amongst Elizabethan Worthies, or made a first-rate buccaneer in the days of her immediate successors. After the Russian War he found service in the Navy rather too tame, besides there were the long periods of half-pay to worry one who had not much in the way of private means. He had done so well as a blockader in the American Civil War that he thought he saw a new pasture for his grazing in the Cretan Rebellion. So he first went to Athens. Fortunately for him, before he could get himself tied up to the

Greeks, his brother, Lord Hobart, heard of his new move, and promptly took measures to stop it by providing another outlet for his adventurous spirit. Lord Hobart was the Director-General in Turkey of the Imperial Ottoman Bank, and it did not suit his book for his brother to be in arms against the Sultan's Government, aiding and abetting his rebellious subjects. He informed Ali Pasha, the Grand Vizier, of what was taking place, telling him at the same time all about the exploits of Captain Roberts of the *Never Caught*, the name under which Hobart had so successfully operated in breaking the American blockade. He recommended Ali Pasha to shunt his brother off from breaking their blockade of Crete by taking him into the Ottoman Service to make it strong and effective.

Hobart was sent for, and it was not long before the aspect of affairs in Cretan waters was completely changed. The revolt in Crete was kept alive by the ammunition and provisions carried to the island by the two fast blockade-runners *Arcadi* and *Enossis* and the indirect aid of certain foreign war-vessels. Ali Pasha took Hobart down with him to Suda Bay, where a small French man-o'-war was lying at anchor. Acting upon the advice of Hobart, the Grand Vizier of Turkey sent a request to the Captain to pay him a visit. He came, and was put under examination as to his presence in Cretan waters. With Hobart in a side cabin dictating questions and answers, the French Captain was soon brought to see the illegality of his position, and going back to his ship, weighed anchor and left immediately.

Ali Pasha returned at once to Constantinople, and shortly afterwards an Imperial "Iradeh" was issued, nominating Hobart a

"Leva Pasha (Admiral of the second grade), and Commander-in-Chief of the Turkish war-ships blockading Crete. The fact is that until Hobart showed them where they stood, the Captains of the Turkish men-o'-war, with no knowledge of International Law to help them, could not meet the arguments of bumptious foreigners asserting their right to act as they were doing. Hobart, when he was leaving to take up his command, wanted me very much to go with him, and being in a great measure my own master I had accepted the invitation and would have gone, as I thought I should see some very exciting fun. I was stopped, however, just in time, by a message from Sir Henry Elliot, that I was not to leave Constantinople on any account without his permission. The Russian Ambassador had got wind of the affair and tried his best by an appeal to our Ambassador to prevent Hobart from taking up his command. He wanted also to have him arrested on a charge connected with a position Hobart had previously held in an Anglo-Russian Company in St. Petersburg called the Blakeney Ordnance Co. Hobart Pasha, as he was now called, was too quick, however, for any embarrassing action on the part of our Ambassador, or the judge of our Supreme Court, aimed at hampering his movements. He was a free-lance and simply slipped away, and it was some months before I saw him again.

On his return he was promoted "Ferik Pasha" (Admiral), and appointed a member of the Admiralty Council. Poor Hobart was not in very good odour at home. The Admiralty was angry with him for having forestalled its intention of sending out the long-delayed Naval Mission, which Abdul Aziz had asked for

when he was in England. All the officers had been appointed, and the Mission was on the point of leaving when some Philhellenic Member of Parliament started an objection, pointing out that Turkey was in a state of war, and that it would be an infringement of our Foreign Enlistment Act if they went. Of course Turkey was not at war, and their officers were not going on active service; but it was sufficient to stop the Mission, and then when the required permission would have been given, the Government was informed that it was no longer required. Hobart's name was removed from the Navy List as a punishment for having taken service with the Turks without permission, but the French and Austrian Governments, recognising that by his intervention a situation dangerous to the peace of Europe had been brought to an end rewarded him with decorations. From the Emperor of the French he received the Collar of the Legion of Honour, and from the Emperor of Austria the "Plaque" of the Order of St. Joseph. His name also was eventually replaced on the Navy List and his pension restored.

Hobart Pasha retained the goodwill of the Sultan to the end of his life, and received many honours and valuable gifts. After his return from Crete he was for a short time "Liman Reis" (Naval Prefect) of Constantinople and Director-General of the "Idareh-i-Massousieh," the quasi-Government Transport Company; but he could not hold these positions with the intrigues against him, and he relapsed into an Adviser, whose counsel was not wanted and seldom accepted. He led a very pleasant life, spending much of his time in shooting, and had the run of the Sultan's large "Chiftliks" (farms) for the purpose. He was

considered the best shot in Turkey, and used to make large bags of woodcock and wild duck, as well as larger game.

He was—as he had the ear of the Sultan—a bit of a thorn in the side of Hassan Pasha, the limpet-like holder of the Ministry of Marine. Hassan Pasha, in fact, had reason to believe that Hobart was raised to the rank of “Mushir (Grand Admiral) and appointed Chief of the Naval Staff in order to keep a watch over his proceedings, though this was after the Russian War. Up to its outbreak, I sat with him occasionally upon “committees” held under his presidency for revising the Naval rules and regulations and signals, etc.

Soon after the declaration of war he was placed in command of the Turkish Fleet in the Black Sea. It had been shorn of much of its strength by the withdrawal of some of the larger vessels to serve as transports for bringing Suleiman’s army back from Montenegro to meet the Russian advance through Bulgaria. Hobart’s reputation as a dashing sea-captain led people to expect more than took place, and there was much adverse criticism of the continued inactivity of the Turkish ships-of-war. It was undeserved criticism, I may say, as the Russians offered no objective but the well-fortified towns of Sebastopol and Odessa, and the forts of the entrance to the Sea of Azov. He kept the Black Sea clear of Russian raiders with his flagship, the *Arsari-Tefyh*, whilst the smaller vessels of his squadron held the Russians at bay as they essayed to advance upon Batoum by the shore route. He chased and nearly captured the *Livadia*, the Czar’s sumptuous yacht, which had been dispatched upon a raid along the Anatolian coast. His last exploit was the successful rescue

of the large Turkish Expeditionary Force, which had been landed at Tchamchira, on the coast of the Caucasus, to support a revolt of the Circassians.

I was with Hobart at the time, and upon our arrival we paid a visit to Dervische Pasha, the Commander-in-Chief of the army defending Batoum. His headquarters were in the firing-line, along the top of a forest-clad ridge, from which we could look right into the Russian camp established on the crest of a parallel line of hills. Between the two was a densely tree-clad valley, in which were large contending contingents of irregulars, fighting with all the savagery of North American Indians in the Canadian Wars with the French. They were Georgians and Armenians fighting for Russia against Lazes and Zeibeks fighting for Turkey. At a regular hour in the day an artillery duel took place between the fieldpieces and mountain guns on each side, and one such duel had just ceased as we arrived at the camp. Whilst drinking our coffee, a telegram was brought to Dervische Pasha, informing him of the grave plight of the five thousand men at Tchamchira. They were hemmed in by the Russians, and their retreat upon Soukhoun cut off.

At the desire of Dervische we returned at once to the flagship and started for Tchamchira. As we approached we heard the firing of heavy guns, and arrived just in time to see the large ironclad frigate *Osmanieh* anchoring after a very warm artillery action with Russian fieldpieces. Tchamchira was only a small place with a dense forest all round, which on each side of it extended to the very shore. There was a good military road from it leading to the town of Ouzerghetti, but the Turks found it

blocked with obstructions, and, unable to advance, the bulk of the force had been compelled to encamp and entrench themselves upon the beach where they had landed. The Russians soon brought down fieldpieces, which they were in the habit of rushing out from their hiding-places and harassing the camp with enfilading fire. But for the presence of the large ironclad, the Turks would undoubtedly have been driven into the sea. As the position was untenable, the General in command implored Hobart to carry them away to Batoum.

Manthorpe Bey was also on board the *Arsari-Tefyk*, and he and I, in consultation with Hobart, sketched out a plan, which the latter approved and adopted. The transport was very inadequate, but we made it suffice. At daylight in the morning, all the boats of the squadron were sent ashore, and re-embarkation went on without ceasing for the next twenty-four hours. The sick and wounded were carried off first, then the ammunition, guns and stores. Nothing whatever was left behind. It was all done under the eyes of the Russians. We could see with our glasses men up in the trees watching the proceedings, and although every boat in its passage to and fro was within rifle range, not a shot was fired. The troops marched down steadily and were packed on board the two small "corvettes" and "paddler" which, with the *Osmanieh* and the flagship, made up the squadron. They were packed like sardines, but they did not mind.

I used to wonder why the enemy did not rush the place when they saw us so encumbered with the embarkation. They might so easily have done so, and won a great victory at small cost to themselves. I learned afterwards, however, that the *Osmanieh's*

fire the previous day had been so effective, a large number of men being killed and wounded, that they hesitated to provoke another bombardment. They saw the flagship with her guns cleared for action, and steam ready for manœuvring at any moment. There was also another reason given me by a Russian Armenian, who had known a good deal of what was going on. The Russians were so anxious to see the Caucasus freed of the presence of Turkish troops on account of the effect it had on the Circassians, that orders had been given to do nothing to impede their departure. We landed them all safely at Batoum, and I returned to Constantinople. Amongst those we picked up at Tchamchira was a poor, very forlorn, fever-stricken young English medico. He was not only suffering from fever, but dysentery as well. Fortunately, I was able to give him a full bottle of chlorodyne, of which there was none amongst the medical stores. He was Dr. Stoker, brother of Bram Stoker, the author, Irving's secretary. I am very glad to say he quite recovered, and always ascribed his pulling through to my timely supply of chlorodyne.

Dr. Stoker was not the only young British medico who came to Turkey during her war with Russia, seeking fame and surgical experience. There was another, my old friend Charley Ryan. Poor Stoker died some years ago, but Ryan, whose acquaintance I made at the very beginning of the war, is still living. Shortly after his arrival he was sent to join the Army under the command of Ghazi Osman Pasha, and was all through the memorable siege of Plevna. He saw a great deal of that stout-hearted Commander-in-Chief, who would have driven the Russians into the Danube had but the other Turkish Commanders co-ordinated



their operations with his. Ryan had so much to say about that siege, and from the fact that he was the only Britisher with Osman's Forces, he acquired the name of Plevna Ryan.

A few years after the war he went to Australia, where he made a very honourable and successful career. Owing to his previous connection with Turkey, he was appointed by the Porte its Consul-General for Australia, an honorary post he held until the outbreak of the War. During the Great War he served as Principal Medical Officer to the Australian Forces and landed with them at Anzac.

He attained the rank of General, and received the C.B. for his services and was created a K.B.E. after the Armistice. Sir Charles, as he now is, is still "Charley" and "Plevna Ryan" to his many friends in Australia and the Mother Country, a notable figure in Melbourne Society and one of its most popular members.

Poor Hobart in the end fell a victim to his passion for shooting. He had a splendid constitution, but his heart had been a little weakened by occasional attacks of fever. He had bought a nice little steam-yacht with ample accommodation for himself and a guest or two, but her boiler was nearly worn out. He obtained an order from the Sultan for a new one to be constructed in the Imperial dockyard, and the yacht thoroughly to be repaired as well. The latter part of the order was subsequently extended at his request into the lengthening of the vessel amidships, and so he obtained almost an entirely new, comfortable cruising yacht. He had been rather seedy for some days, and, with the consent of his doctor, went off for a little cruise in the *Marmora* on the understanding that on no account was he to go shooting. He was

lying at anchor off Cil Bornou and the Gulf of Ismid, and went on shore for a walk. Force of habit made him carry a gun instead of a stick. It was a large marsh; it was full of snipe, and the glad sight was too much for him. In he plunged, totally unprepared to encounter cold water and mud. The water was icy-cold and chilled him to the bone, and he would never have left the marsh alive but for the devotion of his "chaoush," who was fortunately with him, carried him off to his yacht, got him into a tub of hot water, and went back with the yacht to Constantinople.

The cold brought on cardiac asthma, and he had a very narrow escape with his life. The Sultan was very much concerned, and gave him unlimited leave upon his full salary. Hobart got over this first attack, but he was a man very much broken in health, and he did not long survive. His wife took him to Italy, and in moving quickly to catch a train one day he fell dead from heart failure as he was lifting his foot to step into a carriage.

As Hobart had expressed a wish in his will to be buried in the Scutari cemetery, Abdul Hamid heard of it and at once sent a steamer to bring his body to Constantinople, and I was ordered to arrange a military funeral which would do honour to his high rank. It was an impressive spectacle. Mehemet Pasha, brother of a Sultana, and Chief Aide-de-camp, and I, were appointed to represent the Sultan, and we were followed by a large body of both Naval and Military Officers. Minute guns were fired, as were also volleys over the grave. It was the first time, I believe, that such funeral honours were ever paid by Turkish soldiers.

Hobart was son of the Earl of Buckinghamshire, and for some

years expected to inherit the title, as there was only a delicate youngster, son of an elder brother, standing in the way. His nephew, however, grew up into vigorous manhood, and was present as chief mourner at the funeral, attracting much attention by his uniform, which was that of a Lieutenant of the County.

**CHAPTER XV****BRITISH AMBASSADORS IN TURKEY**

IN the early days of our intercourse with Turkey the second British Envoy was Sir Edward Barton, who was sent by Queen Elizabeth to seek the assistance of the "Grand Seignior," as the Sultans were then called, in her struggle with Philip of Spain. Sir Edward was received with honour, and, as recorded upon the marble covering of his tomb, accompanied the Sultan in a campaign against the Hungarians, and died of fever at Halki, one of the Prince's Islands group in the Marmora. He was buried somewhere near the Greek Commercial College which stands upon the connecting link between the two hills that form the small island, but his tomb had been destroyed and its covering slab built into the wall of the College to serve as a decoration over its gateway. Accidentally discovered by one of the members of the British Embassy, it was removed and placed over a brickwork construction to represent the resting-place of the Elizabethan worthy.

An endeavour was made to interest any members of the family who might be still living, but no further notice was taken of it. The inscription in raised letters was fast being obliterated, as it formed such a good resting-place for the barrels brought on

donkey-back to carry off the water from a well close at hand, when it was enclosed with a railing erection by our friends, the Russians. This was not done, however, until some years after I had joined the Naval College, and I often wondered at the neglect shown to this interesting memento of the past. A number of Russian prisoners of war had died at Halki, and the little cemetery in which they were buried was close to the "tomb." When the place was subsequently being set in order, the official in charge of the work, seeing the condition of this "memorial to the dead," very kindly had it enclosed by extending the cemetery railing round it.

Thirteen British Ambassadors at Constantinople have I known during my long residence in Turkey, and there was a fourteenth, of whom I heard a great deal when I first arrived.

Sir Henry Bulwer, afterwards Lord Bulwer, the successor to the great Elchee, Lord Stratford de Redcliffe,\* was, I should say, the most notable of all. He was a wizened, elderly gentleman when I saw him during a short visit he paid to Constantinople after his retirement. British prestige was still very high with the Turks when he went there, and he enjoyed great influence, much more so than any others who came after. I was told many anecdotes about him; of how he used to play the sick man when he wanted to shake off importunate British subjects seeking redress from alleged Turkish arbitrary action, or support for commercial schemes. One old member of the defunct Levant Company, who knew him well, told me how he managed to get round him, and if he sometimes failed

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\* Ambassador at Constantinople, 1841-1858.

to obtain what he wanted, he always succeeded in getting a hearing. He would turn up with a cheerful face, listen with a sympathetic ear to all the Ambassador's complaints about his health. Bulwer would pump away at him the recital of his woes for an hour in the hope of wearying him out ; then my friend would strike in with amusing stories and the local gossip, until the Ambassador's face brightening up, he knew he might venture to talk business.

Bulwer had a great weakness for a certain fair Greek lady, whose husband, a Turkish subject, was made through his influence Prince of Samos. This penchant was his undoing in the end, as the better to enjoy her society he constructed a sort of "Fair Rosamund's Bower." He purchased a small, lonely, uninhabited islet in the Marmora, and had a "castellated mansion" built upon it, as well as a mediæval castle to defend its little port and landing-place. The islet was of no very great extent, and so everything was in miniature. There was the "tilt yard," with hardly enough space within its limits in which to "swing a cat," as Jack says. It cost a great deal of money on account of the cost of the transport of material and the maintenance of the workmen in such an isolated position. Bulwer used to make frequent visits in the Embassy yacht with the fair Princess on board to Plahtee, as the islet was called.

In the end it proved too great a strain on his purse, it was said, and he sold it to Ismail Pasha of Egypt, who never even went once to have a look at his property. Bulwer most certainly did not receive from the purchaser more than the place had cost him. He never could have obtained, however, any sort of price for it in

the market, and he received a hint that if he wished to retire a peerage would be conferred upon him. Bulwer's friend, the Princess, was said to be a great *intriguante*, and was exiled for some time during the reign of Abdul Hamid.

Lord Lyons' reign at the Embassy was very short, only about two years; his next post being that of Paris. His successor was Sir Henry Elliot, who was a member of one of the old Whig families, aristocrats both he and Lady Elliot to their finger-tips. He was the perfect type of the diplomatic gentleman, and he was much respected by the Turkish officials with whom the affairs of the Embassy brought him in contact. He was the Ambassador when the late King Edward, as Prince of Wales, paid his visit, and Sultan Abdul Aziz was entertained at the Embassy.

Elliot had been sent out to initiate a new departure in our policy—non-interference in the internal affairs of Turkey. It was an unfortunate change, but his predecessors, it was thought, had interested themselves a little too much that way. Towards the end of his mission he sympathised much with the Reformers in Turkey, and was undoubtedly cognisant of the plans of Midhat Pasha and the Ministers. He and Sir Nicholas O'Connor were the two Ambassadors who enjoyed the longest tenure of office at Constantinople—ten years each—but the first-mentioned returned to England to live a peaceful life of retirement for many years, whilst his son, Sir Francis, was mounting up the ladder of promotion to become British Minister to the Court of King Tino. He was a perfect replica of his father both in manner and appearance. Sir Nicholas O'Connor died in harness.

Sir Henry Elliot was replaced by Sir Austen Layard, after the return of Lord Salisbury from his Special Mission in 1876 to arrange for the pacification of the Balkan Provinces. Many years after his retirement, when his name was never seen in connection with any public affairs, it flashed for a few brief moments into the "limelight," owing to an article he wrote for the *Nineteenth Century*, upon a subject that had passed out of memory in England and elsewhere outside Turkey. I feel sure when he wrote it that he could have had no idea of the storm its publication would occasion. He was doubtless caught by the flattering bait thrown out by an enterprising editor, that no one knew so much about the fall of Abdul Aziz as he did, that so many years had now elapsed since the events connected with it, no harm could possibly be done by relating the story, that it would be so interesting to hear the real facts, and learn whether it was suicide or murder. The article was written and duly appeared, but fell flat. It attracted no attention in England whatever, and was hardly referred to by any newspaper. Rustem Pasha was Ambassador in London at the time, and spoke to me about it, but neither of us thought of attaching any importance to it. I was then on the point of returning to Turkey after having delivered a few private messages from the Sultan to the Prince of Wales (Albert Edward), and Lord Salisbury, and enjoyed a few weeks' leave. On the bookstall at Charing Cross I saw a copy of the *Nineteenth Century*, and took it away with me to read. With all due respect to one I held in great esteem, I must say I was struck with the inaccuracies it contained, and felt sorry that Elliot had written with such animus against the Sultan as he



had shown. It was a most damaging action for our interests in Turkey, as by his own showing he knew all that was going on in respect to the deposition of Abdul Aziz, and accused Abdul Hamid of being an accomplice in his uncle's assassination.

Our political enemies in Turkey made the most of the opportunity. No sooner did a copy of the *Nineteenth Century* reach Constantinople, than the article was translated and presented to the Sultan with the original. A report accompanied it, in which it was stated to be part of a deep-laid scheme on the part of the British Government to bring about his fall, just as the intriguing action of Sir Henry Elliot under instructions from London had caused the removal of his uncle from the Throne. The hand of the Government must be in it, said the report, as no British official of such high standing would have dared to write as he had done without its knowledge and permission.

I arrived just as the excitement was at its height. The moment I mentioned the article, offering my friend the magazine to read, he exclaimed, " Oh, give it to me ! Give it to me ! There is our friend B—— Bey. He has been gathering in by Imperial order all the copies which have arrived, and has got all but one, he says. But he is in a bit of a fix, as it is beyond his reach. I will give him this one, and he will be able to hand it in as the last one received in Constantinople ! "

I went off to the Palace to announce my arrival, and was ordered to return in the evening. Then, after dining with the Chamberlain in attendance, I was received in private audience and had to face a staggering question : Why had Sir Henry Elliot

written that article ? Fortunate it was that I had had my little chat with Rustem Pasha before leaving, and was in a measure prepared. I managed to reassure the Sultan in a great measure, and at his request I wrote to Lord Salisbury on the subject a private letter, which produced an answer that gave great satisfaction both to the Sultan and our Ambassador, who was kept fully informed by me of what had taken place.

Sir Austen Layard has his place in history for his valuable discoveries in Nineveh, and his career up to the time of his appearance as Ambassador in Turkey is well known. He had a difficult task before him to help the Turkish Government through the terrible sea of trouble brought about by the ambitious Pan-Slavism of Russia. He was a good friend to the Turks, and the Sultan liked him and called him " Baba " (Father). He bolstered up the courage of Abdul Hamid, when there were those at the Palace who would have had him fly to Broussa, when the Russians reached San Stefano, and their entry into Constantinople appeared so imminent. I know from the officer who was in command of her that for forty-eight hours there was a small yacht waiting with steam up off Dolma-Bagtche, to convey him across the Marmora.

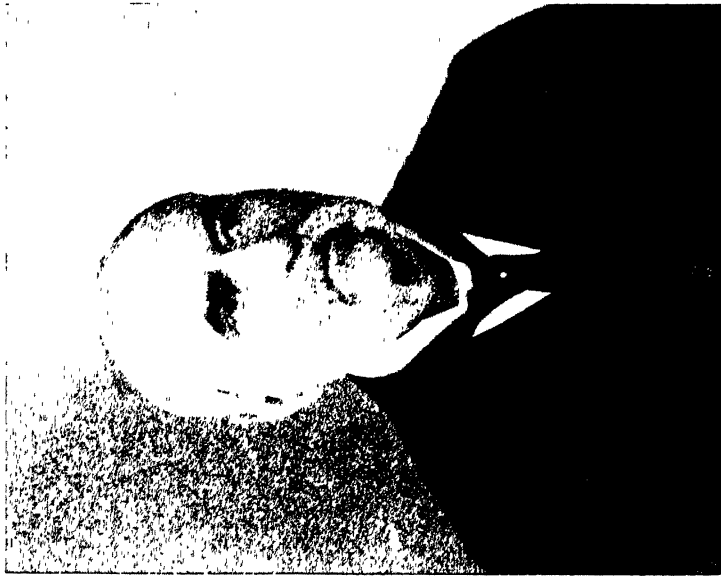
Layard's difficulties were increased when Mr. Gladstone's advent to power made it necessary for him to hedge a bit, and, in answer to a strong remonstrance about the non-execution of Armenian Reforms, he wrote to say that it was impossible to do anything with a man like the Sultan. He never thought for a moment that a private letter, containing reflections upon the character of the Sovereign at whose Court he was the British

Ambassador, would be published to the world. One of the first acts of Gladstone, however, as Prime Minister, was to publish a "Blue Book," including, amongst Layard's dispatches, this private communication.

It ended Layard's diplomatic career. He was recalled, after having served but a little over a couple of years. He and Lady Layard were very hospitable in a way, and gave dinners and little dances, but all guests at the latter were expected to clear out by midnight. In fact, he ensured their doing so by walking round the ballroom a few minutes before that hour and, utterly regardless of whoever might be present, turning off the gas without uttering a word.

There was a short interregnum with Sir E. Malet as Minister-in-Charge, and then for about a year we had Lord Goschen, who was succeeded by Lord Dufferin.

Lord Dufferin was the ideal Ambassador, suave and *rusé*, but with ever a smile for his diplomatic adversaries. He was an Irishman, and had kissed the "Blarney Stone" to some purpose, had a wheedling tongue, and brought with him the pleasant manners that had won all Canadian hearts during his Governor-Generalship. He was an aristocrat, and with a fine old temper that was kept well in hand as a rule, but would let anyone know it if he thought his dignity had been slighted in any way. Yet he did not care so very much for outward appearance, and I shall never forget the spectacle he presented, when I met him one rainy day, riding up from the quay at Dolma-Bagtche to the Embassy in Pera. The road was very wet and dirty, and the British Ambassador was riding a street-horse with tail tied up in



SIR CLARF FORD.



MARQUIS OF DUFFERIN AND AVA.  
p 168

a knot to keep it out of the mud. Its legs and body were well splashed, as were also the "Elchee's" (Envoy's) trousers. Lord Dufferin, however, rode on nonchalantly, wearing his monocle and holding up an umbrella over his head, whilst the "suridji" (horse-attendant) walloped the animal's rump with a stick to keep it going.

Much social entertainment took place at the Embassy during Lady Dufferin's reign there. She was a good amateur actress and very fond of acting. There was also a good deal of talent amongst the younger secretaries, and many good performances I saw upon the movable stage made for the large ballroom. I have already spoken of the part he played in the Arabi business, so I need say no more than that upon his memorial tablet might well have been inscribed: "Here lies the man who added to the British Empire a Kingdom, Burma, and established our influence in Egypt."

Sir Edward Thornton succeeded Lord Dufferin in 1884, but remained but little over a year. Like Layard, he fell a victim to a sudden change in the Government policy towards Turkey, which took place over the Pendjeh incident—nearly the cause of a war with Russia. The Nonconformist conscience had been very active again for some time before he arrived, and the result of questions in the House was a very strong note of remonstrance, sent to him for presentation at an opportune moment. Unfortunately, after remaining pigeon-holed for some time, it was presented just at that critical time in our relations with Russia.

Sir William White, who was sent to replace Sir Edward

Thornton, was an ideal Ambassador for Turkey. He was a strong man, but not too obstinately self-opinionated. He had commenced life in the Consular Service in Poland, and was Consul-General in Belgrade when appointed Ambassador. It was a great departure in the Foreign Office procedure, but he was just the man who was wanted in Turkey at the time, as he knew the Russians thoroughly, and was up to all the games of the Pan-Slavists. A big burly man, with a fine intelligent appearance and a large head, there was something of the look of Lord Salisbury about him. There was also an air of authority when he spoke in his loud voice, which overawed Turkish officials and others he wanted to impress with the weight of his opinion. Although he was not flattering in his attentions to the Sultan, he was liked by the latter, who spoke of him as "babalee" (fatherly).

Apart from social intercourse, I saw a good deal of Sir William, as I was sent on several occasions to convey to him private messages by His Imperial Majesty. White knew well how to adapt his line of action to circumstances, and understood the value of a channel through which words might be used that could if necessary be subsequently disavowed, but it was not always a pleasant duty I had to perform, and I can still hear his loud, imperative voice of indignation, as he struck his fist on the table, and said, "Don't you come here and tell me any more of those d——d lies!" I must say there were some grounds for his anger, as his pride had been deeply wounded by the taunts of certain fellow-Ambassadors at his apparent failure to obtain justice upon a notorious Kurdish Brigand Chief at the very

moment when he had every reason to believe a successful termination to his efforts had been reached.

Moussa Bey was a bit of a freebooter of the Rob Roy type, who did a good deal of raiding amongst the Armenians of Kurdistan, and many were the complaints piled up against him in the Archives of the Embassy and the *Porte*. But Kurdistan in those days was, and still is, much in the same condition as the country on our Northern and North-Western frontiers of India, and just as in Scotland in the old days, the King's Writ was only effective as far as it could be carried on the spears of his soldiers, so it was with the "Iradehs" (Imperial Orders) of the Sultan in respect to that wild country. Hence, in spite of all British Notes of remonstrance and demands for punishment Moussa Bey had continued his depredations. White was determined to have him punished, and the Sultan at last succeeded in luring him to Constantinople. He was placed in prison, was tried for his crimes in a Turkish Court of Law, and acquitted by the judges. The Ambassador's protests, however, prevented him being set free, and he was still waiting for the final decision of the Sultan when, with the connivance of his friends, he managed to escape.

"Didn't we tell you so? Didn't we tell you you'd never get Moussa?" was the criticism of his fellow-Ambassadors. No wonder White was storming with indignation when I began to speak on the subject.

I let the first burst of the storm go over my head, and then I begged him to give me just a few minutes, to let me tell him a little Eastern story. I assured him that I wouldn't mention the

Sultan's name until he gave me permission to do so. Then I told him in a little allegorical story about a notorious thief and robber, lording it in a distant country, who was caught in a trap by a wily agent of his outraged master, and brought to his feet to receive the punishment he so well merited.

He listened quietly, and I then said: "May I now tell you what I was sent by the Sultan to say? I am only a mouth-piece, and you can say in reply whatever you please."

"Well, go on," he said, in a quieter voice.

"Sir William, the man I referred to in my little allegory was Obeidallah Bey, a Kurdish Chief like Moussa Bey. He had also enjoyed immunity from capture for a long time, but a certain Achmet Ratib Bey, now a Pasha, was sent to bring him to Constantinople. He was brought, and sent off to exile in the Hedjaz, a place from which exiles never return, and the scene of his exploits knew him no more. The Sultan has sent me to tell you how greatly he regrets that Moussa Bey should have escaped, and to give you his Imperial word of honour that he shall be recaptured, brought back, and punished. He begs Your Excellency merely to be patient for a few days." Then I added: "The same man who was sent after Obeidallah, Achmet Ratib Pasha, is already on his way to bring back Moussa, and I think Your Excellency may feel sure of his success."

"Well, Woods," he said, "let us see."

Sure enough the runaway was caught, and like Obeidallah, was exiled to Taif in the Hedjaz. So White, after all, had the laugh over his jealous colleagues.

On another occasion I was sent to ask the meaning of a report



of the landing of British troops in Mitylene. I happened to know something about the movements of the Fleet, and felt sure that nothing serious could have occurred. The Fleet was in the Eastern part of the Mediterranean, and about to carry out sundry gunnery and torpedo exercises in the neighbourhood of Sigri Bay, a lonely part of the island. So when I was summoned to the Palace to receive a message for the Ambassador, I was able to assure the Chamberlain that the report of any landing must be utterly false.

I found that the Ambassador knew nothing whatever about it, and remarked that "the yarn must have been spread by some of our foreign friends." I told him what I knew of the practice of the Fleet, and that in all probability the rumour must have arisen from the carrying out of night firing and torpedo exercise, which might have required the stationing of an observer on shore, at one or two points of the island. I said that, if he was agreeable, I would give, as coming from him, such an explanation about the routine of Fleet exercise as would satisfy the Sultan that there had been no occult intention in what had taken place in Mitylene. With his consent I hastened back to the Palace, and the incident was closed by the messages I brought from the Embassy. It was what really had occurred.

Sir William White was a great supporter of Bulgaria. His idea was that a strong Bulgaria would be a great barrier to Russian encroachment upon Turkey in Europe, and the settlement of the Eastern Roumelian question after the outburst in favour of its annexation to Bulgaria was mainly due to his

skilful handling of the matter. He told the Sultan that it would not be a bad thing for him to have a strong wall at the back of his garden. The Sultan's reply was that garden walls sometimes fall inside. In view of what took place years afterwards, those words have now a prophetic sound.

It was an awkward moment for me when, on my return from one of my holidays in England, I was received in private audience by the Sultan and suddenly asked: What did I think would happen if he ordered Prince Ferdinand to clear out of Bulgaria? It was not long after that audacious *coup d'état* on the part of Stambouloff, which had brought that wily Saxe-Coburg Prince Ferdinand to rule in Sofia after the mysterious kidnapping of Prince Alexander by the Russians. The Czar was furious at this checkmate to his policy, and was insisting that the Sultan, as the Suzerain of Bulgaria, should order the interloping usurper Ferdinand to leave that part of his Dominions. I had heard also that he had been pressed very much to send troops into Bulgaria to compel the Prince to leave.

I felt on the subject somewhat as White did, and I thought I should only be honestly doing my duty by telling His Majesty what my opinion really was. "Your Majesty," I said, "I am sure he will not go." I saw at once by the change of expression in his face that this was not quite the answer he expected, and it did not please him. So I added: "Your Majesty, Sir William White is a very good friend; he knows well the position of affairs, and is much better able than myself to say what would probably happen." It ended in the Sultan's declaring that the presence

of Prince Ferdinand in Bulgaria as its ruler was illegal, but by his taking no step whatever to enforce his departure.

In the early days of my residence in Turkey I paid a visit to Sofia. Sir Francis, afterwards Lord Lascelles, was our Political Agent there, and through his kind introduction I had a very interesting interview with Prince Alexander. Like all the Battenbergs, he was a very fine, handsome fellow, and I still remember the splendid figure he looked on horseback as I met him the next day, riding at the head of his bodyguard in the picturesque Bulgarian Hussar costume, with the diamond-clasped aigrette in his astrachan bonnet marking his high rank.

Sir William White, as is well known, died rather suddenly in Berlin, whither he had gone for a short holiday. A curious circumstance in connection with his death is, that a few days before it occurred, Lady White, dining at the house of a friend, had her hand told by an amateur palmist, a lady of my acquaintance. She was told, amongst other things, that a great change was going to take place in her life very shortly, but what that change was the palmist could not say. The very next news that reached her was the telegram from the Embassy at Berlin announcing the death of her husband.

Whilst Sir William was still Ambassador, Sir Drummond Wolff was sent on a Special Mission in connection with Egypt. Our position there had never been officially recognised by the Sultan ; so with a view to putting an end to the continued pin-pricking at the hands of the French and other Great Powers of Europe, jealous of our authority in the Land of the Nile, it was desired to make a Treaty with the Sultan which would give

his authority for our presence there. Wolff was a very clever diplomatist, and would have succeeded, but for the French bluff, which frightened the Sultan into the refusal of his ratification of the treaty in the form and substance agreed upon, and actually signed by the contracting authorities acting for their respective Governments. Wolff was a very genial and amusing host, a good table companion, full of bright and witty stories, which he was fond of relating.

Still he was hurriedly recalled and he left immediately. It was late on a Saturday night and the Sultan did not hear of his departure until late the next day, it being the season of the Ramazan. I was sent for the next day, but owing to my absence up the Bosphorus, did not get the summons until late in the evening. Apparently I had not been summoned through the usual channel, and the messengers repeatedly dispatched to bring me to the Palace not being able to find me, had caused all the German Pashas one after the other to go up to enquire. It thus got known that there was something on foot in respect to the departure of Sir Drummond Wolff, and the partisans of the other great Embassies were all on the "qui vive." It was late when I got to the Palace, and I found sitting in the room of the Chief Chamberlain, where I had been told to wait, a certain Pasha popularly said to be in the pay of Russia.

After a long wait, I was called outside and informed by a messenger from the Sultan that I was to come early the next morning. Then, as we were parting, he whispered in my ear, "You are going to London!" When I went the next day, I was informed that the Sultan very much regretted Wolff's abrupt

departure, and that he was going to send me to ask Lord Salisbury to have the negotiations resumed through Sir William White. I was told the basis upon which such further negotiations might take place, and ordered to proceed to Therapia at once, and inform Sir William White of what I had been told by the Sultan, and ask the Ambassador his views on the subject. He gave me an approving message for the Sultan, which I faithfully reported on my return to Yildiz. I found, however, that during my absence, a great change had taken place in the Sultan's views. I was informed that he had been led to consider that the moment was not opportune for any reopening of the question.

Sir Clare Ford, who succeeded Sir William White as Ambassador, had a quiet time on the whole. There was no great strain in the relations between the Embassy and the Sultan's Government. He was a shrewd observer, and could recognise the difficulties of the Turks in dealing with the unrest amongst the Armenians, and the growth of Nationalism amongst the Christian Communities in general under the fostering care of their Patriarchates.

I had called to see him about something one afternoon, when, the words of greeting hardly over, he said : " Oh, I must have something to refresh myself a bit. I have just got rid of one of those missionary people, who came to ask for my assistance. He wants to go to Erzerum, to preach the Gospel, as he told me." " To whom are you going to preach the Gospel," I asked him, " is it to the Armenians ? They belong to an older Church and a more orthodox one than ours. Is it to the Greeks ? There are few up that way ; and then again the Greeks believe that theirs

is the only true Church. There is, of course, the Mohammedan. It is, however, very dangerous to question the truth of his faith. And do you think it possible to convert to Christianity a believer in the simple creed of Islam? No, my friend," I said to him, "let me show you a field in which your labour would have much more prospect of success," as I placed before him a map of Africa. Poor Sir Clare! He went from Constantinople as Ambassador to Rome to make way for Currie. I saw him there a year or so after, as I passed through on my way home. I found him much changed, and he complained of his health a little, and died a few months after.

Sir Philip Currie came to the Embassy in 1894. He had been Permanent Under-Secretary of the Foreign Office for a number of years, and I had seen and talked with him on several occasions. He held at the time of his appointment, I well knew, the most friendly views in respect to the Ottoman Empire, and it was the irony of Fate that the man who came to Constantinople with the best intentions of strengthening Turkey, should have done so much to weaken her by the policy he adopted.

A stronger man than Sir Clare Ford, his predecessor, was wanted, it was thought, to deal with the Sultan, and Sir Philip was undoubtedly a strong man. He was an autocrat like Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, and he expected to be able to dominate Abdul Hamid, as the "Great Elchee" (Ambassador), Lord Stratford, always called so by the Turks, did the Sultan's father Abdul Medjid. He took no account, however, of the great changes that time had brought about, both in England and Turkey since the Crimean War, and the vast difference between

the character of the Sultan they each had to deal with. So whilst showing all due respect to the Sovereign, he started to limit the power of the autocrat and to restore its old authority to the Sublime *Porte*. Unlike his rivals, who approached the Sultan direct through the Yildiz Camarilla, Currie would only deal officially through the old recognised channels. It might have been better perhaps for the Sultan if he had placed himself in the hands of Sir Philip Currie, but it is hard to say what would have happened, for, unlike Lord Stratford, Currie had not behind him either the force necessary for effective threatening, or for giving the required assurances of material support.

As it was he "butted in" about Armenian reforms, fell into a Russian trap, and forced upon the Sultan a plan for the settlement of the wild country inhabited by Armenians in Asia Minor. It was a sort of "Parish and County Council Bill," which angered the Mohammedans, and did not please the Armenians living in Turkey at all, as it only increased, as they said, the number of their oppressors by the duality of officials it provided for. In fact the remedy proved worse than the disease. It increased its virulency and instead of any of the desired healing, brought about much greater misery and suffering to the victims of the malady. Had Lord Currie, as he afterwards became, but deigned to use some of the weapons of his rivals, and applied his efforts for the good of Turkey, direct to the Sultan, and not been in such a hurry to bring about desired changes, he would, in all probability, have been more successful.

He had a good start, as the Sultan was quite prepared to look upon him as a friend. Currie's pride, however, got some-

what chafed by the delay that occurred in his official reception, and the sceptical smiles of his colleagues at the excuses given to account for it. But he received a gracious reception when the Sultan and he did meet, and the dinner that followed at the Palace the next day, at which Lady Currie and my wife were present, was most pleasant and cordial. The Sultan had taken care to learn all he could about the Ambassador and Lady Currie, and having learnt that she was an authoress, and had written several novels, sent for copies and referred to them when chatting with the ladies after dinner. Unfortunately the Armenian massacres which followed, and the strong policy advocated by Currie brought about a state of feeling between them which was very prejudicial to the maintenance of friendly relations. Both of them loved Constantinople and the Bosphorus, Lady Currie especially, and she left her beautiful Embassy and garden with great regret.

Sir Philip Currie was succeeded by Sir Nicholas O'Connor, who died in harness after nearly ten years' service. He was of a very different character from his predecessor, quieter in his manner, and much more reserved. He managed very well both with the Turks and the Turkish officials, and succeeded in getting successfully settled several matters which were in suspense. The O'Conors were very popular, and the Colony had to thank the Embassy for many pleasant evenings ; Sir Nicholas was a genial host, and Lady O'Connor was very kind-hearted and charitable.

During his ten years of office he did his Ambassadorial work as well as anyone could have been expected to do under the circumstances prevalent at the time, when he was called



upon to act. His manner was pleasant, and he managed to keep on friendly terms with the Sultan, even if unable to exert any considerable amount of influence upon him. It was during his term of office that the remains of soldiers and sailors, who had died of wounds and disease during the Crimean War and been buried in small isolated cemeteries, were all removed for interment at Scutari under the shadow of the Guards' Monument. In this we were following the example of the Italian and the French Governments, who, a year or so before, had collected their Crimean dead and buried them in the Catholic cemeteries outside Pera, with much ceremonial function at the inauguration of the respective memorials set up to mark the event. These proceedings were, of course, the usual propagandist efforts to emphasise the sacrifices they had made for Turkey and their great regard for her. With a close-fisted Board of Works, and a zealous official of that Department in Constantinople, our reinterment ceremonies would have been confined to a few prayers from the Embassy Chaplain over sundry white deal packing cases, but for the Sultan's intervention. His Majesty, hearing that the Embassy yacht was leaving the Dardanelles with the remains of the British Crimean dead for burial at Constantinople, sent me with a message to ask O'Connor when the ceremony would take place, as he wished that all honour should be shown to the remains of men who had lost their lives in the defence of Turkey. Everything was, of course, done by the Embassy to meet the situation. The Ambassador and his suite attended in full uniform, the chief Aide-de-camp and myself represented the Sultan ; the whole of the Scutari garrison was under arms, lining the road

to the cemetery, and a large body of Turkish officers followed with many members of the Colony. Military bands played the funeral marches, and the remains were reinterred with the usual military honours, the three volleys being fired by Turkish soldiers, and the "Last Post" played by the British bugler of the Embassy yacht.

The Sultan often referred to the Crimean War, and the debt of gratitude owed by Turkey to England. Some may imagine that this was a pose on his part, but I do not, for I think he had a genuine desire for the friendship of England, but he was led to believe by intriguing enemies that the aim of British policy was the dismemberment of the Turkish Empire. No one of any note, who had fought in the Crimea and paid a visit to Constantinople during his reign, ever left without receiving some marked attention from him. There was one amongst the many who came, a very old veteran, for whom he conceived quite a great liking. This was General Kent, who, after a visit to the battlefields, spent on his return from Sebastopol a few days in Pera. He naturally went to the "Selamlik," and the Sultan, hearing of his presence there, sent him a gracious message and received him after the ceremony. The old gentleman was very garrulous, and babbled on to His Majesty about the Crimea as he had done to me, and Abdul Hamid was much amused at the enthusiasm with which the veteran soldier described the relics he had brought away from the Crimea and offered to present to him. The Sultan thanked him for the attention, but desired him to retain such interesting mementos for himself. It was just as well they were not sent. I am afraid that friends at

home to whom they were shown must themselves have smiled, as I did when I saw them, for the relics were much more reminiscent of a picnic than a battle. The Sultan invited him to dinner, placed an Aide-de-camp at his disposal to show him all the sights, and presented him with two albums of the military costumes of the Turkish Army.

The Sultan often referred to the Crimean War, and spoke with regret of the great change in the sentiments of the English in regard to the Turks. On one occasion I had been requested to draw the Sultan's attention to his neglect of the Bosphorus defences, whilst those of the Dardanelles were being strengthened. "Ah!" said the Sultan, "you tell me, Woods Pasha, that they say in England there is no need for me to have the Dardanelles well fortified, that Turkey has no enemies in that direction, and it looked as if I regarded England as the one Power I fear. But it is not so; I am like the possessor of a home with two doors, a front and a back one. Must not there be a good strong lock on each? A door with a good lock upon it can be opened to let a friend come in, whilst it serves to keep any enemy outside. Are there not other Foreign Fleets in the Mediterranean besides the British? Could I rely upon England to drive away enemy intruders from the door if there were no lock upon it?"

"How different is English friendship now from what it was in the days of my father. I remember coming into the room to speak to him, and finding a late foreign visitor there. Now, as you know, Turkish boys are brought up differently, and feeling very shy I was running away when my father called to me, 'Come back, my son, you must not be afraid. This is our good friend

the great English Elchee; go and kiss his hand.' I did so," continued the Sultan, "and the great Canning patted me on the head."

Sir Nicholas O'Connor died rather suddenly after a short illness, from which it was thought he would recover, until within little more than a day before his death, which occurred in March, 1907. The sad event caused much regret in Constantinople, as the O'Conors had many friends outside the British Colony, and the sympathy and sorrow expressed at the news were very genuine. Much regret was also felt at the departure of Lady O'Connor and her children, especially in Catholic circles, as she is a devout daughter of the Church of Rome, and had many friends amongst those of the same communion in Constantinople.

The end of Sir Nicholas O'Connor's Embassy preceded by a short interval only the termination of the Sultan's autocratic rule. The revolutionary movement in Salonica had succeeded in obtaining a Constitution and providing for Parliamentary Government. No Ambassador probably ever had a greater opportunity than Sir Gerard Lowther. He had served several years in Turkey, and was an experienced diplomatist of the old "safe" school, intelligent, methodical, with no ambitious ideas of initiating policies which would not be acceptable to the Government he represented.

The nation went delirious with joy. The various religious sections, Turks, Greeks, Armenians and Jews, once again, as on the deposition of Abdul Aziz, fell upon each other's necks, calling themselves brothers. Never did the prestige of England stand so high; all looked to the great mother of free institutions

confidently for sympathy and assistance. For days everything was given up to rejoicing, and demonstrations of affection for England were endless. Crowds assembled outside the Embassy continually, cheering and shouting for the Ambassador. Not a ferry-boat of the Bosphorus went past Therapia without the same scenes taking place. Lowther did his best to respond to their enthusiasm, though after a time it must have been a little wearisome to have to appear continually, and say a word or two in the way of thanks, as also to sit out long theatrical performances of a patriotic and political character. The Young Turks were bent upon showing that they had not been slumbering all these years, and were starting to show off progress in all directions. There was more than one literary genius, who wrote tragic plays in Shakespearian style, inveighing against tyrants with pointed allusions to the past years of the Sultan's reign. I have heard much adverse criticism of both Sir Gerard Lowther and his successor. The first-mentioned was blamed for not having kept a greater hold upon Turkey's policy under the new régime, and the latter for not having prevented the Turks from entering the Great War. Their want of success, however, was not due to any fault of their diplomacy, but to causes that lay outside their sphere of action.

Sir Gerard and Lady Lowther were very popular, as they did much to keep up the traditional hospitality of the Embassy and entertained a good deal. Lady Lowther was one of those bright and lovely daughters of America, of the Gibson girl type ; tall and graceful, she made a very striking appearance in Society. She did a great work for the Turks, which I am sure is not yet



SIR GERARD LOWTHER.



LADY LOWTHER

Navy. A trustworthy British official was also required to reform the Customs Service of Turkey, and to meet the wishes of the new Government in Turkey, an expert was sent, and no one better qualified for the task could have been selected. This was Sir Richard Crawford, one of the Commissioners of Customs in the United Kingdom. The reform of the Turkish Customs Administration, with its long reign of misrule, and the rampant bribery and corruption connected with it was a Herculean task. It was a veritable Augean stables ; but Sir Richard Crawford, in less than two years, succeeded in reducing chaos into order. By his energetic action and tactful procedure, he overcame all opposition, and established a system of control which rapidly increased the Customs receipts considerably while "the fear of the Lord" was, by prosecutions, put into the heart of swindling importers ready to tempt the irregularly paid officials, who were brought into the line of honest dealing by proper treatment in respect to the payment of their salaries. No foreigner who has ever served the Turks enjoyed their confidence to such an extent, I should say, as did Sir Richard, and this was shown by his subsequent additional appointment as "Economic Adviser" to the Government, which post he held up to the declaration of the War.

The good work Sir Richard Crawford did in America during the War is well known. He received recognition in the shape of a G.C.M.G., but the continuous hard and strenuous labour killed him in the end. He died as much a victim of the War as if he had fallen on the battlefield. His physical strength was worn out for want of the rest he required and could not

obtain. He reached England soon after the Armistice, but it was only to linger for a short time and then die.

The changes brought about by the Constitution naturally affected me. My services as a Naval Adviser were not required, but when the numerous wearers of the "Aiguillettes," with many other officials attached to the Palace, were swept away in the reduction of the Court to modest dimensions, I was re-appointed an Aide-de-camp to the Sultan. The appointment did not last very long; it came to an end with the deposition of Abdul Hamid, and I was retired from the Turkish Naval Service with my pay as a Turkish officer only as a pension.

Poor Sir Gerard Lowther's health had been failing for some time, and it would have been impossible for him to stand the strain of the situation much longer, so he left. The Colony presented his wife and himself with an Illuminated Address, speaking of their services, and conveying its best wishes, and gave them a good "send-off" with loud and hearty cheers from the great crowd assembled to wish them *bon voyage*.\*

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\* The complete list of British Ambassadors to Turkey from 1841 to the present time is as follows:—1841-1858, Lord Stratford de Redcliffe; 1859-1865, Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer; 1866-1867, Lord Lyons; 1868-1877, Sir H. G. Elliot; 1878-1880, Sir Austen Henry Layard; 1881, Lord George Joachim Goschen; 1882-1884, Earl of Dufferin; 1885, Vacant; 1886, Sir Edward Thornton; 1887-1891, Sir William White; 1892-1893, Sir Francis Clare Ford; 1894-1898, Sir Philip H. W. Currie; 1899-1907, Sir N. O'Connor; 1908-1913, Sir Gerard Lowther; and 1914, Sir Louis Mallet. Owing to the rupture of relations followed by the outbreak of war at the beginning of November, 1914, there was no diplomatic or consular representative of either country in the other; 1922, Sir H. G. M. Rumbold (with title of British High Commissioner); and 1924, Hon. R. C. Lindsay (with title of British High Commissioner).



## CHAPTER XVI

## AMERICAN DIPLOMATISTS IN TURKEY

GENERAL LEW WALLACE was the first of the American Ministers with whom I became at all intimate, and our acquaintance was brought about under somewhat curious circumstances. He was a lawyer by profession, but had served with distinction during the Civil War as a leader of Western Cavalry, and had attained the rank of General of which he was very proud. Lew Wallace was also an author and had published several interesting Historical Romances, his masterpiece being undoubtedly "Ben Hur," and he owed his position in Turkey, it is said, to his having written it. The book had so fascinated President Garfield with its vivid pictures of Oriental life, that he said to a friend: "If Wallace can write a book like that without ever having been in the East, let us see what he can do after a few years' residence there," so he promptly nominated him to the post of Minister to Turkey.

On the first Friday after his official reception, he attended the Selamlık. It was held at Beshiktash where, in the confined space, there was but small accommodation for spectators. There was, however, a guard-house opposite the mosque entrance, in which the superior officers in attendance sat and smoked whilst

waiting for the ceremony to take place. There was just a little space on the steps and in the central hall, where a few persons might stand behind the sentries and watch the Sultan's arrival and reception at the mosque.

As it was a military function the General had donned his undress uniform of blue, with his cocked hat and sash, and when the Sultan came he was standing well in view at the top of the steps. Seeing a tall, well-knit military officer in a foreign garb, the Sultan's curiosity was excited, and I was sent for by the Chamberlain-in-Waiting. His Majesty wished to know who the distinguished foreign officer was. When he learned that it was the new American "Elchee" I was ordered to accompany the Chamberlain and present the Imperial *compliments d'usage*, and invite the General to visit the Sultan at Yildiz immediately after the Selamlık. Lew Wallace did so, and laid the foundation of a friendship that lasted throughout his tenure of office as Minister.

The Sultan was curious to hear about the American Army and the General's particular share in the war, and when he was told about the wonderful feats of horsemanship of the riders of the Western plains, the so-called "Indian Cavalry," he said: "I must show you what my cavalymen can do." So the Sultan took him away to the "Riding School" at Yildiz and had several of his picked Circassian Troopers perform their tricks before him, when the General had to acknowledge that their performance was quite equal to anything that could be seen in America. They parted mutually pleased with their long interview, and Lew Wallace became quite the *persona grata* at Yildiz. He used

to drop in at the Palace when going for an afternoon's ride, and would sit and smoke with the Sultan. He actually taught him to smoke Virginian tobacco in a pipe. The Padisha often spoke to him about European politics and treated him as a personal friend. He had wished very much to invest him with one of the highest Turkish decorations, but the General had explained the impossibility of receiving any such mark of favour.

One day, however, the Sultan insisted upon his acceptance of an oil-painting, which gave rise to a most amusing skit, which went the round of the American papers. I am afraid that I was the innocent cause of the joke, as I had mentioned the matter in a letter I wrote at the time, to my friend the late James Gordon Bennett, the proprietor of the *New York Herald*. The oil-painting was that of a lovely young *odalisque*, a regular "Light of the Harem." It reached the Legation and was proudly displayed upon a wall of the drawing-room. Then a few weeks after appeared the sensational news, "Lew Wallace presented with a beautiful Circassian slave by the Sultan." Under this heading was given a long account of the furious domestic storm that ensued when Mrs. Wallace heard of her arrival. "Take her away, the hussy! She shall not stay in the house! At your age, too, to want a young woman like that about you!" "But my dear, my dear! What can I do? It is an Imperial present. I dare not flout the Sultan by sending his gift back to him. Let us wait a few days and see; perhaps you may get to like her," and so on for a whole column.

General Lew Wallace was, I believe, the one foreign representative whose society the Sultan really enjoyed. Curious to

say, my acquaintance with "Ben Hur" came through the Sultan. The book had not become generally known in Constantinople when Wallace arrived, and I doubt whether anyone outside the missionary circles knew that he was a distinguished author. I had neither seen nor heard of the book, but following upon his first visit to Yildiz, Lew Wallace had sent a copy of his famous work to the Sultan, and it was placed in my hands to make a *précis* of its contents for him.

It was a great pity, I always thought, that Lew Wallace should have returned to Turkey as he did after his retirement, to back up a business scheme. One might have thought Turkey was an "El Dorado," by the way "inventors" and concession-hunters flocked to Constantinople in the old days.

We had a good deal of trouble with inventors during the Russo-Turkish War and afterwards, and, as chief of such torpedo service as we had, I was very much worried at times in getting rid of them, especially when they were supported by their country's representative. We had one during the early part of the struggle with Russia, an old English retired Admiral who wanted to endow Turkey with a sort of submarine torpedo-boat—at her own expense, of course. It was to be built in the dockyard under his supervision at a handsome salary. It got as far as the "hull" which was egg-shaped, and then the affair came to an end. General Berdan, the inventor of the rifle that bore his name, large quantities of which were sold to Russia before the war, also brought his wares to Turkey. This was several years, however, after the war, and his rifle was played out. He came with a grand scheme for a locomotive

torpedo which was to rival both the "Whitehead" and the "Lay," Rocket; gas was to be the motive power.\* It was an absurd scheme, as I pointed out from the beginning. He had, however, such backing, that the resources of the Turkish Admiralty were placed at his disposal for the manufacture of a specimen. Then commenced a series of experiments, as in reality up to his arrival in Turkey, nothing had been done to develop his ideas. After many failures and the expenditure of a considerable amount of material, a torpedo was completed, and Hobart Pasha and I went off with the old General for a trial with it. We were in a steam launch ready to follow the torpedo when started, but instead of our following it, the blessed thing after going some thirty or forty yards away, turned round and followed us. It seemed to be chasing us with fiendish glee, fizzing merrily as we dodged about from starboard to port to keep out of its way. That was the end of the "Berdan Torpedo." I didn't care very much for the old man, but his wife and daughter were charming people and became great favourites in Society. Miss Berdan married Marion Crawford, the well-known novel writer. He came out that summer and lived in a small kiosk on the Bosphorus with a young Greek official called Panjiri, and obtained from him a good deal of the local colouring that made "Paul Patoff" such a success.

Mr. Cox—"Sunset" Cox—was another American Minister with whom I was very friendly. He was a very genial fellow, and I used to enjoy my chats with him, as his conversation was

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\* The ignition of the composition produced the gas which propelled the casing.

full of amusing anecdotes. There is also a good one about him. He did a great deal of literary work and was engaged upon a book which he was anxious to finish. He thought it would be a good thing to go down and stay at Prinkipo, where, under the shady pine trees, it would be nice and quiet. Mrs. Cox, a very bright and clever woman, was his critic, and he was in the habit of reading to her all his pages as he wrote them, to try the effect upon her of his arguments. One morning whilst thus engaged, and he was declaiming some of the finest passages he had recently written, a strident voice suddenly broke upon their ears : " Hee-haw ! Hee-haw ! " Turning towards the direction from which it came, she shook her finger reproachfully upon the advancing donkey, saying gravely, " One at a time, dear ! One at a time, please ! "

The representatives of the United States in Turkey never remained very long in office. The post of Minister was of no great importance for many years, as the Government of America had no political axe to grind in the problems of the Near East, and there were no great American commercial or financial interests to protect.

Not until the great Missionary Movement, started in the States in the early 'eighties in aid of the religious and social welfare of the Christian subjects of the Sultan, had dotted the Empire with schools, colleges and hospitals, did any troublesome questions arise between the two Governments. Rarely did a Minister remain at Constantinople for the full Presidential term, and there was only one who held on for four years, Alexander Terrell, the Texan Judge ; the others left after two or three years'

service, and two after one only. The one troublesome question that had arisen was over the site of the "Robert College." A large piece of ground on the European side of the Bosphorus had been purchased. It was in a most commanding position on the summit of a projecting headland at the very narrowest part of the passage. It is scarcely to be wondered at, therefore, that the construction of any foreign buildings upon it should have been opposed by the Ministry of War. After much fruitless negotiation, the matter was eventually settled satisfactorily through the intervention of the British Ambassador, and the American Flag flies proudly over the largest scholastic establishment in Turkey, in one of the most beautiful positions in the world.

Mr. Oscar Strauss, who subsequently succeeded Mr. T. G. Leishman as Ambassador, was Minister for three years. He got on fairly well with the Sultan, and both he and his wife were popular in Society. The only representatives sent by the President to Turkey, who made any great impression in that country, were Leishman, and Morgenthau, the Ambassador at the outbreak of the Great War.

Mr. Leishman was a very suitable choice. A shrewd business man of resolute character, he was very successful as a diplomatist in dealing with the Turks. He knew what he wanted and how to get it. He and his wife, who had been a very beautiful woman and still possessed much in the way of good looks and a graceful figure, met with much success also in Society. They were very hospitable and maintained the reputation for lavish expenditure in entertainment that had preceded them from Berne, where

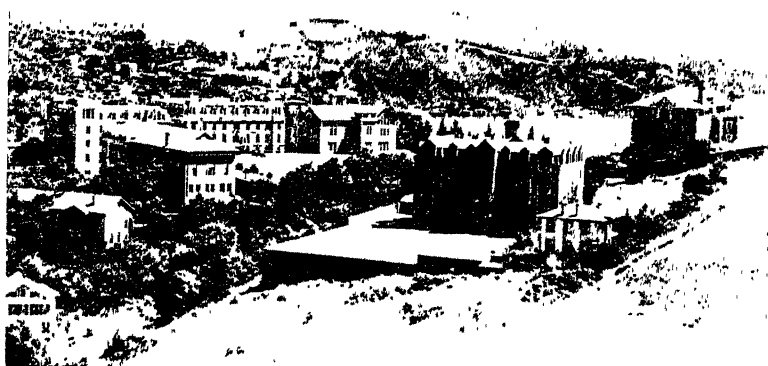
he had been serving as Minister. Strange to say of a successful American personage, Leishman was no speaker. He could not "orate," and although he attended all the "Festivals" of the Robert College and the American School for Girls, he never made a speech—never said more than a few words of thanks. Leishman and I were very good friends, and I used to enjoy going to the Embassy for a chat about things, for although he was no orator, he could tell a very good story.

Leishman very soon got upon excellent terms with the Sultan. He had two very excellent co-adjutors, the one the Embassy Dragoman, a very clever Levantine Catholic with many years' experience of Turkish diplomacy, and the other one of the powerful influences at Yildiz at the time. Mr. Gargiolow knew every Turk of any consequence, and Nejib Pasha Melhameh had the ear of the Sultan. Nejib Pasha is a Catholic, a member of a Maronite family of the Lebanon. He was a very clever fellow, a master of diplomatic intrigue, and a very sleuth-hound in ferreting out information for Abdul Hamid. His elder brother, Selim Pasha, who was gifted with much the same talents, also rose to a high position in the Turkish Service. He was Minister of Mines and Forests and amassed a large fortune, which enabled him so well to dower his three handsome daughters that they married into good foreign families. It is rather amusing, however, to those who know the origin of the family, to hear that their visiting cards bear the words "*Neè Princess Selim.*" Relations were very strained at one moment between Turkey and the States. An American squadron was hovering off the coast of Syria, but with Nejib's help the matter in dispute was settled.





DR. GATES.  
PRINCIPAL OF ROBERT COLLEGE.



ROBERT COLLEGE, CONSTANTINOPLE.  
VIEW FROM THE REAR OF THE BUILDINGS ASIATIC SHORE AND BOSPHORUS IN  
THE DISTANCE.

The squadron was withdrawn, and the Sultan nominated an Ambassador at Washington so that America might be represented by one at Constantinople, as she was at other European Courts, where Ambassadors represented their respective Governments. Everything having thus been satisfactorily settled, Leishman was appointed to the post, and became the first American Ambassador. He served nearly eight years at Constantinople, and was then transferred to Berlin. Society saw the Leishmans leave with much regret.

Mr. Henry Morgenthau, who was sent as American Ambassador in 1913, was also a good and shrewd man of business, and a clever lawyer, who had risen to eminence in his Party, and owed this appointment to the practical services he had rendered in the Presidential election. It had become rather a coveted position, as the American representative now enjoyed the full Ambassadorial privileges and the appanages of that rank in Turkey, a palatial residence, a man-of-war yacht, and a fast steam launch for trips on the Bosphorus. Mr. and Mrs. Morgenthau were good honest and homely people, very kind-hearted and charitable; but unlike the Leishmans they had not had much experience, apparently, of "high-brow" Society, and knew little in respect to diplomatic usage. It was rather rough upon them, therefore, when having prudently consulted the Marquis Pallavicini, the Austrian Ambassador, and "Doyen of the Corps" over the arrangements of the guests at his first official dinner, a truculent military Prussian officer should have "kicked over the traces." This was General Liman von Sanders, who, holding at the time the rank of Marshal in the Turkish Army, considered

himself entitled to a higher seat of honour than any member of the Cabinet below the Grand Vizier. When he found that he had not been assigned the place at table that, in his opinion, his high rank demanded, he refused to listen to any explanation or argument, but left the Embassy in high dudgeon. The Morgenthau were both of Bavarian ancestry, and their German origin, and love of the language, naturally led them to enjoy Teutonic society. Not that they were at all exclusive in their invitations; on the contrary they were very hospitable, and their weekly afternoons, dinners and dances, brought together very pleasant gatherings, in which all nationalities, races, and religions, were represented. The afternoon gatherings continued after the War had commenced, and the American Embassy formed a "neutral ground" upon which enemies occasionally met to pass each other with a stiff bow or an averted glance. The Morgenthau cultivated friendly relations with the Turks to a greater extent than any other Foreign Ambassador had done before. Mrs. Morgenthau ably seconded her husband by visiting Turkish ladies, and encouraging them in their emancipation efforts. Tea-parties were frequently arranged for them, at which they met a few foreign ladies and gentlemen, and enjoyed the novelty of a little dancing with members of the other sex.

It must be said of Mr. Morgenthau that whatever may have been his private predilections, he played his part very well indeed and observed the strictest neutrality. He also behaved like a "brick" during the hurried exodus of British subjects from Turkey upon the declaration of war against her by the Allied Governments. He stood between the civilian "refuge-seekers"

and the irate Turkish officials, and secured their safe departure after much wordy wrangling with Talaat Pasha. Morgenthau's book, the "Mysteries of the Bosphorus," so well explains the situation when war with the Allies broke out and the events that followed, that it would be superfluous to say anything more about his work at Constantinople. His character sketches of the men who ruled Turkey in those days are admirable. I knew them all, and when I read the book, I was struck with the fidelity of the portraiture. But I do not think that he was quite so well gifted with foresight and that he was the Heaven-born diplomatist his chronicle of those days would make him appear to be, and I rather smiled when I read of his proposed measures for the safety of the British Ambassador, as I fancy Sir Louis Mallet himself must have done.

## CHAPTER XVII

## FUAD PASHA AND THE BOGUS PLOT

FUAD PASHA, the Marshal, was very anxious to acquire a good steam launch, with cabin accommodation, sufficient for spending a night or two at sea in the Marmora, and he begged me to write to England and obtain particulars about prices, etc. I did so, and he selected from the plans sent out, a very nice little craft, which was just what he wanted, according to her speed and equipment ; it was a rather large-masted steam launch, the owner of which was anxious to part with her, as he required a larger vessel. I refused, however, to have anything to do with the financial part of the business for the Pasha, but put him in communication with an agent. The vessel was on her way out, and Fuad Pasha had particularly requested to have a large photograph taken of her and sent to him before she started. He was highly delighted when it came, as it showed a fine, smart, rakish vessel, with two masts and sails, as well as a funnel ; she was lying at anchor off-shore, and there was absolutely nothing near at hand to indicate her size. No one was on board and no other craft was in the picture, so that from her appearance in this photograph she might readily be taken for a yacht of some 150 to 200 tons, and this unfortunately served as a peg for the

intrigue that was set on foot for the undoing of my friend Fuad Pasha.

I used to meet him at the Palace every Friday as we were both on the personal staff of the Sultan, and he was always talking about his yacht and when the photograph arrived he went about showing it with the greatest pride. He had many enemies and they were biding their time. I do not know what hand the famous Hassan, the Minister of Marine, was taking in the matter, but he was very jealous of my position at the Palace, and no friend of Fuad. But one day I was surprised by a visit from a clerk of the Admiralty Council, sent, as he informed me, by the President, to enquire when Fuad Pasha's yacht was going to arrive—she was long overdue, having met with bad weather in the Irish Channel and been obliged to return to port for repairs. I told him that if anyone wanted information on the subject, he had better apply to Fuad Pasha himself.

Although she was consigned to the agent, and not to be handed over until the money still owing was fully paid, the Captain had been instructed to hoist the Turkish flag when entering the Dardanelles so as to facilitate her passage. Fuad's enemies settled that she was to be allowed to pass through the Straits and then the mine was to be sprung. The Sultan was to be informed of a plot in progress to carry Prince Murad Effendi Pasha away from Tcheregan. A yacht had been purchased in England for Fuad Pasha, and was now on her way from the Dardanelles with arms and ammunition on board and also a quantity of bombs.

At the same time the Minister of Marine received the news of

her departure from the Dardanelles, similar information reached the agent, who had already learnt, by a side wind, of the intention to arrest her on arrival in port, so he went off at once to consult the Consul. The latter recommended him to see that the British Ensign was hoisted before she reached the harbour, and to tell her Captain to anchor her near the *Imogene*—the Embassy yacht. He went off at once in a fast caique to intercept her, and fortunately got on board whilst she was still several miles outside the Bosphorus. She stopped in answer to his hail, and as he reached the deck, he looked aloft at the “Star and Crescent” flag flaunting in the breeze, and exclaimed with an air of the greatest surprise: “Why, Captain, what on earth are you doing with that Turkish flag up there? Were you not told to deliver the vessel to me, and don’t you know that I am an Englishman? She is still a British ship whilst in my hands, and must not fly any other flag,” he continued. Such was the greeting received by the bewildered Captain who had been informed when he took charge of her that the yacht had been sold to a Turk, and that he was to hoist the Turkish flag, as already mentioned. “Oh yes, sir! Yes, sir!” he replied. “Then, Captain, haul down that ensign at once, and hoist our own flag,” ordered the agent. This was done, and steaming onwards for Seraglio Point, the yacht soon came across two men-o’-war cutters lying on their oars, evidently waiting for her. There was a third boat also with a Port officer on board, and the Interpreter of the Maritime Prefect. “Isn’t that yacht Fuad Pasha’s?” asked the Interpreter. “Not as yet; it is mine for the present, and I allow no one on board without Consular authority,” was the answer

received as the yacht proceeded to where the Embassy vessels were lying off Tophané.

Immediately she anchored she was surrounded by a cordon of Man-o'-war boats, and a battalion of infantry lined the shore to prevent all communication. Fuad Pasha had been summoned to the Palace in quasi arrest, and the Sultan was waiting for proofs of the alleged plot. The agent was sent for to explain matters, and hearing of the amount still due to the vendor in England, the money was paid to him at once by order of the Sultan, upon which he gave a written release of the vessel to Fuad Pasha. Armed with this document, the special Commission of Superior Officers of the Army and Navy appointed to investigate the plot proceeded on board. The Captain and crew were hurried ashore with their effects, and then commenced the search for the hidden weapons. Everything was turned upside down ; the coal in the bunkers removed and the lining of the little saloon and sleeping cabin stripped away in a vain search for what had never been placed on board. The report of the Commission fully exonerated Fuad Pasha, but the Sultan would not allow him to retain the yacht. He was asked to name his price for her, and the amount he received was a good deal in excess, as I was told, of what he had paid for her. She was handed over to the Grand Master of Artillery for service at the Dardanelles as a launch for the Governor of the Forts.

Fuad Pasha was the only General who, during the Russian War, fought a strategic battle. He surprised the Russians at Elena in the Balkans, and gained a signal victory. He was what the French would call a *beau sabreur*. He had been



educated at St. Cyr, in France, and possessed a good deal of military knowledge. He was a rival of Ghazi Osman Pasha, and there was a great deal of jealousy between them. Fuad Pasha was a very bold, outspoken man and given to wagging his tongue a little too freely about the actions of others, for his own comfort and well-being, especially in an Oriental Court with such a suspicious Monarch as Abdul Hamid at the head of it. His enemies brought him into disgrace several times, but he was generally restored to favour after a short interval and received several gifts from the Sultan in the way of valuable concessions, which he sold for large sums in cash to speculative financiers. He was, however, very "Grand Seigneur" and lavish in his expenses, and was always surrounded by a gang of Levantine sycophants who helped him to get rid of his money.

In the end he was banished to Damascus—it was some few years before the War—and the Revolution brought him back in triumph to Constantinople as one of the victims of Abdul Hamid's tyranny. He was quite a Turkish Pasha of the old school, however, in respect to dependents who offended him and creditors too clamorous in their demands for payment of long-standing bills. He was of Circassian origin and a fine-looking vigorous old fellow, who was credited in Turkish gossip with the possession of some forty sons and daughters. His father, Missirlee Hassan Pasha, was also a notable figure at the Selamlık, at which he officiated as Military "Master of the Ceremonies," an office he held for many years, his tenure of it only ending with his death. Missirlee Hassan Pasha was over a hundred years of age when he died. His stentorian voice as

he summoned the officers to attention with his shout of "Boyouroun" was heard all over the place. The tall, stalwart, upright figure of the venerable General as he stepped forward from his resting-place never failed to attract the attention of all visitors to the Selamlık, and he must still be remembered by many in England and America in the present day.

I remember one Selamlık, when I witnessed quite a touching scene in connection with the fine old fellow. I had noticed a very venerable-looking white-bearded old Turk—as I thought he was at first. There was, however, a lady alongside of him, and I soon noticed they were speaking English. My curiosity excited, I asked the "Cavass" of the Ottoman Bank, who had evidently brought the couple, what their names were. "Abdullah Pasha and his wife," he answered, "friends of Rustem Pasha, the Governor-General of the Lebanon." Then I remembered his curious history, which I had learnt from a mutual friend, and knew that Abdullah Pasha and Hassan must have been contemporaries in the Egyptian service, and I thought I would bring them together. Questioning Abdullah I found that a certain Hassan, who had left Egypt many years ago, had been his "monavin" (assistant) at one time. Then I went over to the old Military Director of the Selamlıks—"Pasha Effendim," I asked, "do you remember Abdullah Pasha of Egypt? He is an old friend of yours, I think." "What, Abdullah el Inglezi (the Englishman)?" he quickly exclaimed. "Where is he? Take me to him," he added. I walked over to the guard-house with him. The two old fellows met, and it was like a scene from the Bible. They scanned each other's faces for a moment, and

then, falling upon each other's necks, their long white beards mingled as they warmly kissed on each cheek and blessed each other, thanking Allah for having brought them together once again.

An old friend of mine from South Carolina, Mr. J. de Leon, who had been the American Consul-General in Egypt before the Civil War, knew Abdullah very well. In fact, they were great friends, and his little visits to the Pasha during official hours, when the latter was being badgered by British officials who knew nothing about his origin, afforded him much amusement. Abdullah Pasha was an Englishman, and his real name Ricketts. As a youngster he joined Evans's Brigade, which fought for Queen Isabella in the Carlist War, and he was decorated by her when lying badly wounded in hospital. From Spain he went to India, joined the Police Force, and, after a few years' service, drifted to Egypt, and entered the service of Mehemed Ali Pasha. He nominally embraced Islam, and as Abdullah (the servant of God) rose to high rank and married a rich Egyptian Princess. He enjoyed much power and influence until the advent of Ismail Pasha, when he retired from Egypt and settled at Beyrout. The Princess having died before he left Cairo, he married an English lady, and was subsequently known only as General Ricketts.

As Abdullah Pasha he had held several important posts in Egypt, his last being that of Minister of Roads and Railways. It was in the heyday of the Overland route from Alexandria to the Red Sea, before the opening of the Suez Canal, and the ordinary traffic was frequently hampered by the transport required for our soldiers passing to and from India during the trooping

season. There was naturally much friction at times, when the restless energy of the West clashed with the apathetic indolence of the East, and trains were not ready when required. The British subaltern did not measure his language, when, for the second or third time, he had been sent to remonstrate with the officials of the Railway Department about broken promises. More especially was it the case when the subaltern may have had his head "washed" by his Commanding Officer, after two or three disappointments, for not having properly explained matters to the Railway Department. It was so diverting to de Leon, to see the old Pasha stolidly smoking away at his "narghileh," taking no notice whatever of the abusive terms in which he was being referred to. The contrast between what the subaltern said and the translation given to the Pasha by the Interpreter was so ludicrously amusing—little did the British officer know that the "drivelling old idiot," as he called him after his second visit, understood everything that he was saying, and still less did he imagine that he himself was being spoken of as the worm crawling at His Excellency's feet by the pleading Dragoman. "D——d old blighter" and "son of a gun" were mild epithets in comparison with some that were used by the irate military messengers, as day after day passed and no trains were ready at the appointed hours. The Dragoman's language, however, only became the more fulsome and flattering as he begged for fresh promises to be given to the humble suppliant for his favour, who was grovelling in the dust before him. One day when the language made use of was more than usually strong, de Leon could not help remarking: "My dear General, how can you

possibly remain quiet, listening to all that abuse about yourself? Why don't you let them know you understand English and put an end to it?"—"Oh, my dear de Leon, for Heaven's sake don't give my secret away. I shall have no peace whatever if you do. It is the only way I can keep these fellows at a distance," he replied. "But my dear fellow, it is so awful the insults you have to swallow," said de Leon. "Pooh! Pooh! My dear fellow, that's nothing. The insults don't reach me. Haven't you noticed how the language comes filtered through the Dragoman?"

**CHAPTER XVIII****BAIRAMS I ATTENDED**

THE "Bairam" is the great Mohammedan festival which, like our Easter, comes immediately after the long Ramazan fast.

There are in reality two of these festivals—the "Shekher" and the "Courban." The first mentioned is so called in Turkey on account of the customary exchange of "sweetmeats" between friends, and the heads of households and their dependents. The other is the sacrificial Bairam which winds up the "Haj," the annual pilgrimage to Mecca; on this occasion each householder, according to his means, is expected to sacrifice one or more sheep, and after reserving enough for the day's feasting of his own family, distribute the rest amongst the poor. The Sultan attends, in state, the early service in the mosque of his selection, and then proceeds to his Palace of Dolma-Bagtche with all the High Civil and Military functionaries and officials. The Sultanate being in abeyance at the present time, and the Caliph banished, I cannot say who now receives the felicitations of the "Faithful." It is of the past "Bairams" I am writing, of those I attended in my official position before the "Sultanate" had been stripped of all its pomp and glory. I have already referred to the last Bairam held in public, in 1867. For a long period

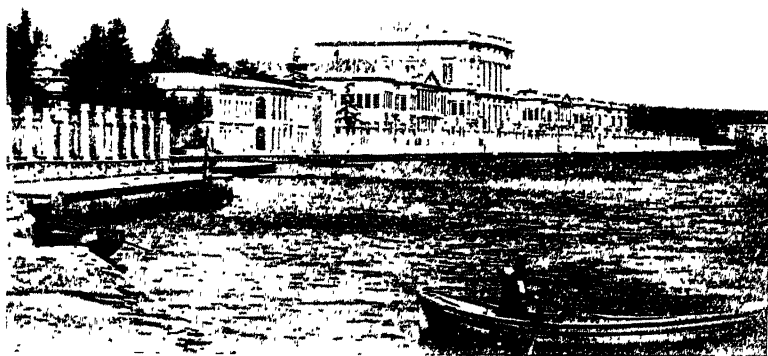
after this no invitations were issued to foreigners to witness the ceremony. Then it became the custom of the Sultan to invite the Ambassadors and the other Heads of Missions, and it was understood that they might be accompanied by any guests who were staying with them at the time, in addition to members of their own families.

There was always great uncertainty as to the date of the "Shekher Bairam." It takes place on the first day of the new lunar month after Ramazan, but the new moon must have been seen by some credible witness who certified thereto at the Sheikh-ul-Islamik. It has often happened, however, that the night has been dark and cloudy and the sky so obscured that Diana's slight crescent has not been seen and in vain have expectant ears been stretched to catch the sound of the gun-firing which always announces the advent of the feast. Until the event had been officially notified, no invitations were issued, and they frequently arrived in the middle of the night.

The State procession was a very brilliant affair, and always attracted large crowds of spectators. It was much finer than those of the ordinary "Selamlik." All officials were in full dress, the Bairam uniform as it was called, and wore the whole insignia of the Turkish decorations they possessed. The Grand Vizier with his Ministers were in attendance, and in the old days when the Sultan rode to mosque they met him as he left the Palace Gates, bowing low, typically throwing dust over their heads to denote their positions of humility as against his presence. It was a sight to see the Turkish women in the picturesque dress of those days, the snow-white filmy "Yashmaks" and bright-



SIR NICHOLAS O CONOR



DOLMA BAGTCHE PALACE.



coloured "Feridjees," veils and loose outer coverings, attire which has passed away with the emancipation of the Turkish women. The change, regarded from a purely artistic point of view, is regrettable. The slight close-fitting, skimpy garments of French design and the uncovered faces do not compensate for what has gone. Pretty faces and beautiful figures are to be seen in all countries, but the mystery lying behind the veil which softened the features without obscuring them entirely and showed a pair of lively flashing eyes—that mystery which so worked upon the imagination of the Western mind—is gone. A new dress was then, as it still is, the order of the day for Bairam, and the Turkish women with their children, dressed in their best and brightest garments, thronged every available space along the Sultan's route as well as balconies, house-tops and windows.

The great Central Hall of Dolma-Bagtche Palace is one of the largest Throne-rooms in the world. It rises from the ground-floor to a peaked roof, the ceiling of which is skilfully foreshortened in its decorative design to give the impression that it ends in a lofty dome. From its centre is suspended an enormous crystal chandelier, one of the largest ever seen, a present to Abdul Medjid from Queen Victoria. At the main entrance on either side and also at other openings are massive crystal candelabra with long bayonet-shaped pendants of great thickness, tapering to a fine point. Standing upon marble pedestals they are over ten feet high, and with fluted columns are splendid specimens of the glass-cutter's art. High up towards the ceiling are "Galleries," from which all parts of the huge hall can be seen, and it is here that the guests of the Sultan were placed to

witness the ceremony. It was a magnificent show, quite equal, I should think, to the great "Durbars" in India.

Apart from the strips of carpet for the feet of those traversing the hall, there is nought in the way of furniture save the Throne of Othman. This is placed at the back of the huge salon, facing a view of the Bosphorus. It is a bench of simple shape with back and sides of uncarved wood. It is covered, however, at all parts with plates of gold, each bearing in its centre a "bow" of the same precious metal. There is a crimson silk cushion covering its whole length, which is richly embroidered in gold, as is also the carpet of the same colour upon which it stands. There are also two embroidered bands attached to the back of the Throne, one on each side hanging over the arms.

At the word of command, the Aide-de-camps, Chamberlains and other officials connected with the personal service of the Sultan rush to their stations. The Aides-de-camp form a continuous line round the sides of the hall, and the other officials line up behind the Throne. As the Sultan appears from the adjoining room in which he has been resting, his titles are proclaimed and he takes his seat upon the Throne. The Imperial Band strikes up, and the Grand Vizier advances from the entrance, followed by the Ministers at a few paces behind. As he reaches the edge of the Throne carpet, he makes a low salaam, and then, stepping forward, makes another at the feet of his Sovereign. Then taking the end of the embroidered band which is held by one of the Marshals, he places it to his mouth and forehead. This is taking the oath of fealty, as it were, to the House of Othman. Having done this he drops the band, and turning to the Sultan,

makes one more "temana" (salute) and prepares to retire, facing the Padisha, to his place a few feet in front of the line of Aides-de-camp. It is then that the Sultan beckons him forward and makes him a gracious speech, wishing him a Happy Bairam. All the Ministers follow in succession, according to their rank, observing the same programme. As they retire they take up their places in line with the Grand Vizier. Then come the Civil officers of the rank of "Bala," which carries no title of Pasha with it, but gives them precedence over Admirals and Generals.

All these make their obeisance at the right of the Throne, but the Military and Naval officers, the next to appear, march round at the back of the Aides-de-camp and approach the Sultan on the left of the Throne. They all follow in accordance with their ranks, Naval and Military intermingled, as their titles are the same, as well as their pay and allowances, for the Navy (Babiriyeh Asker: sea-soldier), is the army of the sea, as the Beriyeh Asker is the army of the land. As a Ferik Pasha I was by foreigners as often addressed General as Admiral, more often I might say, and amongst my allowances I received forage rations for four horses. After the Naval and Military officers have passed the Throne comes the turn of the civilian officials of the rank of "Oulah." They also approach on the left of the Throne to make their obeisance.

This over, comes the most dramatic scene of the whole show. The Heralds proclaim the titles of the "Sheikh-ul-Islam" as he advances, upheld under each arm by a "Shereef" of Mecca, as if borne down by the weight of his years and wisdom, and requiring their support. The last "Sheikh-ul-Islam" I saw at a

“Bairam” was His Highness Hairoullah Effendi, who had held that high office for several years and was still holding it when the Revolution took place. He was a man of great learning and very liberal-minded in his views. As the highest dignitary in the religious hierarchy, he was dressed in a flowing robe of white samite. It was crossed with the broad ribbon of the Imtiaz, and glittering upon his breast was its jewelled insignia, as well as those of the other Turkish Orders, all set with brilliants of the purest water. He wore a large turban of soft white muslin, the outer fold of which was covered with a broad band of gold lace, and as he stood with upraised hands to invoke the blessing of Allah upon Islam and the Caliph, he looked a noble figure. On reaching the edge of the carpet, his supporters had fallen back. The Sultan rose from the Throne to receive him, and as the Sheikh essayed to fall at his feet to kiss the hem of the Caliph’s garment, Abdul Hamid caught him by the arm and lifted him up. The long prayer, with the fervent response of “Ameen” from all present, over, the Sheikh retired, the two Shereefs made their obeisance, and then followed the very picturesque procession of the bearded Ulemas, Doctors of the Law, learned Professors of Koranic Laws, and Judges. They belonged to different Orders of the “Ulema,” each of which had a distinctive colour for the robes of its members, so there was great variety. They looked like a gathering of the patriarchs as portrayed in the “Child’s Illustrated Bible” with their flowing robes of blue, green, black, and grey, and their large turbans bound with white, or green, or black scarves decorated with gold lace. Many also wore decorations of high class. With the

departure of the last of these worthies the Sultan left the Throne-room to receive the felicitations of any Ambassadors who might have been present at the ceremony.

In about half an hour, when all the Sultan's guests had left, as well as all those who had passed the Throne, a second ceremony took place. It was for those members of the Imperial Family who had been invited to attend and the Household. It was, if anything, even longer and more fatiguing than the first, as everyone connected with the Palace came to make their obeisance to their Lord and Master, from the high officials of the Court, commencing with His Highness the " Kislur Agha " (the chief eunuch) to the gardeners and grooms. It was a very interesting sight, however, although I found it rather trying to have to stand at attention all through a long ceremony a second time, as the Aides-de-camp were required to do after having made their bows to the Sultan and obeisance to the Throne. What a great contrast the bearing of Abdul Hamid was to that of his predecessors as he sat upon the Throne of his long line of ancestors ?

I had attended two Bairams of Abdul Aziz at long intervals whilst holding the rank of " Mir-Alai " (Colonel) in the Navy, and on each occasion had noted the haughty look of the proud Eastern Monarch, " Lord of the Four Seas " and Ruler of Islam. He seemed to regard every one with such disdain, taking no notice of anyone who approached the Throne until the entry of the Grand Vizier brought him to his feet. Abdul Hamid, on the contrary, was keenly alive to everything that passed. He scanned the faces of each official as he came forward, frequently acknowledged with a slight inclination of the head and a smile,

the "temenah" (bow) at his feet, and occasionally uttered the customary greeting: "Bairam moubacek olsoum" (A happy Bairam). Munir Pasha, the Grand Master of Ceremonies, who stood with folded arms under the great chandelier, was frequently called up to the Throne and given a gracious message to someone who had just passed, to be delivered at the end of the ceremony. It was a season of presents and rewards, and the Sultan often took the opportunity to bestow a decoration or promotion in rank upon one or other of those who had earned his good-will.

Anyone will therefore understand how eagerly the demeanour of the Sultan was watched, and the speculation as to the nature of the "iksan" (gift) to the favoured official who had just passed, when Munir Pasha had been called up to the Throne. I myself was one day the object of such curiosity and received whispered congratulation on my return to my station, the Sultan having replied to my "bows" with a smile and beckoned to Munir Pasha. It was, however, only to inform me that His Majesty was anxious to hear the communication I had been asked to make to him privately, by a high authority of our Admiralty, and that I would be received as soon as the Bairam festivities were over.

Speaking of the large chandelier, I saw it once swaying away over Munir Pasha's head, its pendants striking against each other and giving out loud clicking sounds. It was due to an earthquake which started just after the Grand Vizier and the Ministers had passed the Throne. I felt a slight tremor under my feet, and with my Japanese and South American experiences

the thought flashed through my brain—"an earthquake." The next second all doubt on the subject was at an end. The swaying of the chandelier, the rolling motion of the floor, the falling of plaster and the breakage of glass, as shock followed shock, showed clearly enough what was happening. Panic had seized some of the officers present, and the falling glass was due to their hurried escape through the windows into the garden. The one person who showed the greatest sang-froid was undoubtedly the Sultan. Said Pasha, the aged Minister of Foreign Affairs, ran forward, with others, and threw himself at the feet of Abdul Hamid, begging him to retire to a position of safety. He waved them indignantly away, and standing up, called to the Aumonier of the Palace, the "Imam" of the Yildiz mosque, to recite the special prayer for Divine protection in peril. I shall never forget how that musical voice rang throughout the vast arena as all present stood in reverential attitude. The prayer over, the Sultan ordered the ceremony to proceed. Both the first and the second parts of the Bairam ceremony were carried out as fully as on other occasions, whilst from time to time a fresh shock came to remind us that all was not yet over. Fortunately the centre of the disturbance was far away, somewhere down the Marmora, and comparatively little damage was done in Constantinople, though some of the Marmora villages suffered a good deal. The diplomatic visitors, however, had a good fright, as up in the gallery the building seemed to be rocking upon its foundations, and there was a *sauve qui peut* as some of the plaster fell from the ceiling. One of the ladies, Madame Pansa, the wife of the Italian Ambassador, nearly fainted as she thought

of her unprotected little family in Pera, and shrieked: "My children! My children!"

There is a very good story in connection with one Bairam of Abdul Hamid which I must relate although it tells against myself. I have already mentioned the great interest I found in attending the Selamliks after I had become a member of the personal staff of the Sultan. One Friday morning I went up rather early to Yildiz and found in the waiting-room on the terrace, to which visitors with recommendations from their Ambassadors were admitted, a bevy of very pretty young American girls already gathered there. They were travelling under the escort of a lady of more mature age, and evidently enjoying themselves immensely, chattering away together like a lot of young jays. Seeing, we will say, a good-humoured looking Turk wearing sundry glittering stars enter the room, they gazed at him with wondering eyes.

The spirit of mischief entered my soul. With a smile I said "Goot mornin', young leddies. I zee you have kom to see zee Selamlík. I hope all well."—"Yes! Yes! Do you speak English?"—"Oh yez, I spik zee Ingliz some." "Have you been to America?"—"Oh yes, a few." "Do you know Noo York?"—"Oh no, it is de udder side Amurca I bin to."

"Then came the question from one of them: "Are you a Turk?"—"Why, what you take me for?" I replied. "Oh, but you have blue eyes."—"Well, why not? Plenty Turk got blue eyes." By this time they were all round me eagerly plying questions. "Have you got a harem?" from one on the left. Turning with a look of great amazement to the speaker: "How



could I be Pasha and not have hareem? Of course I got hareem." A voice from the other side, "How many wives have you got?"—"Let me see—zere is Ayesha-Safy-Gul, Hassanah, Ferida, Shereffa Nazlee, Leilla, Nazimeh, Nadjujeh Halideh, and so many udders, I can't remember all zee names, but I suppose der is about thirty."—"Oh my!" exclaimed several of my fair questioners as their eyes grew as large as saucers at the contemplation of my thirty wives. With the sweetest smile I could bring to bear upon them, I said: "But I have plenty room for few more, would any of you young leddies like to join my hareem?" Yes, they thought they would. Would I choose those I wanted. Oh no, I couldn't do zat. They were all soo bootiful zay must select zemselves. No, they answered, I must do it myself. Then, opening my arms, I said: "I will take ze lot. Don't forget—to-morrow I send my black men wiz ze carriages to bring you to my hareem on the Bosphorus."

Then they asked me all sorts of questions about my wives, some rather indiscreet. They thought that they were having great fun. I had told the Turkish Aide-de-camp in attendance not to give me away; and as one or two could speak a little French, a language he knew well enough, I introduced him, and they plied him with questions also. So that they should have a good time, I pointed out all the great personages—Ghazi Osman and the other great Marshals, the Princes and the various Ambassadors—who were attending that day in order to have audiences subsequently with the Sultan. I was with them again whilst the Sultan remained in the mosque, I kept up my broken English the whole time, and I flatter myself that they left under the

impression that they had made the acquaintance of a jolly, old amiable Turk. A happy thought had come to me just as I was wishing them good-bye after the ceremony was over.

The following day was the "Courban Bairam," for which there is always a fixed date, so I said, "Now, you young leddees, you get up ver early to-morrow morning and make your dragoman take you down to zee Gate of Dolma-Bagtche Palace, and you will see a very much more fine procesh. It is zee Bairam, and the Sultan he go to zat Palace to hold big Selamlik." We parted, and I never gave them another thought. I spent the Bairam day in paying customary visits, going back to my home at night pretty well tired out. It had not occurred to me to say anything to my wife about the fun I had enjoyed in mystifying these American girls. Therein, of course, I was wrong, and now I invariably wind up this story when I relate it by saying: "Always tell the wife." Everything gets known in the end, and it is as well to be first with your own story, or as some cynical people would say: "Get your own lie in first."

It was about a fortnight or so after this Bairam, and I was sitting at table, when my wife suddenly sprung a mine upon me. She had been up the Bosphorus, paying visits to Therapia, and had returned just before dinner. "Tell me, Henry, who is the little Pasha at the Selamlis who speaks English?"—"The Pasha who speaks English? Why, there are several of them," I answered. "Yes," she said, "but I want to know the one with the 'blue eyes.'" Then it dawned upon me that she was referring to the Selamlik affair I had quite forgotten, and I began to wonder how on earth she had got to hear about the matter,

and what she had been told. "You had better own up," she added. "Own up to what?" I asked, with an air of utter unconsciousness of her meaning. "Oh, it is no use to pretend. You know what I mean. Your flirtation with those American girls." Then I burst out laughing, and told her how it had all happened. Yes, she did know more about it, much more than I knew myself. I found that I was credited with having obtained an invitation for these girls to see the Bairam ceremony in the Palace, and had thereby given very great offence to Mrs. Heep, the wife of the American Consul-General. Two days after the Bairam, several of them had been invited to lunch with Mrs. Heep at Therapia. The conversation naturally turned upon what they had been doing. Well, they had had a real good time. They had seen this, and had seen that and had gone to the Bairam—and in rather sharp tones came the enquiry: "And how did you get there?" Mrs. Heep, it appears, had wanted very much to see this Bairam herself, and had requested the Minister's wife to allow her to accompany her. She had been told, however, by the latter that as she was Consular and not diplomatic, as she must remember, it was impossible to meet her wishes.

Somewhat flurried by the evident anger in the question, timidly came the reply: "They did not know anything more about it than that at the Selamlik the previous day they had met a delightful little Pasha, with blue eyes, who spoke English and had arranged it all for them." This allusion to the colour of my eyes gave me away. Mrs. Heep and her lady friends, putting their heads together, soon spotted me, and of course were

delighted when my wife's visit gave them the opportunity for indulgence in a little gossip at my expense.

The fact is, I had done no more in the matter than introduce the Turkish Aide-de-camp to them. By a curious coincidence, this same Aide-de-camp, Shefik Bey, was the one detailed for service that morning at the gate of Dolma-Bagtche to receive the diplomatic guests. These girls had gone down very early, and for the sake of their *beaux yeux*, he passed them all up into one of the side galleries of the Throne-room, whence of course they saw everything.

stepping into his magnificent barge, left the marble landing-steps. Swan-like in form with its graceful lines, its canopied stern all crimson and gold, and its high peaked "bow" bearing at its apex the large Golden Eagle with outstretched wings, the emblem of Imperial authority, the vessel floated lightly upon the surface of the water—a delight to the eye.

Under the canopy sat the Great Autocrat Abdul Aziz, as I saw him, a proud haughty-looking man with lowered brows, and a sombre expression upon his somewhat dark visage, looking straight before him, not deigning apparently to notice the cheering of the spectators afloat. In front sat an Aide-de-camp, with folded arms and head bent low, that his gaze might not dwell upon the face of Majesty, and on either side was a Chamberlain in a similar attitude of humility. A wide lane of clear water was kept by men-o'-war boats, and with three of the swift Palace caiques in attendance, one on each bow and the other right ahead, the Imperial Barge proceeded on its stately way, propelled by forty oarsmen, all dressed in gold-embroidered jackets over their snowy shirts of filmy silk. Their oars worked in perfect unison, dipping and rising as one single pair. There was no splashing, but as the oars came out of the water, the drops fell from the blades, glistening like diamonds in the bright sunshine. The oarsmen rose and fell to each sweeping stroke, glancing aside as they did so in order that their eyes might not meet those of the dread Padisha. With the crowds lining the foreshore and the many boats and caiques afloat, it was an animated scene and a picture of much beauty.

When Abdul Aziz went to the mosque by land he invariably

rode on horseback, followed by a brilliant suite, and a body-guard of Nobles, selected from the sons of the leading Chiefs of the various races under his sway, all in their native costumes. There were Arabs from the Hedjaz and Mesopotamia, Circassians, Kurds, Cretans, Syrians, Maronites and Druses, Albanians and Greeks. The streets through which he passed were lined with "Nizams" (Infantry) in French uniforms, as the French were still considered the greatest Military nation in Europe, and French officers were the instructors of the Turks. Occasionally the Sultan went to San Sophia or one of the other large mosques in Stamboul, but his favourite place of worship was the mosque at Ortakieui, which stands out upon a jutting point and forms such a striking feature of the shore at the lower part of the Bosphorus. All save the Sultan were on foot, and towering above his cheering subjects with their loud shouts of "Padisha Choke Yasha!" he made an imposing picture of Oriental pride and imperturbability. It was the recognised right of the people to present petitions to their Lord and Master whenever he appeared in public, and an Imperial Chaoush, marching on either side, gathered in these petitions as they were held up to catch the eye of the Sultan as he passed by.

A comic incident occurred one day in which a Britisher figured as a suppliant for redress. He was an old North Country marine engineer, one of the venerable school of "Greasers" as they were called in those days of promotion from the "locomotive" to the engine room of a steamer, and he was Chief Engineer of the Sultan's Yacht. In 1867, and for a number of years afterwards, all the Chief Engineers and subordinates on

board the Turkish ironclads were Britishers, as also those on board the two Imperial yachts. The Engineers of the ferry-boats running on the Bosphorus and to the Islands of the Marmora were Britishers as well, and English was the language of the engine-room. It was, indeed, rather startling to a newcomer unaware of this fact, to hear a burly fat old Turk suddenly bellow down the voice-pipe from the bridge of one of these craft, "Eazy torn ahid!" "Full Spit!" "Stoppa!" "Torn Astarn!" but the commands were obeyed all right.

A few years after my arrival, Turkish engineers who had been sent to England for a little training and others brought up under the engineers in the Dockyard, were coming to the front, and gradually all but the chiefs of the ironclads were superseded by them. The more ambitious amongst the Turks became very jealous of the positions held by Englishmen on board the Imperial yachts, on account of the special advantages connected with such service. Their intrigues were successful at last, and the old North countryman who was named Joseph Arms was given his *congé*. He kept his own counsel, packed up his traps and went ashore carrying off with his belongings, something of great importance connected with the "starting gear" of the engine. He quietly bided his time knowing that it would not be long before something happened. Sure enough it did one day, in hurried orders from the Palace, for the yacht to get ready for sea as soon as possible. Fires were lighted, steam raised, and the Sultan was waiting impatiently to see her move away from her moorings with the High Official he was sending on a special mission to a distant part of the Empire. Half an hour slipped

by and she was still there. The delay increased to an hour, and then came furious enquiries: "Why did she not start? What was the *Ingliz Machinista* doing?" eliciting at last the fact that the "*charkjees*" (engineers) could not move the engines, and that the Englishman had left the ship some weeks before. No one seemed to be able to explain the reason for his departure, but he was hastily sent for and reinstated in his old position, with the remark that his dismissal had been entirely due to a mistake. He soon had everything in order, and went off in charge of the engines as before, and never again did anyone meddle with him. He was under the protection of the Sultan, who had issued an "*Iradeh*" that he was never to be superseded as long as he was willing to remain in the Imperial Service.

Eventually the old man, who was very niggardly in his habits, having saved up a nice little fortune, made up his mind to retire to his native town on the Yorkshire coast. He gave notice, much to the joy of the Turkish engineer waiting to step into his shoes; was paid his salary up to date, and was about to leave Constantinople; when he learnt by chance through one of the underlings of the Pay Department, that by the same "*Iradeh*" which had fixed his permanent position on the yacht, the Sultan had doubled his salary. How far that was true or not I cannot say, but he himself believed it implicitly, and was in a terrible rage at the idea of the large sum of money of which he had been defrauded. Down he went to the Admiralty, and, forcing his way into the Council chamber, d——d the Pashas and cursed them for a set of robbers. "He would have his revenge." "He would let the Sultan know what thieves they were from the Minister



downwards." He talked so much about what he would do, that he was carefully watched, and measures taken at once to circumvent any action on his part which would tend to throw discredit upon the High Officials of the Admiralty.

Nursing his wrath, the next Friday, in a "clean biled shirt" as the Yankee miner says, with a high collar and wearing a long frock-coat and "stove-pipe hat," he was to be seen standing in the front rank of the spectators at Beshiktash, waiting for the Sultan to pass. Little did he know of the watchful eyes upon him, as he felt in the inner pocket of his coat for the fateful document resting therein, his petition in Turkish drawn up for him by one of his quasi friends who probably gave him away. Shouts in the distance of "Padisha Choke Yasha" told him the moment had come. Once again his hand went to his pocket . . . and the next moment, hustled and jostled, he was hurled out of the crowd, a poor dishevelled object with a torn coat and no hat, and needless to say minus the document he had hoped to see placed in the hands of the Sultan. It had been wrenched from his jacket as his coat was torn open.

The same evening he received an intimation that any longer stay in Constantinople might prove very prejudicial to his health. He took the hint and left the next day.

This was during the early part of the reign of Abdul Hamid, when he still rode to the "Selamlik" as his predecessors had done, and never went by water to any mosque. Never again was that graceful barge seen afloat after the passing away of Abdul Aziz, and a unique spectacle was thus lost to all subsequent visitors to Constantinople.

With the fall of that monarch the Selamlık lost much of its attraction, as the procession during the first few years of his successor's reign was a very modest show in comparison with the former great parade of power when the Caliph went to the mosque. There was but one "Selamlık" for the unfortunate Murad, proclaimed Sultan as the legitimate successor to Abdul Aziz, but never invested with the sword of Othman. It was the first Friday of his very short reign, and I saw him pass by as I stood with the cadets of the Naval College to do him homage. He was sitting in a closed carriage, and as I saw him, he looked a care-worn wearied man, glancing nervously from side to side through the open windows. It is all ancient history now, how Murad was set aside as mentally disqualified to reign, and was detained until his death, a close prisoner in the Palace of Tcheregan.

As soon as Abdul Hamid was firmly fixed upon the Throne, he revived the glory of the "Selamlık" and made it a magnificent weekly ceremony, which excited the admiration of all visitors who never failed to include it in their programme. From a modest beginning he built up a Court of splendour, in a mixed fashion of East and West, with servitors in crimson and gold, a sort of crude copy of our own Royal livery which he had seen when visiting England with his uncle Abdul Aziz. High Court Officials also were appointed, with functions which served to remind one, of the attendants upon the Byzantine Emperors. Then when he had built the mosque bearing his name near his Palace at Yildiz, he formed the parade ground fronting it by filling up the upper part of the Beshiktash Ravine, and this became the Theatre

for the display of power, authority and riches, which raised high the prestige of the Caliph of Islam throughout the Eastern world.\*

Shortly before eleven o'clock military music would be heard at various parts of the great city as the troops marched on their way to take up their position for the ceremony. From 10,000 to 14,000 men of all branches of the Army, including marines and sailors, were always assembled round and about the purlieu of the Palace and mosque, with little or no disorganisation of the traffic, and no Police Forces clearing the way. The road leading up the hillside and the parade ground were filled to a large extent with the troops waiting for the march past when the service at the mosque was over. Every Turkish officer of Field rank was expected to attend the "Selamlik" at least once a month, and those who did so assembled in the courtyard of the mosque, to form in line in semi-circles from the gateway to the marble steps of the entry, where the Sultan always stood for a few minutes to return the salutes of his officers, with a benignant smile. As one of his Aide-de-camp Generals, I stood with the Chamberlains and the special body-guard of "tufenkjees" (riflemen), magnificent fellows all over six feet in height, near the gateway of the private portion of the Palace. Then at a cry from the doorkeepers we executed a manœuvre that strangely traverses all Western ideas of the courtesy due to high-placed members of the other sex. As the great doors flew open to allow to pass the Imperial ladies, whose privilege it was to attend the ceremony, we gravely turned our backs upon them, till the

\* The Turkish Government abolished the Caliphate in March, 1924.

carriages had gone by. On entering the courtyard they were placed in line, and the horses unshackled and taken away, the ladies remaining in their carriages with their sable attendants on guard at the doors. The Sultan came in his State landau, usually with his youngest son, Bunar-ed-din Effendi, by his side, and until his death Ghazi Osman Pasha, the hero of Plevna, Marshal of the Palace, sitting on the front seat. The body-guard closed in upon the carriage, we following behind. Then, as it emerged from the gateway of the Palace grounds, the Heralds there assembled proclaimed the titles of the Sultan, the soldiers cheered as they presented arms, the Military bands struck up the “Hamidieh March,” and the long line of waiting Aide-de-camps fell in behind us. Passing on together we formed a brilliant escort, rich in colouring with our various uniforms adorned with the trappings of our rank and position, the gold lace and bullion of the epaulettes and the Stars of the Turkish Orders all glittering in the sunshine. As the Imperial cortège reached the entrance to the mosque courtyard, from the top of the minaret came the musical voice of the Sultan’s Imam in words of grave admonition to the great Monarch, Ruler over so many races. “Let not thine heart be eaten up with pride, but remember that for all the Honour and Glory by which thou art surrounded, and all the Power and Authority in thy hands, there is One Greater than thee, Allah the One and only God.”

The Sultan always left the mosque in semi-state, driving away in a small phaeton drawn by a pair of white cobs which he handled himself. White was his favourite colour, and all

Europe was once ransacked for a pair of high-stepping carriage horses of that colour by the agents of a big financier anxious to please him. The quest, however, was unsuccessful. After his return to the Palace, there was often a "Défilé," or march past of the troops under the eyes of the Sultan, who loved to show off his fighting men to Foreign Potentates, Princes, and Military and Naval Officers of high rank, paying friendly or official visits. It was a fine spectacle, and the physique and general appearance of the men never failed to excite the admiration of the Sultan's guests, though I have heard at times some adverse criticism upon the equipment of the cavalry horses and men. The passing of the Lancer Regiments was always quite a fine, if a somewhat theatrical show. Coming down the hill from the Palace at a hand gallop, they saluted with lowered weapons as they passed the window where the Sultan stood gazing at them, and then turning sharply to the left, passed out of sight under the containing wall of the mosque courtyard.

It was at one of these "Selamliks," that the attempt was made upon the life of Abdul Hamid. It was the culminating action of a plot which had been long in preparation, and in which, as was afterwards discovered, the hands of Internationalist Anarchists had been assisting their Armenian brethren. A large bomb had been prepared, fitted with clockwork machinery which could bring about the explosion of its contents at any desired moment after it had been started in motion. The dynamite charge for it had been smuggled into the country in small quantities and carefully stored in safe hiding, until a sufficient quantity had been received. A carriage with rubber-tyred wheels had

been procured, to carry the bomb in its charged condition to the scene of action, so as to eliminate all danger of disarrangement to the apparatus through excessive jolting on the way. The conspirators had studied the "terrain" well beforehand. The Sultan entering the courtyard of the mosque passed under the clock tower which stands in the corner near the gateway, and the plan was to fire the bomb just as he came abreast of the tower on his return journey. For this purpose the carriage was to be placed on the other side of the tower, as near as possible to it, and where, besides being out of view from the mosque, its presence would excite no suspicion as it would be there as one of many others. I have spoken of the occasional "Quasi-Reviews" at the Selamlik. Whenever these were to take place, the troops all kept their positions until the Sultan had reached the Palace; but when, however, there was to be no such display, they all marched away at an order from the Marshal, Military Master of the Ceremonies, before the Sultan reappeared from the mosque. This left the parade ground entirely clear for the carriages of the officers and visitors to enter and move freely about upon it. All these features of the Selamlik had been well studied, and the interval also between the Sultan's reappearance, to step into his phaeton, and his passage through the gateway was timed on several occasions. It is easy to explain the intentions of the conspirators, and their failure to affect their purpose.

The Sultan's person was very much exposed during his drive to the mosque, short as it was, as he was in an open carriage, and had to pass under a terrace crowded with foreign visitors,

admitted upon the presentation of cards from their Embassy or Legation as the case might be. There was not very much control exercised over the distribution of these cards; they were easily procurable at most of the Embassies upon payment of a small contribution to the poor box of its Colony, and it was popularly believed that in the case of the less important Legations, it helped to pay the expenses of the Kavasses. Visitors were, however, closely watched; this was probably the reason why no attempt was ever made from the terrace, and the other plan adopted to offer every chance to the operator to escape with his life. It was a lovely day in summer, and this "Selamlik" had been selected, as there were to be no foreigners of distinction at the ceremony, and it was known that there would be no march past of the troops. There were, however, quite a number of ordinary tourists. I was standing not very far from the Sultan, and can vouch for the great sang-froid and courage he displayed, when suddenly a sharp crackling sound rent the air, similar to that of a simultaneous discharge of a thousand rifles, and I felt a compression upon the upper part of my body on each side, as if I were being clasped above the waist by giant hands. I saw men coming out of the mosque with blood-stained hands and faces, and my first idea was that a hand bomb had been thrown at the Sultan which had missed its mark and subsequently exploded.

But glancing towards the parade ground upon which I saw his eyes were fixed, I perceived what looked like a portion of a battlefield that had been swept by artillery fire. Dead horses, and debris of carriages were scattered over a great part of its

extent, with the bodies of several of the unfortunate drivers, lying on the ground amongst them. Within the courtyard, a few feet behind me, and away to the left, was a sailor- "Chaoush" (sergeant) still clasping an officer's great-coat, and lying stretched on the ground with the top of his skull missing. I thought at first he was my own "orderly," who was generally in waiting close at hand to throw my coat over me.

Immediately after the explosion, a squad of cavalry dashed into the enclosure with drawn swords, but the Sultan waved his hand for them to return. Deafening cheers of "Padisha Choke Yasha" arose on all sides, as soon as it was seen that the Sultan was safe and uninjured. Abdul Hamid remained for a few moments to give instructions to the Military Chiefs around him, and then, stepping into his carriage drove off, with features set in an expression of the utmost calm. One lady amongst the spectators on the terrace was slightly wounded, and several of the other spectators were struck with fragments of horse-flesh. A leg from one of the poor beasts was projected as far as the upper end of the terrace, and just under the windows of the "kiosk" in which were placed the Heads of Missions, with their accompanying guests, and all visitors of distinction who might have been specially invited. At the side of this Pavilion facing the clock tower, the windows had many of their glass panes broken by the concussion, while the front of the mosque at the upper part was riddled with holes, and the glass of its windows broken. It was this broken glass which, falling upon the heads of the men in the mosque, had caused the blood-stained faces I had seen. The damage to the mosque extended from end to



end of its façade, save where it was screened by the body of the clock tower. It was to this clock tower on which the conspirators, in their plan, had so relied to effect in part, if not wholly, the destruction of the Sultan, that he owed his safety. It did not fall under the rending shock of the explosion as was expected, probably because of the deterioration of the explosive from overkeeping, but protected his body from the missiles which would otherwise have reached him as they did others in the courtyard.

At the other end of the façade, there is another entry precisely the same as the one by which the Sultan reached his special apartment in the mosque. It is for the Princes of the Family of the reigning Sultan, and just as the explosion took place, the Intendant of the Princes had stepped out from the small platform at the top of the steps to call up the carriages, and was standing in a precisely similar position to the Sultan. He received a ball in his head and fell dead. A second body, that of a Palace servant, was also lying near the railing at the end of the courtyard facing the parade ground. A further circumstance which no doubt had much to do with the saving of the Padisha's life was the pause he made on the steps before getting into his carriage to drive off. It was just a trifle longer than usual as he had called up the Turkish Master of the Stables to say something to him about a new pair of horses for the phaeton. This, of course, threw out the calculation for the setting of the machinery. It had been started by the driver who had got his carriage up in the corner all right, and had then decamped. Had the charge, however, been at its full strength, it must have brought down a part

of the clock tower if not the whole of it. I attribute my escape and that of the other foreign Aide-de-camps with me who were not covered by the clock tower to our being just outside the zone of the explosion so that all the missiles passed over our heads into the façade of the mosque above us. Its lower edge was in line with the Intendant of the Princes, whilst the other two victims in the courtyard were more fully in its sphere, especially the one near the railing. There would doubtless have been more victims, but as the Sultan was not leaving in State, all officers and officials attending the ceremony had taken their departure, save the few personal attendants amongst whom were his foreign “ General Adjutants.”

After waiting to join in the congratulatory messages sent to the Sultan by the Chamberlain-in-Waiting, I returned to Therapia, and was the first to carry the news to the Ambassador, as the Telegraph Service had been temporarily stopped. The affair naturally caused great excitement, and many Armenians fell under suspicion. Special Commissions of Investigation were formed, and the facts above related about the nature of the bomb and its preparation were clearly established. A piece of broken india-rubber tyre proved a clue, which, followed up, led to the discovery that the carriage had been bought in Vienna, through the agency of persons connected with Belgian Anarchists and Americanised Armenians.

The real authors of this plot, as far as I could make out from watching the proceedings at the time, or could afterwards learn, were never punished. A Belgian Anarchist was arrested and imprisoned for some months, as was also an Armenian American

subject, but they never could be brought to trial on account of the disputed question of jurisdiction. Turkish pride would not allow them to be handed over to the courts of the diplomatic representatives of the countries to which the prisoners claimed allegiance, and neither the American Ambassador nor the Belgian Minister could waive any of the rights of Foreigners under the Capitulations. The matter was bandied backwards and forwards between the "Elchees" (Envoys) and the *Porte* for weeks and weeks, much to the annoyance of the former. It was understood that the guilt of the prisoners was clearly established by the evidence, and both Ambassador and Minister would have been only too pleased if summary justice had been executed. Though pressing for the arraignment of these prisoners, before their Consular Tribunals they knew, especially the Belgian Minister, the hostile feelings that would be thereby aroused against them in Socialistic circles.

"Why doesn't that Sultan of yours hang those fellows and have done with it?" said one of them to me in talking over the matter. "Because of the price he would probably have to pay for it afterwards," was my answer. In the end the matter was settled by the release and deportation of the two men, and they left Constantinople with money in their pockets provided by the Sultan so that they should not be landed penniless.

One more "Selamlik" I must describe, in a way the most memorable one. It was the very last of the reign of Abdul Hamid, and the first with any popular brilliancy about it. Mahmoud Shevket was at San Stefano with his few thousand regular "Nizams" and his "tag-rag and bob-tail" Auxiliaries—

Albanians, Greeks, and Jews—all well armed however, and, it must be said of them, under perfect discipline, as was seen after their entry into the city. Rumour had swollen the amount of his army to many thousands, and an advance upon the Capital by way of the Sweet Waters was expected to commence at any moment. The Sultan, who always trusted more to diplomacy than force, had sent several messengers to treat with Mahmoud Shevket, but up to the time when I reached the Palace that Friday no progress had been made with the negotiations. I had gone to see Sir Gerard Lowther in the morning to ask his opinion as to my going to the "Selamlık." I told the Ambassador that I thought of going as usual if he had no objection to my doing so, and his diplomatic reply was: "It will be very interesting." I left, saying that I would call in at the Embassy again on my return and let him know what had taken place. It was a dull grey day, but when I got to the Palace I found the moral atmosphere still more depressing than the weather.

I sat in the room of the second Chamberlain with a few others; two Circassian officers, brothers of Sultanas, and a couple of secretaries. An air of gloom pervaded the whole room, no one spoke after the word of welcome, "Boyoroun." All sat in silence with minds full of ominous thoughts as to what might shortly be taking place. It was as if a dense black cloud had descended upon Yildiz and enveloped everything in darkness. Then suddenly came a break and chattering voices were heard in the passage. The door opened, and with a radiant face, all smiles, an Aide-de-camp entered, bringing with what at the moment was thought to be the very best of news, a telegram

from Mahmoud Shevket. He meant no interference with the Imperial Throne, it said. He was in arms against none but the mutinous soldiers, who had attacked the Parliament, and his only aim was the punishment of the authors of the outrage. The effect of this telegram was like the rending of dark clouds by great bursts of sunshine. It was magical. Gloomy looks disappeared, and smiling faces alone were seen. The Sultan sent a message in reply, stating that he shared the same desire. Aide-de-camps and "Chaoushes" rushed about, and everything was made ready for the Sultan's procession to the mosque. About 8,000 men were under arms, and there was quite a sea of fezzes wherever there was standing-room behind the soldiers, so numerous were the native spectators, whose shouts of welcome were loud and prolonged. They continued cheering long after the "Padisha Choke Yashas" of the soldiers had ceased, and again and again Abdul Hamid had to appear at the window to acknowledge the salutes. Before the troops near the Palace were marched away, an "Imam" (a priest) stepped into the roadway between the serried ranks and harangued them. He exhorted them to be faithful to the "Caliph," the Defender of Islam, and wound up with a long appeal to Allah in his favour, in which all joined in one long fervent Amen. It seemed to me clear enough that whatever might be the feeling of the Reformers towards the Sultan, he was very popular with the more humble classes of his subjects, the mass of the people of Constantinople. To me, accepting as the others had done this telegram from Mahmoud Shevket at its face value, the Padisha's power and authority appeared to be stronger than ever, as I told Sir Gerard

✓Lowther when I gave him an account of what had taken place. Little did either of us think at that moment that the following day would see the Troops of the Parliament in possession of Constantinople, and the power of the Sultan shattered for ever.

## CHAPTER XX

## TURKISH STATESMEN OF THE PAST

FUAD and Ali Pashas, the great statesmen of Abdul Medjid and his successor, have already been described, as has also Nedim, the defaulting Grand Vizier.

Achmet Tefyk, whose name has already been mentioned in connection with the first Parliament in Turkey, was subsequently a Grand Vizier, and also for several years the Governor-General of Broussa. He was a Reformer in a way and was all for progress, but his idea was that Turkish progress should be more on Oriental than on Western lines, and he did not approve of the adoption of European fashions in dress and manners. He did not favour the emancipation of women at all, and though he wished to see them better educated, he did not want them to move outside the ordinary sphere of female life. In his own household he allowed no innovations in the way of dress, and all his women-folk were compelled to wear the shapeless, soft, yellow morocco leather boots and the loose-fitting robes and garments of past centuries.

He had an idea that the stage could be utilised for educational purposes, and had several Shakespearean plays performed in Turkish when he first went to Broussa. He liked all his officials

to attend these performances, and when he found that the "Mouhassebedji" (Accountant-General) made a point of going for a drive instead, he sent a gang of workmen round to the offender's house one night to wall up the gateway. He lived a retired life at Rumeli Hissar after his return from Broussa, writing upon philosophical subjects and adding to his library. His son was Shefik Bey, the enterprising Aide-de-camp who admitted the young American girls to see the Bairam ceremony, as related elsewhere.

Kuchuk (small) Said Pasha, as he was called, to distinguish him from the many other Saids, was the Grand Vizier who enjoyed the longest terms of office. He had held the office of "Ser-Kiatib" (Chief Secretary) to Abdul Hamid, and well knew the Sultan's mind and character, and he played upon it to some purpose. A short man, with a very large head, and long, shaggy, bushy beard and whiskers, he looked a very droll figure; but no one who looked into his piercing eyes could doubt his intelligence. He commenced his career originally as a young writer on the staff of the first foreign newspaper published in Constantinople, *La Turquie*, and he ended it as a discredited Grand Vizier, saved by Sir Philip Currie from exile. He had taken refuge in the British Embassy, after having allowed himself to be made use of by Currie as a tool to, bring pressure to bear upon Abdul Hamid.

Halil Rifaat Pasha was an ignorant old fellow who knew no other language but his own and was merely a puppet, and had neither the education nor suavity of manner of most of the high Turkish officials. He is chiefly remembered, I should say, as the



seller of "Mining Concessions" obtained from the Sultan, and as the father of a notorious blackmailer. This was Djavad Bey, who was shot on the bridge of Galata by an Albanian officer as he was going on board the ferry-boat for Prinkipo. I was close at hand, heard the report of the revolver, and saw him die. His death was due to a "vendetta" declared to avenge the death of an Albanian Aide-de-camp of Abdul Hamid.

Mr. Chamberlain was quite right when he said to me that he had met no Turkish statesmen in Constantinople, though he had seen and spoken to several high officials, since Kyamil Pasha was not there at the time of his visit. The Hamidian *régime* did not breed them. Unfortunately, it emasculated the general administration by depriving officials of all initiative and creating fear of responsibility. The only Grand Viziers of the reign of Abdul Hamid to whom I would accord the title of Statesmen are the late Kyamil Pasha, Kuchuk Said and Tewfyk Pasha, who was for several years Ambassador in London. Kyamil Pasha spoke English perfectly. He was a diplomatist of the old school of Turkey and a staunch advocate of the maintenance of friendly relations with England. He did his best in that direction, but there were evil influences always at work against him at Yildiz, and he never remained long in office at Constantinople. He was a native of Cyprus, a tall fine-looking person with features of Phœnician type, most dignified and courteous in bearing, and was highly esteemed by both foreigners and Turks. He was of very advanced age when called upon to assume the Grand Vizierate for the last time. His intellect was as keen as ever, but occasionally he became physically very wearied. Kyamil Pasha

was strongly supported by the Ambassador, the late Sir Gerard Lowther, but the decision of Sir Edward, now Lord Grey, in the Arbitration question regarding the islands of Mytilene and Scio, cut the ground from under his feet. The Turks had been so confident that the decision would be in their favour that it was a great blow to them when Greece received our sanction to its annexation of those islands. The esteem in which Kyamil was held, in all probability, preserved him from meeting the fate of Nazim Pasha when Enver, with his gang, attacked the "Cabinet," but after his summary dismissal from office, he went to Egypt for a time, and then retired to Cyprus, where he died peacefully.

Tewfyk Pasha was an excellent Ambassador, *persona grata* wherever he was sent. Like Kyamil, he was a cultured polished gentleman. He married, when serving at the Embassy in Vienna, an Austrian lady, who led a quiet, retired and happy life.

Although the Hamidian *régime* bred no statesmen, it created sycophants who were able to exercise much influence upon the direction of affairs. Izzet Pasha was of Syrian origin and a clever, quick-witted fellow with all the capacity for subtle intrigue possessed by both Moslem and Christian inhabitants of Northern Syria. Brought to the Palace by one of its high officials to meet the request of Abdul Hamid for a clever Turkish writer, who knew also foreign languages, it was not long before Izzet Bey passed beyond his patron and became a confidential secretary, entrusted with all sorts of work. His plan had been to discredit all who stood in his way by insinuations against the honesty of their opinions and their fidelity. This he could easily do, as it was the habit of the Sultan, after hearing the views of one

of his favoured entourage, to seek those of another immediately after. It was not easy for Izzet to get the Sultan to take any initiative action, but he could generally manage to get him to negative what anyone else wished him to do. Without Izzet's co-operation not much that required the Imperial consent could be carried through, and he waxed very rich over it. It interested me very much to watch all the intriguing going on, and see his influence wax and wane. I saw Izzet grow in pride and assume more and more airs of importance, until he rivalled the First Secretary in power and authority at the Palace. He was at the top of the wheel, and then came a sudden jerk, and down he went.

Greece had been "getting on her hind legs," and her public men were talking bombastically. The military Turks were all hoping for an opportunity to teach her a lesson, but Abdul Hamid wanted no war, since he thought of the European complications which might follow. Izzet knew this, and, in accordance with his policy, led the Sultan to believe that the Greeks were only vapouring with the object of getting the Great Powers to squeeze something more out of Turkey for them. But the Greeks kicked over the traces and the war took place. So Izzet was discredited, and for a time remained under a cloud. Then he emerged, riding back into Imperial favour by the clever scheme evolved for the construction of the "Hedjaz Railway." It was a wonderful undertaking, carried out without any foreign capital or anything being added to the internal debt of the Empire. It forged in the "Caliphate chain" a solid link which was only broken by the entry of Turkey into the great war.

When the Revolution took place, Izzet would have fared very badly had he fallen into the hands of the "Young Turks," but he escaped from Yildiz with the aid of a young Englishman. This friend drove him down to the shore, Izzet wearing a tall hat and an English-cut suit of clothes, and took him off to a vessel under the British flag, which had been chartered to convey him with some of his harem to Marseilles. He was a very astute individual, and had most of his money banked and invested in England. He was, indeed, wealthy enough to be able subsequently to purchase immunity from those in power at Constantinople.

Raghib Pasha was another powerful member of the Imperial entourage. A native of the Island of Negroponte, he was of Greek origin, belonging to one of the very few Moslem families who had remained thereon after the formation of the Hellenic Kingdom. Whilst Izzet was a "free-lance," Raghib was always regarded as tied to the Germans, as Munir Jellalodin Pasha was to the French, and a certain Riza Pasha to the Russians.

## CHAPTER XXI

## VISITORS TO TURKEY I HAVE MET

BESIDES Mr. Chamberlain and "Tommy Bowles," several other Members of Parliament came to Constantinople with the avowed object of seeing for themselves the real condition of affairs in Turkey. I came in contact with most of them, and it seemed to me that they came really, not so much to get to the truth of matters, as to gather information which would support their own preconceived ideas. Seldom did I meet one of them prepared to study the question of unrest in Turkey with an unprejudiced mind; they all saw things through the colours of the glasses presented to their mental optics by those of their own way of thinking in politics. They got, of course, what they wanted.

Mr. Shaw-Lefevre was one of these visitors. He had been paying a visit to Bulgaria with his friend, Frederick Harrison, the leader of the Comtist Society, and they had come away deeply impressed with the progress which had been made in education. "Why don't you get Shaw-Lefevre to see something of what has been done in that respect by the Sultan," was the hint I received from the wise old diplomat then at the British Embassy. I took it, and at the "Selamlık" the following day, they received

marked attention. After the ceremony they were invited to visit the Imperial Park and Stables, and an official of the Ministry of Instruction was directed to show them over any of the schools they wished to see. Two days after a dinner was given in Shaw-Lefevre's honour at the Palace, and after the repast he was received in private audience. By some extraordinary mischance the invitation to Mr. Harrison failed to reach him. Although Mr. Shaw-Lefevre was very pleased at the time, I am afraid he did not regard the event with any great satisfaction afterwards as it gave offence in his constituency, where the Nonconformist conscience was rampant, that the friend of Mr. Gladstone should dine with the Sultan and meet him on such friendly terms. He rather foolishly thought it necessary to write an apologetic letter, in which he apparently sought to lay the blame for his little political sin upon me. It was published in all the papers, and *Punch* took it up and brought out a modest skit upon it—a little sketch representing Shaw-Lefevre and Abdul Hamid hobnobbing together—and a few words accusing the “wily Woods Pasha” of beguiling an innocent little lamb astray from the path of righteousness.

The late Sir Howard Vincent, brother of Sir Edgar, now Lord d'Abernon and British Ambassador in Berlin, was another specimen of the M.P.s who came to Turkey in search of political capital. He was one of the opposite camp, a staunch Conservative, and only wanted to hear what could be said in favour of the Turks. What a “game” it all was! Poor Turkey!—Her chief fault was that she was ever struggling to regain mastery of her own house, and her greatest misfortune was that she served

as such an admirable field for warfare in the Party strife in Home Politics when no objective could be found at the moment for an attack on the Irish question.

Mr. William Stead, the great social reformer, came to Turkey on his round of propaganda visits to the Rulers of Europe. He came, as he told me, to ask of the Sultan, as he had asked of the Emperor of Russia and other Potentates, what message of peace and good-will he had to give the world for the welfare of mankind. I have not the slightest idea what the Sultan would have said in answer, if he and Stead had ever met. I thought it would be a very interesting meeting, and when he came to ask my assistance, I did my best to get him an audience, but he was too impatient; too much in a hurry to wait. He had only allowed himself four days for his visit to Constantinople, and when at the end of the third there was no immediate prospect of seeing the Sultan, he would stay no longer, but left the next day. From what I was told by the Chamberlain who approached the Sultan on the subject, Stead would, had he but remained a few days longer, have had his chance of exposing his views to Abdul Hamid.

Sir Max Waechter was another visitor who came to Constantinople with a self-imposed mission. He also had fathered a noble idea, that of bringing about universal peace amongst the nations, and was, with his views on the subject, in the field before Stead. He had amassed a large fortune in an honourable commercial career, and was spending much money on the propaganda of his ideas. Though born in Germany, he came to England as quite a young man and made it his home, and with

his naturalisation became in heart and soul a faithful subject devoted to the interests of his adopted country. Thoroughly British in his tastes and habits, he married twice into English families, his first wife being the sister of Lord Cave, while after her death he wedded a near relation of my old friend Hobart Pasha, the present very charming and beautiful Lady Max Waechter. Max Waechter exposed his views in very ably-written pamphlets, and cultivated in all European countries the friendship of eminent men whom he thought might be able to assist him in his work. With great foresight he saw that no "Peace Tribunal," such as was set up at the Hague, without a "League of Nations" to support it, would suffice to put an end to the menace of war. The standing menace to his mind existed in the Customs Tariffs which hampered the trade of all nations in one way or another. He recognised, however, the impossibility of abolishing all tariffs, and so advocated a sort of Customs Union which would bind the nations together, and relieve them all from the necessity of maintaining armies for the defence of commercial interests. He came twice to Constantinople in his beautiful yacht, and was received on each occasion by the Sultan; on the first occasion by Abdul Hamid, and on the second by his successor, Mehemed, and Yusuf Izzedin, the Prince Imperial. He was also received by every other Sovereign Ruler save the Czar of Russia, and even the ex-Kaiser, who was then at the apogee of his reign, professed to be much taken with his ideas.

Cecil Rhodes paid one short visit to Constantinople. I saw him on his return, and he was rather pleased with his reception by the Sultan, who, some months afterwards, in response to the



request I presented on his part, sent him from Asia, as he wanted them for his park at Groote Schuur, some fine specimens of the Angora goat, the export of which was very strictly forbidden. I was very much amused, however, when referring to his interview with the Sultan, he said : " You know, I nearly missed it ; I was kept waiting so long. Why, what do you think ? There was a yaller man who was taken in before me—a yaller man, you know, in my country cleans my boots. I very nearly gave it up and came away." This " Yaller Man " was the great Mohammedan Malay Prince, the Maharajah of Johore. I am afraid Rhodes was not a man who possessed much reverence for high rank.

Sarah Bernhardt, who was my companion at the Coronation of King Edward, came twice to Constantinople, and I saw a good deal of her as I was a great admirer of her genius. I had a very unique experience one day in connection with my visits, and anything but a pleasant one at the moment. It passed off well, however, and I shall never allow anyone to say in my presence, without challenging its truth, that the Divine Sarah had a bad temper which she could show with some vigour. One afternoon, when I was calling upon her, she received me in a most handsome and richly-embroidered tea-gown. She had ordered a cup of coffee for me, and we were carrying on a very animated conversation at the time, and both of us were gesticulating a bit—a habit I am afraid one is apt to contract, living in the Eastern part of Europe. Just as she was handing me the cup I inadvertently touched her arm and the contents of the cup went all over her beautiful dress. She never turned a hair. She only smiled and assured me it did not matter in the least, whilst I felt so

ashamed of my gaucherie, I hardly knew what to say or do.

The last time she was at Constantinople I lunched with her and Pierre Loti, Capitain de Vaisseau, and, Member of the "Institute" in France. I had met Captain Viaud (his real name) when he was a young Lieutenant on board the French "Stationnaire." I am a very great admirer of his work, but I am not exactly an admirer of his personality. There was such an air of pose about him, and in his dress and appearance he seemed to have been aiming at a bizarre effect. His somewhat high complexion looked as if cosmetics formed part of the equipment of his dressing-table. Added to this, his costume of a bottle-green lounge coat, dark brown trousers and green silk neck-tie, with its long ends flowing over his shirt-front, made him look very eccentric in my eyes, to say the least of it. But one can forgive him anything in the way of eccentricity for the sake of his genius. I have read all his books, and his "Mariage de Loti," with its description of the South Seas, gave me a veritable nostalgia, as it recalled to me so vividly my own voyaging in the Pacific. There is something of the Oriental in Pierre Loti, especially in his point of view about women. Apparently he denies them the possession of souls and only regards them as the companions of men's pleasure. His Orientalism has shone out very strongly in the later years of his life. He espoused the cause of the Turks most warmly in the Balkan War, and exposed in the Press of his own country the great atrocities committed upon the unoffending Mohammedans of Macedonia in the unholy Christian Crusade, engineered by that wily schemer King Ferdinand. He went to Syria and visited the Bedouins wearing

the Arab dress, and had his portrait painted as an Arab. •Upon my return to Constantinople after the Armistice I went to Broussa for a few days, and when I revisited the "Great Mosque" met a most interesting character in the person of the Chief Imam in charge. Upon learning that I knew Pierre Loti, he was most enthusiastic about him. He somewhat gave me the idea that he rather considered the distinguished author and friend of the Turks as one of the "Faithful." He showed me with pride a place just within the entrance of the mosque where Pierre Loti would sit for hours in quiet contemplation. For all my admiration, however, I cannot understand how he could have made such a mistake about the Japanese as to speak of lovely Japan as the "Pays des Singes" (the Land of Monkeys).

Amongst other celebrities who visited Constantinople whilst I was still one of the ornamental officers of the Sultan's brilliant Court was the eminent surgeon who performed the operation which saved the life of our revered Sovereign, the late King Edward. Sir Frederick Treves has now but recently passed away himself, to the great sorrow of his many friends, and the loss to the nation of a great man in his profession and a very good one. He came in the last autumn but one of Abdul Hamid's reign as an Absolute Sultan, arriving in the Bosphorus on board a large touring liner with a small party of friends anxious to see the Crimean Cemetery and the Scutari Hospital. It was a Friday, and the prestige of Abdul Hamid having lost but little of its strength either at home or abroad, the "Selamlık" was still a spectacle of great splendour. We met at that ceremony, where I was of use to him in pointing out the various Turkish Dignitaries.

Later in the day he confided to me the great desire of two dear old ladies of his party to see the room occupied by Florence Nightingale when, as the "Lady of the Lamp," she brought order and method into the nursing of our sick and wounded during the Crimean War. He told me in fact that the main object of their tour was to see the room in which *poor dear Florence Nightingale* had spent her time when not at the bedside of some suffering victim of the war. As the ship was making but a very short stay, leaving on the Sunday morning, I promised to take him and his friends over to see the Cemetery and the Hospital the next day. Unfortunately a gale from the southward set in that night and although the wind had blown itself out well before the sun had reached the meridian, the Bosphorus was in one of its worst moods. Big waves were rolling from the Marmora, raising a nasty high cross sea. In addition to this it was raining hard. I naturally thought that none of the party would care to venture afloat in such awful weather, so I went round to the Pera Palace to propose to Treves another programme for the day. My wife would take the ladies to visit a Turkish harem whilst I went with him to inspect one of the most up-to-date Turkish Hospitals. I had not taken into account, however, the obstinacy of women with a fixed idea, and had quite forgotten the old saying "for when she will, she will." They would have nothing to do with my proposal—they had come to visit this special room and were not to be put off—so away we went. I won't say anything about the misery they must have endured. We reached the hospital, and at the sight of my aiguillettes the doors flew open and a stout old "Hakim-Bimbashi" (Surgeon-

Major) made his appearance. I presented Sir Frederick, whose reputation was known to all men in Turkey, and the Hakim made many salaams. I explained that my friends had just come to have a look at the place and particularly wished to be shown the room in which the English lady had lived whilst attending to the English wounded soldiers. To flatter him I spoke in French. "Yes! Yes!" he said, and away he led us, throwing open one door after another for us to take a glance at the various "Wards." As the first door was opened he proudly announced, "Voilà la chambre des Aliénés" (Ward for patients with mental disorders). On we went, and he gravely opened several other doors, but we never seemed to be getting near the room we wanted. I spoke to him in Turkish, endeavouring to make him understand that we had come there really to see one special room only, and that we were in a hurry. I went into the history of the war and of the arrival of the English nurses, and each time he seemed to take in all that I had said, but invariably led us back to that first room, opening the door with the same formula. At last I asked him to tell me the truth whether he knew anything at all about the hospital having once been occupied by British soldiers, who were nursed by English ladies who had come out specially from England to do so. "No," he did not. He knew nothing whatever about it. He was also evidently a one-idea-d person, for the time being. This was to show as much as possible of his hospital to this great "Hakim Djerrar" (Surgical Operator). Feeling desperate at the idea that these poor ladies should have to go back with the desire of their hearts unsatisfied, after all they had gone through with the hope of attaining it, I took him

aside, and said, "For the sake of the Prophet take us away to some room and say, 'Ishtay, Boyoroun' ('Here it is, at your orders')." He did so, and led us back to the same old room. As he opened the door, to prevent all chance of hearing that old formula, "*Voilà la chambre*," etc., I called out, "Here you are, it is all right, the Doctor has been explaining to me. It is now used for the detention of patients who may be temporarily deranged. But he wishes you not to do more than take a peep inside from the doorway for fear of exciting the patients." The Doctor and I stood each on one side of the entrance within the ward, and one after another the members of the party stood between us and allowed their eyes to glance all over the interior. It was a nice, moderate-sized room upon the upper floor, and might well have been the one occupied by Florence Nightingale. I salved my conscience with thoughts of the great delight those two dear old ladies were experiencing with this visit to the spot enhanced with the memories of the nursing divinity they adored, and a good deal of sentimental gushing took place. I also feel sure that as we had gone all over the hospital they must have trodden in her footsteps if they had not actually stood inside her room.

It was a bit of a shock to my nerves, however, when I heard a doubt expressed later on as to the identity of the establishment we had visited with the hospital in which our wounded soldiers from the Crimea were placed. We were, after visiting the graves, signing our names at the time in the Visitors' Book kept in the Lodge of the Cemetery Guardian. It was brought to us by his daughter who, when she heard Sir Frederick speak of the

pleasure it had been to visit Florence Nightingale's Hospital, immediately exclaimed: "Oh, but it wasn't there. I've often heard my father speak of wounded friends he had gone to see in the *Cavalry Barracks*." But I wasn't going to have my apple-cart capsized in that manner. With the pressure of my foot and a meaning glance, I brought her into line at once, as I quickly observed, "Oh, yes, you are quite right, so far that some British soldiers were placed in those barracks, but they were the overflow patients from the real hospital when it became too full with sick as well as wounded men." She made no further attempt to dispute the question, but said that no doubt I was right. Thinking over the matter as we retraced our way to the ferry-boat, I said to myself: "Well, the old Bimbashi Doctor was perhaps not so very far out after all in taking us back so frequently to that particular room, because to expect that after so many years any sentimental souvenirs connected with the Crimean War and wounded British Soldiers would still dwell within the minds of the Turks, one must be a little bit wrong in the upper story." For the sake of my reputation as a really truthful Johnnie I am glad to be able to state that subsequent examination and enquiry proved clearly enough that the room the ladies had seen was actually the one occupied by the revered "Lady of the Lamp."

Sir Frederick Treves told me an anecdote about himself during a visit to Egypt. It was after King Edward's Coronation, and he was the object of marked attention. In recognition of the honours he received he consented to the request made to him to perform an operation. Instead of the usual spotless white

linen gown, the dresser arrayed him in one covered with hieroglyphic characters in red. It had quite a cabalistic appearance, and only the high conical cap was wanting to make him look, as he told me, like some Wizard of the Middle Ages. He rather liked the excitement his appearance caused as he perambulated the wards in a preliminary inspection of the hospital until he learned that these supposed magical signs were Arabic letters describing him as the great Djerrar (Surgeon) who had operated upon the Mighty King of England.

One word more on a famous Navy man I just failed to meet in Turkey. I encountered him in England when travelling from London to Portsmouth to stay with my old friend Admiral Sir Edward Commerell, who was then "Commander-in-Chief" at that port (1888-91), and who, to everyone's great regret, passed away in 1901. Sitting opposite to me in a third-class carriage was a man whom, from his packages and methodical ways, I took to be a commercial traveller, and as I like casual conversations I soon commenced operations. "I see, sir," I began, "you are an experienced traveller." "Oh, yes," he answered, "I travel a great deal." "Naturally," I thought. "I suppose, sir, you have travelled a great deal in England, and know the old country very well," I continued. "Well, yes, I may say I do, but I have travelled on the Continent as well. I know something of France, Italy and Austria." "Of course, of course," I mentally ejaculated, "you are a traveller for some big House in the wholesale line, but I haven't got the 'Goods' yet." Then I asked, "Have you been to Turkey at all?" "Oh, yes, I have been there too." "Then, sir, of course you know Constantinople, and some of



the British residents there ? ” “ Oh, there, my good fellow, you have me ; I never got as far as Constantinople—not nearer than the Dardanelles. I was at Besika Bay when the Fleet was lying there before the Turco-Russian War.” “ Now, my friend,” I thought, “ you have at last given yourself away, and I can place you. You were a Captain or a ‘ Wardroom Steward.’ You are in the tinned provision line and, with your old naval connections and knowledge of the requirements of ship’s crews, you went out to the Fleet to tout for orders.” “ But, sir,” he added, “ I have been much farther east than Turkey ; I have been to Japan, many years ago though.” At this I pricked up my ears and asked, “ What year was it in ? ” “ 1863,” was the answer. “ I can see that you are an old Navy man,” I remarked, “ and strange to say I also was in Japan in 1863 at Yokohama.”

He stared at me for a few moments, and then quickly said, “ Well, I am Admiral Moresby.” “ Then you were First Lieutenant of the *Argus* when I was second master of the old *Kestrel* with Jack Dunlop in command, and I am Woods Pasha, Admiral in the Turkish Navy ”—and with a good laugh we commenced about old times and mutual acquaintances a long cheery yarn, which lasted until we reached Chichester—his destination. There was his carriage waiting outside the station, and he cordially asked me to pay him a visit.

But I did not let him into my speculations regarding his personal status.

**CHAPTER XXII****SIDELIGHTS ON PERA LIFE**

GOLF is a plant of hardy growth. It will take root even upon the most unpromising ground, as anyone would say who had watched its development in Constantinople. I cannot recollect exactly the year when the Ancient and Royal game was first started in the city, but it was brought out by a youngster, Ernest Thompson, the son of a Scotch merchant, who had sent him to school at St. Andrews. He made a few converts, and for some years the game had a fitful existence. But it was a difficult thing to keep going when there was nothing in the way of "Links" but some grazing ground upon the hills outside Pera, on the northern side of the Golden Horn, with flocks of sheep moving about under the care of fierce Albanian shepherds and their savage dogs, and it was impossible to enclose any parts of it for a decent "green." I doubt whether golf was ever played under such difficulties as at Constantinople before the Great War. It was cheap enough, as there was no club-house to keep up or rent to pay for the use of land, and only one groundsman was employed, whose work was merely to walk round in the early morning during the season, to cut fresh holes on the so-called "greens" and give them a bit of a roll. Putting became

a very fine art indeed, requiring much study of the hole, and the few feet of quasi-level space around it, before making use of the "putter." We tried to preserve the holes for some time by fitting them with empty marmalade and jam tins, but they were saleable articles, in a place with a large and poor Jewish population, which collected everything which could in any way be turned into money. A curious industry followed by some of them, brought in much money, until one of the reform edicts of the "Union and Progress Party," when it came into power, abruptly terminated it—it was the collection of the excrement of the dogs in Constantinople. It gave occupation to many poor Jews, who were seen at all times with a big basket slung upon their backs as they walked along with a pair of tongs in their hand picking up their street harvest. Dessicated by the action of the sun, in its powdered form it was placed in bags, and, labelled "pure," sold for use in the preparation of the soft leather employed in the making of ladies' gloves. When all the poor wretched dogs were collected and shipped off to die upon that lonely islet, Oxia, in the Sea of Marmora, this Jewish occupation naturally came to an end.

The so-called "Links" were marked off upon what had been the old archery ground of the Sultans when the Turks were noted for their skill with the bow. Many are the commemorative pillars standing scattered about, marking the distances attained by wondrous flights of arrows from the "bows" of bygone Sultans. No artificial bunkers are there. Neither bunkers nor "hazards" were wanted where so many natural ones existed in the shape of ravines, gullies, and a rough road over a clay

soil, full of hoof-marks baked in the sun. Then there were the several temporary "bunkers," more or less in movement, the grazing flocks, already mentioned, the "cricket" and football matches in progress, and groups of Turkish ladies squatting about sunning themselves. There was no waiting for people to get out of the way. The "*Top Gelyour*" ("the ball is coming"), stentoriously shouted before the "stroke" was made, was considered warning enough. The stroke was delivered and away went the ball. If anyone was struck, no one worried about it. I would not look at the game for many years. I could see nothing in it, my ideas on the subject being still confined to those enunciated in *Punch's* definition of the game. "An old gentleman trundling a small ball into a large hole." Not until I was past sixty years of age did I give way in my prejudice against the game.

I gave way at the solicitation of an old friend, a regular golf maniac, who had been at me for years vainly endeavouring to get me to take up the game. He won me over at last by his assurances that it was the finest medicine for old age, and that I had just arrived at the right age to commence. I never became a golfer, and never said that I played golf in answer to any question on the subject, but that I played *at* golf. So I did, and became exceedingly fond of it. It did me a world of good morally and physically. Morally, as it cured me of a rather bad habit I possessed of interlarding my language when angry with "swear words." I started with a very fine vocabulary, as I had been brought up in a swearing Navy, and on board my first sea-going vessel everyone d——d the eyes, etc., of everyone else below him,

from the Boss to the "ordinary seaman" who cussed "the boys." I foozled, however, so much when I commenced that my vocabulary was soon exhausted and I had to reinforce it with some choice foreign additions picked up in my voyages abroad. I used these until they were worn out, and then as I couldn't give up the game I thought I would give up the swearing. The result was an improvement in my play, and there was an end to my explosive language. Unfortunately, however, it was too late to save my reputation. Our Embassy Padre, a keen golfer, whose "tut!" "tut!" "tut!" "tut!" with emphasis increasing in weight and strength at each utterance when he made a bad shot, and repeated his "foozle," was as eloquent in its way as anything I could say myself, was one day "tut-tut-tutting!" more than usual, when his Turkish caddie, thinking to give him a lead, as he seemed to be at a loss for words, came out with some very choice old British expletives. Utterly astonished, he quickly cried, "Where did you learn those words?" "Oh, from the Pasha," came the answer, and my character was gone. His talk about the caddie's acquisition of "golf" language gave rise to the chaffing accusation against me, that it was my sulphurous language that had burnt up and destroyed all the grass about the greens.

Years after, when General Liman von Sanders came with his "Mission" to reorganise the Turkish Army after the Revolution which destroyed the absolutism of the Sultan, the Ok-Meidan, as the old archery ground was called, was utilised for "the drilling of recruits." This added a new trouble in the way of "bunkers"—the narrow ditches cut for preliminary

training in trench warfare. Then again, the difficulty of "putting" was much increased by finding a "green" occasionally in the possession of an awkward squad going through "manual exercise" with the rifle. But the Turks are very amenable to friendly appeal, and a polite request to the instructor to move his men aside for a few minutes, always met with success.

As an instance of their really great courtesy I must mention an occasion in which it was shown under the most trying circumstances. It was almost my last appearance on the Ok-Meidan, as it was the end of the season just before the war. A mounted officer was prancing about on his steed gesticulating with his sword as he was giving orders to his men. I was standing near the "tee" ready to drive off; and he looked perilously near the line of fire. I had bellowed out twice "*Top Gelyour*" (the ball is coming) which he evidently did not hear, or understand if he did, as he took no notice. Then for a moment he moved a little aside and I struck at the ball. He was on my left and I thought I could not fail to clear him. I must however have drawn the ball a bit, as to my horror I saw it strike that charger fair upon the rump, for up he bounded into the air, nearly unseating his rider. I stepped forward, and making my "temenhah" (bow), said to him: "Bey Effendi, av edersin" (my Lord Bey, I beg your pardon). "Istaffour Allah!" (God forbid!) was his gracious reply as he returned my salute. God forbid that I should beg his pardon for what, as he understood it, was purely accidental! It was really a most ludicrous sight, the jumping charger, and the rider's struggle to keep his seat and retain his

hold upon his sword, but fortunately I was able to keep back the laughter within me.

Poor, very poor player that I was, yet I once figured in a small illustrated paper called *Golf*. There is my portrait in the most correct attitude at the end of a drive, and underneath is a glowing account of a wonderfully exciting match played between an old Turkish Pasha and a French lady whilst the guns of the advancing Bulgarians were thundering at the gates of Stamboul. The Turks with their fine sporting instincts had sent a battalion of infantry to protect us during our round of the Ok-Meidan, in case of a sudden inrush of the Bulgars, and in proof thereof, at a short distance behind me, they are seen in the photograph, advancing in skirmishing order. The whole account winds up with a vivid description of how the last hole, with the caddie and the ball were swept away by a Bulgar shell just as I had holed out and the lady was about to tie and make all square. It was all a "fake" written by a facetious friend of mine. The photograph itself was genuine enough, and it really shows in the position described a line of skirmishing infantry which had halted at my request to allow us to drive off and get out of their way. It also explains the loss of my ball, which could not be found, and I had thought I had made the drive of my life, until the development of the film revealed the fact that I had not struck the ball at all but with the wind of my stroke had dribbled it into a little bit of thorny scrub close to the tee. There was a lady, too, in the case; she had wanted to play at golf, and my friend had undertaken to give her a few lessons. She joined us on the links that day with a photographing friend, who was to

take some pictures, with which she intended to astonish her people in Paris. As however, in spite of his instructions, she appeared in high-heeled boots, the lesson never came off, but the snapshots were taken.

Golf was revived at Constantinople after the Armistice, but the pure air of the Ok-Meidan was never again polluted by golf language, nor was its silence broken by the "click" of the driver; more's the pity. It was such a lovely spot with beautiful views all round. As I told my friend, the little Scotch Episcopalian parson, Dr. Frew, who came across me as I was just returning from a lovely round one Sunday morning, I found myself always so much nearer to Heaven alone upon the hill-tops than I did in his stuffy little Bethel at the Dutch Legation in the city below.

When the troops came in, the golfing crowd amongst the officers found the "Ok-Meidan" impossible. It had all been ploughed up for cultivation, in imitation, it is said, of what was being done with waste places in London and the Parks. So rough "Links" were started near the Camp at Maslak and gradually worked into shape. Many a good match has been played upon them within the last two years or so, and it is to be hoped that they will be left as a memento of the Army that would have done so much had but the politicians allowed the sailors and soldiers to do what was wanted.

My friend, Dr. Frew, was a notable character. He remained in Turkey throughout the whole of the war, and rendered much good service in the relief work connected with our prisoners of war. He was associated with Dr. Maclean of the British



Hospital in the distribution of clothing and other supplies, and like the latter, falling under suspicion, spent several weary months in exile in Asia Minor although he was much liked by the Turks, and had many friends amongst the men in power.

Another very notable feature now missing is the street dog. He was a very intelligent animal and capable of great affection. Collectively they were quite an institution and a very useful one in the old days before any sort of municipal scavenger work had been started. Constantinople and each great suburb were divided off into districts by its dog dwellers, and their several boundaries were as well known to them as those of a county on an ordnance map to a local land surveyor. All born within a district were free of its liberties, even those favoured doggies, the household pets. The latter were regarded much as the aristocrats were by the lower classes in France and other countries before the Napoleonic era, and it was curious to see how one of them would be fawned upon, whenever it deigned to step down from the threshold of its owner's dwelling.

But woe betide any dog that ventured into another parish. Aristocrat or pariah, the poor animal would be immediately set upon by all the dogs whose territory had been thus invaded, and unless some person, attracted by the noise, came to its rescue with a good stout stick, it would be torn to pieces. I often watched the dogs with interest and noted how the young dogs, which had passed the puppy stage, were kept in order by their seniors. The youngsters were the frontier guards, expected to keep watch for the older dogs. I have looked upon the latter, lying curled

up fast asleep in the sun on a hot day, with the small dogs well outside them much in the same condition. Then, coming up to the frontier, I would see a dog from the next parish cautiously approach and cross the apparently unguarded boundary. One of the small dogs, catching sight of the intruder, would utter a shrill bark, and the others follow suit. His slumbers disturbed by the noise, the old Leader of the Pack, raising his head to cock an ear, might think it only a small quarrel between them and down went his head again. Then a sharper cry, accentuated by pain, as a puppy received a bite, would show him that it was a more serious affair. Up he would jump with a loud growl that brought all the other dogs to their feet. A rush would follow, and then a battle royal take place on the frontier as all the other dogs on the other side of the boundary would fly to the aid of their comrade.

In the house next to my winter residence in Pera was a family with a small son who possessed a little terrier of which he was very fond. The affection was on both sides, and when the youngster went off to school the terrier used to accompany him as far as permitted. One day, however, he ventured a little too far and found himself in enemy territory. He was immediately attacked, but at a growl from their leader, the dogs of his own parish rushed to his assistance, drove off his assailants, and brought him back in triumph to his home.

When I first went to Constantinople the Sedan-chair was the only means by which a lady, dressed for a society function, could get about in the narrow streets. They were comfortable enough unless overweighted, when the "hamals" (porters) might stagger

about and let the vehicle come to the ground with a crash. There was a lady in the "high-life" Society of somewhat ample proportions. She was Mrs. Porter-Brown, wife of the American Consul-General, and one day some passers-by were astonished to see a pair of small white stockinged feet in white satin slippers trotting along the muddy road beneath a Sedan-chair. It was getting over the ground at a pretty fast pace, but as faint sounds of distress were heard, they stopped the "hamals" and the poor lady was released. The seat had given way beneath her, and as her cries to stop produced no effect, she had been compelled to run to keep up with the pace of the "hamals."

Travel from Constantinople into Asia Minor was only occasionally indulged in, but precautions were always essential against Kurdish activities. The Kurds, like the Albanians, are a race of wild mountaineers, who, through many succeeding ages, have maintained a rude sort of independence. They were nominally subjects of the Sultan up to the time of the Great War. Still no "Iradehs" of the Sultan, any more than the edicts of the Kings of Scotland, with the Scottish clans, received recognition from these unruly inhabitants of the mountainous borders of the Turkish Empire, unless conveyed by a strong force of well-armed fighting men. The Kurd is a warrior who prefers surprise attacks to open warfare, and believes in swift retreat if the enemy is found strongly prepared for defence. Plunder and rapine is a pleasant and profitable amusement to him, and woe betide the traveller who ventures amongst the Kurds without the "safe conduct" of the "Lord of the Land," through which he desires to pass.

There was a young Kurd of high descent at Constantinople, of whom we used to see a good deal at one time. He would come to dine and play Bridge, and often told us very interesting tales about his kinsmen. He was very well educated, and spoke both French and English perfectly. He had been in the Turkish Diplomatic Service, and there was all the varnish of polite society about his manner and appearance. Yet behind it all there was in his mentality a strain of the savage instincts that governed the unbridled actions of Chiefs and Headmen in the uncivilised past, whether kings or princes. I shall not readily forget the look of astonishment on the face of a lady to whom he was presented one afternoon when she was informed that he was a Kurd. She had heard so much about the thievish propensities of the Kurds that she could not help asking the question: "Are not your people great robbers?" "Madame," he said, with a bow, "*nous sommes des brigands, si vous voulez, mais pas des voleurs.*" (We are brigands, if you like, but we are not thieves.) A fine distinction, according to his view!

He was one of the many grandsons of the great Kurdish Chief, Bedr-Khan Bey, who had troubled the peace of Asia Minor so much during the reign of Abdul Medjid, until, through the agency of Mr. Layard of Nineveh fame, he was brought to submit to the Sultan and pay a visit to Constantinople, a visit from which he was never allowed to return to his own domains. He had succeeded in leaguering together several of the Tribes under his Standard, and could command the services of some 300,000 horsemen, well armed after the fashion of those days. My friend's name

was Abdul Razzak Bedr-Khan Bey. When I made his acquaintance he was one of the Masters of Ceremonies at the Court of the Sultan. A few years after this he had a great row with Redvan Pasha, the Prefect of Constantinople. The family honour, as he understood it, had been sullied by the cavalier treatment, on the part of the Prefect, of his demand to have a new road which had been constructed in his neighbourhood continued as far as the new villa built for him at Chichlu on the outskirts of the town. The road had been carried just past a house belonging to Redvan Pasha, and then brought abruptly to a close a few yards short of Abdul Razzak's. The matter was brought before a family council, and Redvan, the insolent upstart as he was considered, was condemned to die. A couple of the Kurdish retainers of the Bedr-Khan family were told off for the job, and Redvan was shot as he stepped out of his carriage. The men who committed the deed were never caught, but Abdul Razzak, who was proved to have been the instigator of the crime, was tried and condemned to death. The sentence was, however, by Imperial decree, commuted to imprisonment for life. Abdul Razzak returned after the proclamation of the Constitution, having been released under the Amnesty as a political prisoner.

He came to see me, and I must say he was not looking any the worse for his long imprisonment, although he told me that upon his arrival in Tripoli, and for some months after, he had been kept in solitary confinement in a dungeon in the old Castle. He said there was very little light, and that he used to share his bread with a couple of rats which came to visit him. Constantinople did not detain him very long. He went off shortly

afterwards to work, as he told me, for Kurdish Independence. He probably got at loggerheads with the Governor of Mosul, as it is said that Abdul Razzak was treacherously murdered at his instigation.

## CHAPTER XXIII

## LAST DAYS BEFORE THE WAR

THE one great idea of the new Rulers of Turkey was to make themselves strong enough to be able to defy the ever-existing menace of Russian invasion. They wanted both a powerful Navy as well as a large and well-organised and equipped Army. Their military projects started well enough as there was abundant material to work with, and there was no such enormous expenditure required as in the case of the Navy. The training of soldiers can be carried on with rapidity even when there is a dearth of weapons, as was shown when the Great War with Germany broke out, and earthworks can be quickly thrown up and trenches cut with speed. It is otherwise with a Navy. Of what use were a few old obsolete ironclads of no great speed or armament, and varying so much in type that they could not form a manœuvring squadron, and in war would merely serve as targets for the enemy ?

Russia loomed so large in their vision that, looking at the future, they gave no thought to any possible immediate danger from another direction. After the establishment of Constitutional Government I thought I saw my way, and wanted to do all that I could for them. The newly-appointed Minister of Marine had

been amongst the first cadets under my charge, and we were very good friends. I made out a programme for the rapid construction of a few vessels of modern type. It was a modest programme, but within a year or little more, it would have put Turkey in possession of such a compact squadron of fighting ships, which, whilst sufficient to overawe the Greeks, would not have excited the jealousy of any of the Great Powers. I also recommended the immediate engagement of instructors from the British Navy, so that the training of the Naval officers and men might be started at once with the existing Naval units as schools for their Naval education.

But my day had gone by, I was a "Back number," which I quite recognised must be the view of the "Young Turks," a "Junta" of whom was the ruling element in each Department. They had made up their minds to have a Fleet of the very largest and most powerful Super-Dreadnoughts possible, in order to wrest from Russia her Naval supremacy in the Black Sea. So precious time was fritted away in the long negotiations for the construction of enormous vessels, each costing several millions of money, and the Balkan War, so suddenly sprung upon Turkey, found her Fleet quite unable to cope with that of Greece, reinforced as the latter had been by the acquisition of the fast and heavily-armed ironclad cruiser *Averoff* and the two large ironclads purchased from America.

As the Turks were so ambitious to follow the example of the Japanese, at the same time that I presented my Naval scheme I gave them a short historical sketch of the formation of the great shipping concern, the "Nippon Yusen Kaisha Company,"



recommending the Government to create an Ottoman Mercantile Marine on the same lines. I thought also that I would have another shot at the establishment of a "Time Ball" on Galata Tower. I had tried to start this project soon after my arrival in Turkey, but it wasn't wanted, so it was thought, in the circles of authority. The Sultan had an astronomer, a Greek, who kept a clock in order, and fired a small gun at noon.

How I chuckle at times over the discomfiture of the two German Naval Officers sent in succession by "Wily Willie" to keep Germany's finger in Turkey's Naval Pie. Whilst Hobart was alive, he successfully combated the efforts of German intrigue. After his death, however, a Lieut.-Commander Starkie was sent out as an Instructor and Adviser to the Navy. He got tired of giving lectures at the College, and making out reports for the Sultan, which either never reached him, or were not thought worth attention, so at last, having amassed a few thousands of good sterling British sovereigns out of his handsome salary, he made up his mind to retire. He wanted, however, to leave some mark of his handiwork in Turkey before taking his departure. I used to drop into his room at the Admiralty occasionally for a little chat, and a smoke over a cup of fragrant coffee. "Why, Starkie," I cried, "what on earth are you doing there?" I asked him as I saw him, pencil in hand, poring over plans and papers. "Oh, I am going to have a 'Time-ball' on the top of Galata Tower, I am going to get something done before I leave," was his reply. I laughed. "What are you laughing at?" "My dear Starkie, I have been there before you; I couldn't succeed and you won't. You will go away and

that mast-pole will still be without any such fitting." He wouldn't believe it. No, he would get an "Iradeh" from the Sultan which would override all opposition," he declared, going on with his work. Well, he went away, and there was no "Time-ball" left behind. A successor came in my friend Kaula von Hofe, also a Commander in the German Navy. He was a man of a different stamp from his predecessor, who had served many years as a Merchant Captain, whilst von Hofe was of the "Pukkha Breed" of officer and a bit of a "Junker."

He tried in vain to do something and was more or less always at loggerheads with the Minister of Marine. At last he also gave it up and retired on a pension as Starkie had done. But before he left, the same brain-wave came along and struck upon the beach of his mind. He, too, would have a "Time-Ball" erected on Galata Tower, as a memento of his passage through the Turkish Admiralty and Navy. I went into his room one day, and found him hard at work poring over plans just as I had seen Starkie doing. I burst out laughing, to his great amazement. He asked, "What are you laughing at, what's the matter?" "My dear fellow," I said, "Starkie was there before you, and I was in the same field before Starkie. He also would fain have left a pillar of victory behind him. He failed, as I told him he would, and you, too, will fail." He smiled incredulously, as he had the backing of the German Ambassador behind him, but *he* went away, and the flag-staff of the tower was still without a "Time-Ball." Now comes the crowning joke. My plan was a very modest affair and would have cost but a few pounds to fix up all the fittings which I thought to be necessary. No one,

however, would pay any attention to it. Then came Admiral Sir Douglas Gamble and his Staff. The Navigation Instructor saw the same necessity that we had all seen, and after protracted applications, the money was sent to England to purchase a set of most perfect and beautiful astronomical instruments, such as were fitted at Home in observatories for regulating chronometers. They eventually arrived after some months' delay ; but there is no "Time-Ball" yet on the tower of Galata, and the instruments, as far as I have been able to learn, are still in their packing-cases, stowed away in some forgotten depot.

I was spending the summer of 1914 with my family at Therapia. We were living in a villa on the terrace of a hill overlooking the little creek, in which most of the Embassy yachts had their moorings. The house had a commanding view, and all the movements at the landing-place of the German Embassy were well in view. After the arrival of the "General," the large German liner which managed to escape the vigilance of our cruisers, we watched with great interest the constant communication going on between that vessel and the Embassy. With her wireless apparatus she was picking up messages from great distances, and von Wangenheim, the German Ambassador, was continually receiving news as to the progress of the war. It was easy to see when everything was going well with the Germans. He was jubilant, and with a smiling face would stand at the gate of his Embassy, and flourishing a paper in the face of a passing acquaintance, would tell him or her the good news he had just received. The German Ambassador had been a great friend of ours. We had known him from the days when



HALIDEH EDILE.  
(PRESENT DAY)

The Leader of the Movement for the Emancipation  
of Turkish Women.



THERAPIA (BOSPHORUS) BAY, WITH GUARDSHIPS: "SCORPION," U.S.  
NAVY (IN FOREGROUND), "LORELEI," GERMAN (MIDDLE); AND  
H.M.S. "IMOGENE" BRITISH

he had been a First Secretary years before, and a frequent visitor at my house both in town and country. Of course, he was in all the secrets of the great conspiracy, and the Baroness, his wife, a very pretty and charming woman as we all thought, must have known what was in the wind by the remark she made to my son a day or two before the war broke out. They had been playing tennis together, a game of which she was very fond, and with a laugh and a flourish of her racquet, she exclaimed: "How curious it would be if the next time we met we were striking each other with these racquets instead of hitting the balls with them."

It was rather hard lines that my poor wife, who did not wish to quit Constantinople, where there were old friends, too advanced in years to travel, should have been compelled to leave by our quondam friend. She would not come away with me after the outbreak of war with Turkey, and we had received such assurances from the Turkish Authorities that I did not see any great necessity for her doing so. But it was otherwise with von Wangenheim. My house had become the rendezvous for the British left behind in Constantinople, and the Consular Officials, as they drifted down through the obstructions of Local Authorities in Asia Minor, naturally found their way to my house. Poor Wangenheim could not stand this, and so worried the Turks about this "Foyer d'Espionage" that Morgenthau felt he must insist upon her leaving.

I did not leave with the exodus of British subjects, and under the impression that the war could not last very long, I was rather inclined to wait on. I soon, however, came to the conclusion that my position was untenable. I went to the Minister

of Marine, and told him that I had a great desire to go and see my daughter and her children, and that if he would authorise my leaving, I would go the next day. He gave his permission, but was most vehemently bitter at our Declaration of War against Turkey. Djemal Pasha had been very friendly disposed towards both France and England, and he had no great love for Germany. "This war," he said, "will cost England dear, millions of money will she spend, and thousands and thousands of lives will she lose." It was very galling to us looking upon the Bosphorus, to see the *Goeben* passing up and down, and to think of the great difference it would have made had she not succeeded in reaching Constantinople. She was a menacing object as she steamed past Therapia, and the British Embassy, looking with her men at her batteries like some gigantic beast of prey on the watch. Although all the men wore fezzes, and the ship herself was flying the "Crescent Flag" at the "Peak," she still remained under German command, and the Germans held the Sultan and his Government by the throat.

This was undoubtedly the determining factor in bringing the Turks into the war.

## CHAPTER XXIV

## THE FIRST DAYS OF THE ARMISTICE

ON my way home I had stopped at Malta and spent a few very pleasant weeks under the hospitable roof of my friend Admiral Sir Arthur Limpus, then in command of the Dockyard and Station. Malta Harbour at that time might have been taken for some French Naval Port, so many were the fighting ships under the Tricolour Flag always to be seen lying there, or occupying one or other of the large docks. The greatest activity prevailed under the energetic direction of the Admiral, and it was rather a revelation to some of our French friends to find how very speedily engine defects were made good and vessels docked and coaled.

When I reached London early in December, 1914, I offered my services for work at Home, but my age stood in the way, and my applications only brought courteous replies informing me that they had been noted. So when my wife arrived, we went down to the country to look after my son-in-law's place, whilst he and his wife were actively employed on war-work in town. . . .

My wife and I left together for Constantinople soon after the Armistice. In fact we were almost the first of the Refugees to

do so, facilities for the passage from Marseilles onward having been accorded to us at the request of the High Commissioner.

But what a different Constantinople did we find !

We landed at Tophaneh (the Gun-Wharf) from the deck of a large " Dreadnought " moored " end on " with her stern fast to the quay. With her formidable batteries commanding in all directions, she symbolised the Occupation.

As we drove amid troops from all parts of the world along the roads and streets leading up to Pera, the European Quarter, though the sun was shining, I felt morally chilled, so changed was the aspect.

The gaily-dressed City Wanton flaunting in her bright-coloured garments of a few years ago now looked, as it seemed to me, like some frowsy old woman, slip-shod and slatternly and dressed in rags, so drab and dreary did everything appear. The houses were all discoloured with the dust clinging to their outward surfaces, not a single frontage having apparently received either a coat of paint or colour-wash since the war started. The streets were unkempt, refuse of all sorts lying about, and the people in the streets looked so poorly clad although it was Sunday.

When we got to our house, however, and found a few friends and our old servants there to welcome us, I became more reconciled to my surroundings. I began to remember that Constantinople was never so very clean in spite of municipal scavenging, and that the accumulation of rubbish in waste places gave the local colour that adds so much to the picturesqueness of a view. I saw also a redeeming feature in the crooked uneven streets and the breaks in the house terraces from the ravages of



fire and the want of repairs, for what beauty is there after all in straight lines? Then I thought of the glorious sunshine and the blue skies; of the dancing glittering waters of the Bosphorus and Marmora, and the glorious views from the heights all round. Neither the war nor the Occupation could deprive Constantinople of these possessions.

We were very much pleased to be back again amongst old friends, though a few, alas! had passed away, of those who had remained when the exodus took place on the outbreak of war with Turkey, too old as they thought to leave. The gathering of our warships in the Bosphorus had brought back some old Naval friends of the past, and we made many new ones and spent a few happy months.

Then came the great blow of my life, a blow that aged me within one year more than all those of the Great War had done. My wife died suddenly in the month of November. Quite well and strong, she returned from a long walk complaining of the cold. It was a bad chill she had caught. Double pneumonia set in, and in four days she passed away. She was much loved by all who knew her, and her death was felt as a great shock in Constantinople.

I shall never forget the great marks of sympathy which came to me from all quarters, and the kind assistance I received in the arrangements for the funeral at Scutari from the High Commissioners, Sir John de Robeck and Sir R. Webb. She was borne to her resting-place, as she would have wished, by British bluejackets, and followed by many Naval and Military friends and members of the Colony.

In place of Ambassadors, High Commissioners sat in the seats of the Mighty. The First High Commissioner was Sir Arthur Calthorpe. As he was also Commander-in-Chief of the Mediterranean Fleet, Admiral Webb, afterwards Sir Richard Webb, was appointed as Deputy High Commissioner to assist and carry on the work when the Commander-in-Chief was absent. Upon Admiral Calthorpe's appointment to the "Blue Ribbon" of the Naval Service, the Commander-in-Chiefship at Portsmouth, his post went to Admiral Sir John de Robeck.

I received much kindness from both the High Commissioners during their term of office, as also from their deputies, and to Sir John de Robeck and Sir R. Webb I owe a debt of gratitude I shall never forget, as it was to their great solicitude for my welfare that I owe the preservation of my life. I wanted a run home, but my health was such that, although a change of scene and climate was thought advisable, I was strongly recommended not to attempt a passage overland. A passage was arranged for me on board the *Thunderer* proceeding home from Malta, and I arrived there early as the guest of Admiral Sir George Hope in his flagship, the *Cardiff*, after a most enjoyable run down from Constantinople. The sea-trip had done me much good, and I was apparently in the best of health for my advanced age. Two days, however, before the *Thunderer* sailed, I was taken suddenly very ill, whether with sun-stroke or the 'flu I don't know even now. Fortunately for me I was carried off to the Naval Hospital at Bighi, where, thanks to the skill of my friend, the surgeon, Commander Nichols, and the devotion of the nurses, I was pulled through a very serious illness in which both my heart

and lungs were affected. It was the very hottest summer Malta had experienced for thirty years. The air was stifling, and I should most certainly have paid in my cheques had I not been taken to Bighi, the only place free and open to any wind that might be blowing. I had turned the corner after some difficulty, but it was difficult even with the utmost care to regain strength with the great heat, and I was worried also over the thought of how I was to get away from the island, when by a stroke of good luck the *Resolution*, flagship of the Battle-Cruiser Squadron under Admiral Doughty, was ordered home. Poor Doughty volunteered to take me home if the surgeons at the hospital considered I was fit to travel. The news received by wireless from Constantinople was given to me as the best tonic possible, and three days after I was carried on board that fine Super-Dreadnought. My dear friend Doughty looked after me as if I were a delicate piece of china, and with the balmy sea atmosphere I soon began to gather strength, and by the time the *Resolution* arrived at Spithead I was comparatively well again.

We had called in at Gibraltar and I had the pleasure of meeting Sir Reginald Tyrwhitt, the Admiral in command, and General Sir Henry Smith-Dorrien, the Governor. It was a most enjoyable voyage.

! Poor Doughty—he handed me over to the care of my friends, and to my very great sorrow, though several letters passed between us, we never met again. I was to have paid him a visit when I returned in the summer from Switzerland, but within the year he died suddenly in Haslar Hospital, on the

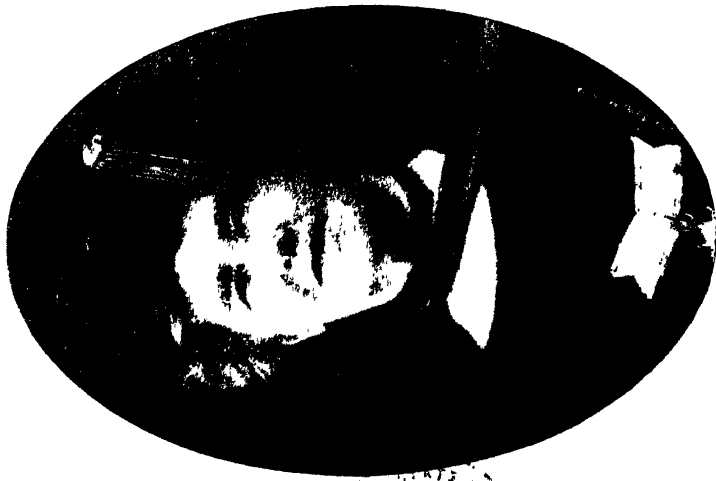
morning of the very day he was to have left, quite well, as was thought, after an operation.

I returned to Constantinople in August, 1919, and remained there until after Christmas. Sir Horace Rumbold had succeeded Admiral Sir John de Robeck, and was presiding at the Embassy where his father had served before him as Counsellor and *Chargé d'Affaires* in my early days. Sir John de Robeck was not at all displeased, I fancy, to get rid of political work. He is a straightforward, frank, open-minded sailor, with no great relish for dealing with diplomatic subtleties and enigmatical manoeuvres. A splendid and esteemed fellow in every respect, he was admired by all officers and men under his command. Lady Rumbold, who had accompanied her husband, had also old associations with Constantinople. She was there in her childhood when her father, the late Sir Ernest ~~Fane~~ afterwards Minister in Serbia and at Copenhagen in succession, was Counsellor at the British Embassy in the days of Sir Clare Ford. She had not forgotten those days, and the very first time we met she reminded me, with a pleasant smile, that I was the "first grown-up gentleman she had ever danced with, and that she had felt so proud at being taken out to dance with a Pasha." It was at a children's party given by a friend of mine, a great lover of small folk, with none of his own.

Both Sir Horace, now transferred to Madrid, and Lady Rumbold were very much liked, being popular both in the Colony and outside. He has all the attributes required in a diplomatist, and his charming wife all the qualities necessary for the making of a successful hostess. His wife is a striking figure in Society,



SIR HORACE RUMBOLD, BART.



DR. MARY MILLS PATRICK.  
HEAD OF THE AMERICAN COLLEGE FOR  
GIRLS AT ARNAOUTKIEUI p. 286.

tall and very graceful in figure, with a full share of beauty, and always a pleasant expression, and is admired and liked by all who meet her.

\* \* \* \* \*

The tale of my long residence in Turkey is over. My reminiscences are ended and the curtain must be drawn.

There is much more that I could write but I wish to avoid all entry into controversial subjects.

I will merely say that I love the Turks much more than I do any other of the races of the Near East, and that in my judgment, based on a long experience and intimate knowledge of past events, the Turk has been as much sinned against as sinning. To this I will add that the Christian virtues in the past often received more due observance from the Moslem Turks than from the so-called Christians. The Turks are at last masters in their own house, and, as their good friend, my one hope is, that they will show themselves worthy of the trust reposed in them by the moderation of their actions in respect to those living under their protection.



# INDEX

[For the purpose of abbreviation, all British warships are placed in inverted commas.]

- ABDUL Aziz, vol. i., 253; vol. ii., 68, 70; deposition, vol. ii., 71 *et seq.*, 144, 215, 223, 228  
 Abdul Hamid, vol. i., 77; vol. ii., 49, 60, 84, 107 *et seq.*; deposition, vol. ii., 134, 181, 215; attack on, vol. ii., 32 *et seq.*  
 Abdul Razzak Bey, vol. ii., 272  
 Abdullah Pasha (Gen Ricketts), vol. ii., 205  
 Abdurahman, Sultan of Johore, vol. i., 77  
 Abubeker, Sultan of Johore, vol. i., 77; vol. ii., 252  
 Achmet Pasha, vol. i., 260  
 Achmet Pasha 'Firar,' vol. ii., 27  
 Achmet Ratib Bey, vol. ii., 172  
 Adams, John, vol. i., 125  
 Adam's Rocks, vol. i., 128  
 "Adventure," vol. i., 202 *et seq.*, 234  
 Agiah Effendi, vol. ii., 72  
 Ahmed Bey, vol. i., 273-5 *et seq.*; vol. ii., 287-8; vol. iii., 65  
 Ahmed Tefyk Pasha, vol. ii., 113, 242  
 Alcock, Sir Rutherford, attack on, vol. i., 92 *et seq.*, 181 *et seq.*; resigns, vol. i., 193  
 "Alexandra," vol. ii., 47  
 "Alexandria," vol. i., 205  
 Alexander the Great, sarcophagus, vol. ii., 124  
 Alexandra, Queen, vol. ii., 85  
 Ali Pasha, vol. i., 242, 258 *et seq.*; vol. ii., 151  
 Allatini, Mr., vol. ii., 134  
 Alt & Co., Nagasaki, vol. i., 217  
 American visitors and author's "harem," vol. ii., 218 *et seq.*  
 Amoy, vol. i., 213, 238  
 Anarchist plot against the Sultan, vol. ii., 232 *et seq.*  
 Anatoli-Kavak, vol. i., 287  
 Angier Road, vol. i., 241  
 Ankersvoord, Madame, vol. ii., 186  
 Antelope, Ambassador's yacht, vol. ii., 15  
 Arabi Pasha, vol. ii., 128  
 "Archer," vol. i., 18  
 "Argus," vol. i., 160  
 "Ariadne," vol. ii., 85  
 Arif Hickmet Pasha, vol. ii., 134  
 Arms, Joseph, vol. ii., 225  
 "Arrogant," vol. i., 46  
 Arsari Tefyk, Turkish Flagship, vol. ii., 154  
 "Ascension, H.M.S.," vol. i., 45, 245  
 Attack on Constantinople, vol. ii., 132 *et seq.*  
 Averoff, Greek cruiser, vol. ii., 275  
 Awaji, vol. i., 227  
 "BAHRIEH Liva," General of Brigade of Sea Forces, vol. ii., 49  
 Bairams, vol. ii., 66, 109  
 Baker, Pasha, vol. ii., 128, 136-7  
 Balaklava, story of Mother Seacole, vol. i., 152  
 Baldwin, Major, murdered at Kama-kura, vol. i., 178  
 Baltazzi, vol. i., 265  
 Baroda, S.S., vol. i., 240  
 Barossa, S.S., vol. i., 78  
 "Barossa," vol. i., 161, 234, 240  
 Barron, Sir Henry, Charge d' Affaires, vol. i., 268, 300  
 Barton, Sir Edward, vol. ii., 161  
 Batoum, vol. ii., 38, 42, 45 *et seq.*  
 Beat, photographer at Yokohama, vol. i., 193  
 Bedr-Khan Bey, vol. ii., 271  
 Beggars Square, Canton, vol. i., 207  
 Beikos Bay, vol. i., 145  
 Beikos, Imperial Kiosque at, vol. i., 263  
 Benghazi, vol. ii., 21  
 Bennett Gordon, vol. ii., 128, 191  
 Berdan, General, vol. ii., 192  
 Beresford, Lord Charles, vol. ii., 21  
 Bernhardt, Sarah, vol. ii., 252  
 Beshiktash, fire at, vol. ii., 144  
 Beyler Bey, vol. ii., 134  
 Beyler Bey, Palace of, vol. i., 263



- Bird, Lieut. (murdered at Kamakura), vol. i., 178  
 Black Sea dangers, vol. i., 272-94  
 Bligh, Captain, vol. i., 121  
 Blockade law in Turkey, vol. ii., 40  
 Blunt, General Pasha, vol. ii., 138  
 Bodker Anker, Swedish C.G., vol. i., 269  
 Bogue forts, vol. i., 82  
 Bonham, Major, vol. ii., 132  
 Bora-Bora (Society Islands), vol. i., 120  
 Borneo, vol. i., 69  
 Borthwick, George, vol. ii., 139  
 "Boscawen," author appointed to, vol. i., 17  
 Bosphorus, vol. i., 271 *et seq.*  
 "Bouncer," vol. i., 162  
 Bounty Bay, vol. i., 128  
 Bounty (Mutiny of), vol. i., 118  
 Bourée, M., French Ambassador, vol. ii., 105  
 Bowles, "Tommy," vol. ii., 115, 248  
 Boyd, Miss, niece of Hobart Pasha, vol. i., 293  
 Britannia, s.s., vol. i., 31  
 Broad Capt., George, vol. i., 204, 213, 227  
 Brooke, Rajah (Sarawak), vol. i., 69  
 Brophy, Vice-Consul at Varna, vol. i., 266  
 Broussa, Turkish corvette, vol. i., 242  
 Brown, Midshipman, vol. i., 38  
 Brunei, Sultan of, vol. i., 69  
 "Bruri," vol. i., 36  
 Bucknam Pasha, vol. ii., 132  
 Buddha (of Kamkura), vol. i., 176  
 Bullfight at Callao, vol. i., 133 *et seq.* ; A.B.'s at bullfight at Valparaiso, vol. i., 135 *et seq.*  
 Buller, Captain, vol. i., 232  
 Bulwer, Sir Henry, vol. ii., 162 *et seq.*  
 Bunar-ed-din, Prince, vol. ii., 122, 231  
 "Bustard," vol. i., 230  
 Byron, Lord, vol. ii., 79  
  
 CALLAO, vol. i., 132 *et seq.*  
 Callao Painter, the, vol. i., 147  
 Calice, Baron and Baroness, vol. ii., 121  
 Caliphate, abolition of, vol. ii., 230  
 Caliphate, glories of, vol. ii., 120  
 Calthorpe, Sir Arthur, vol. ii., 284  
 "Calypso," vol. i., 128  
 Canton, piracy, vol. i., 81 ; Beggar Guild, vol. i., 208  
 Cantuarias, Don Antonio, vol. i., 208  
 Cape Flattery, vol. i., 109  
 Cape Horn, vol. i., 121  
 Cape Town, vol. i., 243  
 "Caradoc," vol. i., 250 *et seq.*  
  
 "Cardiff," vol. ii., 284  
 Caribou, gold diggings, vol. i., 112-3  
 Carlos, Prince of Roumania, vol. ii., 93  
 Carrington, Lord, vol. ii., 86  
 "Carthage," s.s., vol. i., 169, 225  
 Castel Pelesch, vol. ii., 93  
 Cavaletti, Don Henri, vol. i., 253  
 Cave, Lord, vol. ii., 251  
 Chalcedon, City of the Blind, vol. i., 290  
 Chamberlain, Joseph, vol. ii., 114, 244, 248  
 Charles, King of Roumania, vol. ii., 93  
 "Charybdis," author joins, vol. i., 61 *et seq.*  
 Chilian dances, vol. i., 141  
 Chosin (Daimio), vol. i., 197, 235  
 Christian, Lieut., vol. i., 121  
 Christian marriages (first in modern Japan), vol. i., 220  
 Christian, Thursday October, vol. i., 126  
 Cloete, Miss, vol. i., 244  
 Cockroaches on board ship, vol. i., 56  
 Commerell, Admiral Sir Edward, vol. ii., 258-9  
 Congreve rockets, vol. i., 40  
 "Conqueror," vol. i., 168  
 Constantinople, author arrives at, vol. i., 249 *et seq.*  
 Cook, Captain, vol. i., 117  
 "Cormorant," vol. i., 162 ; appointed Master, 202, 211, 234 239  
 "Coromandel," vol. i., 162  
 Corti, Count, vol. ii., 42  
 Costigern, vol. i., 207  
 Courtney, Capt., vol. i., 213  
 Cowper, vol. i., 208  
 Cox, Mr., "Sunset Cox," vol. ii., 193  
 Crawford, Marion, novelist, vol. ii., 193  
 Crawford, Sir Richard, vol. ii., 187  
 Crimean dead, interment of, vol. ii., 181  
 Crown Prince of Prussia, vol. i., 13  
 Crown Prince and Princess of Roumania, vol. ii., 93  
 Currie, Sir Philip, vol. ii., 114, 143, 178, 243  
  
 D'ALENCON, the Duke of, vol. i., 229 *et seq.*  
 Damad Mahmoud Pasha, vol. ii., 31, 81  
 "Dasher," vol. i., 1  
 De Robeck, Sir John, vol. ii., 283  
 Dent & Co., vol. i., 205  
 Dervische, Pasha, vol. ii., 47  
 Devno, Lake, vol. i., 266  
 Diana (Russian frigate), vol. i., 190  
 Dickson, Dr. (Physician to British Embassy), vol. ii., 75

- "Dido," vol. i., 69  
 Djemal Pasha, vol. ii., 280  
 Djavad Bey, vol. ii. 244  
 Dogs, in Constantinople, vol. ii., 268  
   *et seq.*  
 Dolma Bagtche, vol. ii., 70, 211  
 Dolphin (Japanese barque), vol. i., 222  
 Domville, Compton, Commander, vol.  
   ii., 31  
 Doughty, Admiral, vol. ii., 285  
 "Dove," vol. i., 227  
 Dowson, Phil., vol. i. 113; 172 *et seq.*  
 Doyle, Sir Conan, vol. ii., 114  
 Dudgeon Bros., vol. i., 246  
 Dufferin, Lady, vol. ii., 107, 169  
 Dufferin, Lord, vol. ii., 126, 168  
 Dunlop, Capt. "Jock," vol. i., 163;  
   vol. ii., 260  
  
 EAGLE and Author, vol. i., 288  
 Earthquake at the Bairam, vol. ii., 26  
 Earl's Court Exhibition, vol. ii., 59  
 Edhem Pasha, vol. ii., 125, 149  
 Edib Halideh, vol. ii., 65-6  
 Edinburgh, Duke of, vol. i., 15; vol.  
   ii., 86 *et seq.*, 123, 164  
 Edmondstone, Commodore, vol. i., 46  
 Edward VII., King, Visit to Constan-  
   tinople, vol. ii., 84, 85; 143, 164  
 Elizabeth, Empress of Austria, vol. i.,  
   65  
 Elliot, Sir Francis, vol. ii., 164  
 Elliot, Sir Henry, vol. i., 273; vol. ii.,  
   152, 164 *et seq.*  
 Emineh Fetva, decree, vol. ii., 74  
 "Encounter," vol. i., 161  
 Entry into the Service of Turkey,  
   vol. ii., 12  
 Enver Pasha, vol. ii., 134, 245  
 Ertogrul, Turkish frigate, vol. i., 274  
 Esquimalt ("Charybdis" at), vol. i.,  
   109-114  
 Eugenie, Empress, visit to Turkey,  
   vol. i. 263; vol. ii., 83  
 "Euryalus," vol. i., 161  
 Eurylano, George, vol. i., 241  
 Eyoub Mosque, vol. i., 277; vol. ii., 61  
  
 FACHRI Bey, vol. ii., 80  
 Faik Bey, vol. i., 242, 284; vol. ii., 19,  
   25  
 Fair Rosamund's Bower, vol. ii., 163  
 Fane, Sir Ernest, vol. ii., 286  
 Fawkes, Admiral, vol. i., 166  
 Fenely Bey, vol. i., 256, 263-4  
 Ferdinand, Prince of Bulgana, vol. ii.,  
   174  
 Feud with "Charybdis" First Lieut.,  
   vol. i., 77, 181  
  
 Feudal Age in Japan, vol. i., 233  
 Flowers, Consul at Nagasaki, vol. i., 218  
 Foochow, vol. i., 214  
 Ford, Sir Clare, vol. ii., 177, 286  
 Frew, Dr., vol. ii., 267  
 Frost, Pasha, vol. ii., 37  
 Fuad, Pasha, vol. i., 259 *et seq.*; vol.  
   ii., 69  
 Fuad, Pasha, Marshal (bogus plot),  
   vol. ii., 200 *et seq.*  
 Fujiyama Mt., vol. i., 91  
 Fusiya, sheer-legging the boilers,  
   vol. i., 223  
  
 GAMBLE, Sir Douglas, vol. ii., 131, 186,  
   278  
 Gargioloff, M., vol. ii., 196  
 Gaunt, Vice-Admiral Sir Ernest, vol. ii.,  
   93  
 George V., King, vol. ii., 87  
 German Fleet, vol. i., 87  
 Gibbs, Livingstone & Co., vol. i., 207  
 Gladstone, Mr., vol. ii., 145, 167  
 Glenesk, Lord, vol. ii., 143  
 Glover, Alec, marriage, vol. i., 220  
 Glover, Tom Glover & Co., Nagasaki,  
   vol. i., 218, 238  
 Godi, agent for Daimios, vol. i., 223,  
   238  
 Goeben, German battleship, vol. ii., 280  
 Golden Horn, vol. i., 251  
 Golf at Constantinople, vol. ii., 261  
 Gordon Bennett, vol. ii., 128, 191  
 Goree, West Africa, vol. i., 34  
 Gorey, Jersey (Channel Islands), vol.  
   i., 11  
 Goschen, Lord, vol. ii., 168  
 Grant, Lieut. Duncan, vol. i., 201  
 Greek Theological College, vol. ii., 14  
 Green Mountain, vol. i., 49  
 Greenwich Hospital, vol. i., 12, 123  
 Grey, Lord, vol. ii., 245  
 Grobmann, "Baron," vol. ii., 98 *et*  
   *seq.*  
 Gribble, visitor to Sintama, vol. i., 234  
 Grümekoff, Major, vol. ii., 149  
 Guatella, Italian Master of Palace  
   Band, vol. ii., 78  
 Guildford, Lord, vol. i., 158  
  
 HAGHIA Triadha, Monastery of, vol. ii.,  
   17  
 Haireddin Pasha, vol. ii., 22  
 Hairoullah Effendi, vol. ii., 72, 214  
 Hakki Bey, vol. ii., 121  
 Hakki Pasha, Minister of Marine, vol.  
   i., 283

- Halki, Naval College at, vol. ii., 12 ;  
 Greek Theological College at, vol. ii.,  
 14  
 Halim, Pasha, vol. ii., 30  
 Halil Rifaat Pasha, vol. ii., 243  
 Hamadiéh, vol. ii., 130  
 Hamdi Bey (Curator of Imperial  
 Museum), vol. ii., 124  
 Harmony Row, vol. ii., 130  
 Harrington, General Sir Charles, vol.  
 ii., 66  
 Harrison, Frederick, vol. ii., 248-9  
 Harnson (Glover and Co.), vol. i. 229  
 Harvey, Major, vol. i., 74  
 Harvey, Miss Maggie, vol. i., 77-8  
 Hassan Pasha, vol. ii., 33, 59 *et seq.*,  
 87, 154, 201  
 "Havoc," vol. i., 162  
 Hayes, Capt. John, vol. i., 153  
 Hedjaz Railway, vol. ii., 246  
 Heep, Mrs., vol. ii., 221  
 Hegumenos, Prior of Monastery, vol.  
 ii., 18 ..  
 "Heron," loss of, vol. i., 24  
 "Hesperus," vol. i., 162  
 Hewett, Admiral Sir N., vol. i., 28  
*et seq.*  
 Higginson Family (Callao), vol. i., 133  
 Hill, Colonel, S. J., vol. i., 37  
 Hirsch Baron, vol. i., 281  
 Hirsch, Construction Group, vol. i., 282  
 Hobart, Lord, vol. ii., 151  
 Hobart Pasha, vol. ii., 49, 128, 150 *et*  
*seq.*  
 Hodeidah (slave Barracoons), vol. i.,  
 32 *et seq.*  
 Hollman, Admiral, vol. i., 88  
 Hong Kong, vol. i., 79  
 Honolulu, vol. i., 116 *et seq.*, 158  
 Hope, Admiral Sir George, vol. ii., 284  
 Hornsby, Admiral Sir G., vol. i., 205 ;  
 vol. ii., 47  
 Huahine (Society Islands), vol. i., 120  
 Hundevendighiar (Turkish frigate),  
 vol. ii., 12, 49, 50  
 Husni Bey (Pasha), vol. ii., 20, 60  
 Hussein Avni Pasha, vol. ii., 72, 81, 94
- IBRAHIM Bey, vol. ii., 19, 25  
 Ibrahim, eldest son of Mehemed Ali,  
 vol. ii., 145  
 Ignatief, Prince and Princess, vol. i.,  
 285 ; vol. ii., 102  
 Illuminations of the Bosphorus, vol. i.,  
 254, 261, 263  
*Illustrated London News*, vol. i., 94  
 "Imogene," vol. ii., 130, 202  
 International Bosphorus Commission,  
 vol. i., 268 *et seq.*
- Islam, Sheik-ul, vol. ii., 72, 213 •  
 Islay, Port of Arequipa, vol. i., 147  
 Isles de Los, vol. i., 46  
 Ismail Pasha, vol. i., 254 ; vol. ii., 29,  
 163  
 Izzet Pasha, vol. ii., 245-6
- JAMES, Capt., vol. i., 174, 248, 252  
 Jamestown, vol. i., 44  
 Japanese curiosity, vol. i., 198  
 Jardine, Mathieson & Co., vol. i., 205  
 Jedda, vol. ii., 28  
 Jocelyn, Capt., vol. i., 160  
 Johore, Maharajah of (see Abubekir),  
 vol. i., 77 ; vol. ii., 252  
 Johore, Sultan of (see Abdurahman),  
 vol. i., 77
- KADIKIEUI, vol. i., 299  
 Kadri Pasha, vol. ii., 105  
 Kaiserle, Achmet Pasha, vol. ii., 72  
 Kamakura, Buddha of, vol. i., 176-7 ;  
 tragedy of, vol. i., 178 *et seq.*  
 Kamehamehah (Hawaii), vol. i., 116  
 Kanagawa, vol. i., 101, 159, 199  
 Keane, Capt. Hon. Disney, vol. i., 61  
 Kebir-Tel-el, vol. ii., 127  
 Kuper, Admiral Sir A., vol. i., 160  
 Kemal Mustapha, Pasha, vol. ii., 66  
 Kennedy, Sir Charles, vol. ii., 93  
 Kent, General, vol. ii., 182  
 Keppel, Admiral Sir Harry, vol. i., 69  
 "Kestrel," appointed second master,  
 vol. i., 162  
 King, Admiral George, vol. i., 202  
 Kirchblum wedding, vol. i., 243  
 Kostroma, s.s., vol. ii., 92  
 Kowloon, vol. i., 80  
 Kroo Boys, vol. i., 35  
 Kuhlmann, Madame, vol. ii., 104  
 Kurds, vol. ii., 270  
 Kagoshima (battle of), vol. i., 153, 160  
 Kyamil Pasha, vol. ii., 244
- LABUAN, vol. i., 71  
 Lagos, vol. i., 18, 31, 36, 37  
 Lascelles, Sir Francis, vol. ii., 175  
 Layard, Sir Austen, vol. ii., 164 *et seq.*  
 Lecoque, Gen. Pasha, vol. ii., 136  
 Leishman, T. G., vol. ii., 159 *et seq.*  
 Leon, J. de, vol. ii., 206  
 "Leopard," vol. i., 203, 217  
 Lightship at Bosphorus, vol. i., 268 *et*  
*seq.*, 294 *et seq.*  
 Lima, vol. i., 147  
 Limpus, Admiral Sir Arthur, vol. ii.,  
 281  
 Lipton, Sir Thomas, vol. ii., 84  
 Livadia, the Czar's yacht, vol. ii., 154

- "Llaŕryk," s.s., vol. i., 105  
 Lloyd, Rev. J., vol. i., 221  
 Lorelei, German stationnaire, vol. ii., 134  
 Loti, Pierre (Captain Viaud), vol. ii., 253  
 Lowder, Assistant Consul, Nagasaki, vol. i., 217  
 Lowther, Sir Gerard and Lady, vol. ii., 184 *et seq.*, 239  
 Lye-re-moon, s.s., vol. i., 206  
 Lye-re-moon, passage, vol. i., 210  
 Lyons, Lord, vol. i., 266; vol. ii., 163, 164  
  
 MACLEAN, Dr., of British hospital, vol. ii., 267  
 McCoy, Sarah, vol. i., 129  
 McKillop, Pasha, vol. ii., 29  
 Macao, vol. i., 207 *et seq.*  
 Madeira, vol. i., 64  
 Mahir, Pasha (General Borthwick), vol. ii., 139 *et seq.*  
 Mahmoud, Shefket Pasha, vol. ii., 130, 238  
 Mahmoud, Sultan (the Reformer), vol. i., 284  
 Makaroff, Capt., vol. ii., 42  
 Makins, Capt., vol. ii., 131  
 Malet, Sir E., vol. ii., 128, 168  
 Mallet, Sir Louis, vol. ii., 199  
 Malta, vol. ii., 281  
 Malta Harbour, vol. i., 18  
 Manthorpe Bey (Captain), vol. ii., 138, 156  
 Marounin, Dr., Physician to French Embassy, vol. ii., 76  
 Marshall (wounded on the Tokaido), vol. i., 160  
 Mathewson, James, vol. i., 298  
 Mauritius, vol. i., 242  
 Maximoff, Capt., vol. ii., 56  
 Mazurka Russian, vol. ii., 103  
 Medjid, Abdul, Sultan, vol. ii., 25, 211, 223, 242, 271  
 Medmed Rushdi, vol. ii., 72  
 Mehemed V., vol. ii., 251  
 Mejid, Prince Abdul, vol. ii., 134  
 Mehemed Ali, vol. ii., 27  
 Messoudich, Turkish Ironclad, vol. ii., 71  
 Midhat Pasha, vol. ii., 72, 81  
 Mijatovitch, M., vol. ii., 118  
 Milan, Ex-King of Serbia, vol. ii., 29  
 Missirlee, Hassan Pasha, vol. ii., 204  
 Moda, vol. i., 290  
 "Mohawk," vol. ii., 93  
 Molyneux, Admiral, vol. i., 27, 37, 41  
 Moncheur, Baroness, vol. ii., 186  
  
 Morel Bey, vol. ii., 53  
 Moresby, Admiral, vol. ii., 260  
 Morgenthau, Henry, vol. ii., 195, 197 *et seq.*, 279  
 Morrison, Major, vol. i., 93  
 Morro (Island), vol. i., 149  
 Morto Bay, vol. i., 42  
 Mouka River, vol. i., 69  
 Mousmie, adventure with, vol. i., 199  
 Moussa Bey, vol. ii., 171  
 Mukbir Soroor, Turkish frigate, vol. ii., 25  
 Munir Jellalodin Pasha, vol. ii., 247  
 Munir Pasha, vol. ii., 88, 115, 216  
 Murad, Prince, vol. ii., 74, 84, 108, 201, 229  
 Musurus, Pasha, vol. i., 261  
  
 NAGASAKI, vol. i., 202, 216  
 Nagasaki, Governor of, State visit, vol. i., 222  
 Namoa Straits, passing the, vol. i., 212  
 Naruto Passage, vol. i., 227 *et seq.*  
 Nazif Bey, vol. ii., 72  
 Nazim Pasha, vol. ii., 245  
 Nedim Pasha, Grand Vizier, vol. i., 283 *et seq.*; vol. ii., 242  
 Nejib Pasha Melhameh, vol. ii., 196  
 Nelson, Lieut., vol. i., 14  
 "Nereus," vol. i., 144  
 Nelidoff, M. de, vol. ii., 54  
 Nichols, Commander, vol. ii., 284  
 Night revels (Valparaiso), vol. i., 142 *et seq.*  
 Night scene at Yokohama, vol. i., 169 *et seq.*  
 Nightingale, Florence, vol. ii., 255  
 "Nineteenth Century," article, vol. ii., 165  
 Nippon, Yusen Kaisha, vol. i., 252, 275  
 Norfolk, Duke of, vol. i., 265  
 Norfolk Island, vol. i., 120, 131  
 Nova Vremya, vol. ii., 53  
 Nuri, Pasha, vol. ii., 81  
  
 OAHU, vol. i., 116-8  
 Obeidallah Bey (Kurdish Chief), vol. ii., 172  
 O'Conor, Sir Nicholas, vol. ii., 164, 180, 184  
 Ogilvie, Mrs., vol. ii., 104  
 Ok-Meidan (golfcourse at Constantinople), vol. ii., 264  
 Oliphant, Laurence, vol. i., 93  
 Orontes, s.s., vol. i., 201, 243  
 "Osprey," vol. i., 162  
 Osman Ghazi Pasha, vol. i., 274; vol. ii., 157, 204, 231  
 Osman Pasha, Admiral, vol. i., 273

- Osmanieh, Turkish ironclad, vol. ii., 155  
 Ottentosama, author in command, vol. i., 223  
 Oxted, Captain James's grave, vol. i., 248
- PAGODA Island, vol. i., 214  
 Pallavicini, Marquis, vol. ii., 197  
 Panama, vol. i., 148, 153  
 "Pandora," vol. i., 123  
 Pansa, Madame, vol. ii., 217  
 Papeite, Society Islands, vol. i., 118  
 Parkes, Sir Harry, vol. i., 192, 197, 229 *et seq.*  
 Paul et Virginie, vol. i., 242 *et seq.*  
 Paul, Grand Duke, vol. ii., 92  
 "Pearl," vol. i., 161  
 "Perseus," vol. i., 161, 239  
 Pesindideh, paddle-steamer, vol. i., 296  
 Photography (first in modern Japan), vol. i., 195  
 Photiadis Bey, vol. i., 264  
 Photiadis, Miss, vol. i., 253, 263 *et seq.*  
 Pirates (Hong Kong), vol. i., 86  
 Pitcairn Island, vol. i., 120 *et seq.*  
 Plymouth Sound, vol. i., 51, 58, 62, 245  
 Popper, Herr, vol. ii., 122  
 Port St. Louis, vol. i., 242  
 Porter-Brown, Mrs., vol. ii., 270  
 Portsmouth, vol. i., 245  
 Priapus, worship of, vol. i., 98  
 Prince Consort, visit to "Rollo," vol. i., 16  
 Prince's Islands, vol. i., 289; vol. ii., 47  
 Prince Satsuma, vol. i., 101  
 "Princess Charlotte," vol. i., 240  
 "Princess Royal," vol. i., 230  
 Princess Royal, visit to Greenwich, vol. i., 13  
 Prinkipo, vol. i., 289  
 Prokesch-Osten, Baron, vol. ii., 97 *et seq.*  
 Punta-da-Lena, vol. i., 43
- "QUEEN," vol. i., 18  
 Quilliam, Sheik Abdullah, vol. ii., 120
- "RACEHORSE," vol. i., 161  
 Race-meeting, first in Japan, vol. i., 166  
 Radolin, Prince, vol. ii., 147  
 Raghib, Pasha, vol. ii., 247  
 Raglan, Lord, vol. i., 251  
 Raiatea (Society Islands), vol. i., 120  
 Railway concessions, vol. i., 280 *et seq.*  
 Ramazan in Turkey, vol. i., 275, *et seq.*; vol. ii., 57
- Rason, Lt., vol. ii., 47  
 Redcliffe, Lord Stratford de, vol. ii., 162, 184  
 Rediff Pasha, vol. ii., 73  
 Redvan Pasha, vol. ii., 272  
 Reef Topsail Point, vol. i., 45  
 Regatta postponement, vol. ii., 88  
 Reouf Bey, vol. ii., 129  
 Reshid Bey, vol. ii., 145  
 "Resolution," vol. ii., 285  
 Retirement, Author's, from the Turkish Service, vol. ii., 188  
 "Rhadamanthus," vol. i., 59  
 Rhodes, Cecil, vol. ii., 251  
 Richardson (Killed on the Tokaido), vol. i., 159  
 Ricketts, General (Abdullah Pasha), vol. ii., 206  
 Rider Haggard, vol. i., 100  
 Rivington, Lieut., vol. i., 81, 148  
 Riza Pasha, vol. ii., 247  
 Robert College, vol. ii., 195  
 "Rollo" author, appointed to, vol. i., 14  
 Roumelian Railway, vol. i., 282 *et seq.*  
 Rumbold, Sir Horace and Lady, vol. ii., 286-7  
 Russell, Legation Secretary Yedo, vol. i., 94  
 Russians, warships in the Far East, vol. i., 192  
 Russo-Turkish War, vol. ii., 36 *et seq.*  
 Rustem Bey, vol. ii., 131  
 Rustem Pasha, vol. ii., 24, 165  
 Ryan, Sir Chas. ("Plevna" Ryan), vol. ii., 158  
 Ryder (Mate of "Cormorant"), vol. i., 205
- SAID, Admiral Pasha (Ingliz), vol. ii., 12, 42-4  
 Said, Halim Pasha, vol. ii., 30  
 Said, Kuchuk (Small) Pasha, vol. ii., 243-4  
 Said, Pasha, vol. ii., 217, 264  
 Sailing Adventure in the Marmora, vol. i., 290 *et seq.*  
 St. Helena, vol. i., 44, 244  
 St. John, Consul-General for Borneo, vol. i., 69  
 St. John, Frederick, vol. i., 289; vol. ii., 101  
 St. Paul de Loanda, vol. i., 44  
 St. Sophia, vol. i., 276 *et seq.*  
 "Salamis," vol. i., 230  
 Saleh Pasha, President of the International Commission, vol. i., 280, 296  
 Salisbury, Lady, vol. ii., 102  
 Salvini and the Sultan, vol. ii., 122

- Sandwich Islands, vol. i., 115  
 San Juan de Fuca, vol. i., 106  
 Santiago (Cathedral disaster), vol. i., 140  
 Sal Nanieh (Official Almanac), vol. ii., 41  
 Satsuma, Prince, vol. i., 101, 223, 235  
 "Scout," vol. ii., 93  
 "Scylla," vol. i., 213, 221  
 Seacole Mother, vol. i., 152  
 "Seaflower," vol. i., 11  
 Sea Serpent, vol. i., 241  
 Sedan chairs and Constantinople, vol. ii., 269  
 Seid Bey, vol. ii., 72  
 Selamiks, vol. ii., 66, 223 *et seq.*  
 Selim Pasha, vol. ii., 196  
 Serge, Grand Duchess of Russia, vol. ii., 91  
 Serge, Grand Duke, vol. ii., 92  
 "Severn," vol. i., 191  
 Shakir Pasha (Ambassador in Russia), vol. ii., 53  
 Shanghai, vol. i., 214  
 Shaw, Capt. L. F. B., vol. ii., 143  
 Shaw-Lefevre, vol. ii., 248  
 Sheerness, vol. i., 61  
 Sheffield, Secretary to Lord Lyons, vol. i., 266  
 Shefik Bey, vol. ii., 222, 243  
 Shimabara, Gulf of, vol. i., 224  
 Shimonoseki (Battle of), vol. i., 163, 197  
 Sierra Leone, vol. i., 35  
 Simon's Bay, vol. i., 166, 243  
 Simtama, visit to, vol. i., 234  
 Simmonds, H. (Embassy dragoman), vol. i., 280  
 Sinaia, vol. i., 93  
 Sinclair, Captain, vol. i., 266  
 Singapore, vol. i., 67; visit from Tumagong vol. i., 71; visits to Tumagong, vol. i., 72-4, 240  
 Singleton, First Lieut., vol. i., 205  
 Slade, Sir Adolphus (Mushaver Pasha), vol. ii., 136  
 Slave-trade, vol. i., 23 *et seq.*  
 Sleeman, Lieut., vol. ii., 37, 139  
 Smith-Dorrien, Sir Henry, vol. ii., 285  
 Smyrna Pasha's Capture, vol. ii., 26  
 Smyrna, visit of Abdul Aziz, vol. ii., 69  
 Smythe, Sir Frederick, vol. i., 289  
 Sober Island, vol. i., 66  
 Society in Pera, vol. ii., 95  
 Sofia, vol. ii., 139  
 Spano, Greco-Bulgar brigand chief, vol. ii., 141  
 Spex Straits, vol. i., 237  
 Starkie, Lieut.-Com., vol. ii., 276  
 Stavers, Richard, vol. i., 298  
 Stead, Wm., vol. ii., 250  
 Stoker, Dr., vol. ii., 157  
 "Storming of Yedo," vol. i., 158  
 Strauss, Oscar, vol. ii., 195  
 Sturdee, Captain, vol. i., 60  
 Suda Bay, vol. ii., 16  
 Suino-Nada (Inland Sea), vol. i., 197  
 Suleiman Pasha, vol. ii., 72, 154  
 Sulina Canal, vol. ii., 38, 93  
 Sultan of Brunei, vol. i., 69  
 Sultanieh, Imperial Yacht, vol. i., 255  
 Susus Expedition, vol. i., 37  
 "Sutlej," vol. i., 136, 140  
 Swatow, vol. i., 212  
 Swimming experiences in Vancouver, vol. i., 113; in Taboga, vol. i., 149  
 Szechenyi Pasha, vol. ii., 143  
 TABOGA, vol. i., 149 *et seq.*  
 Tahiti, vol. i., 118 *et seq.*  
 "Tartar," vol. i., 153  
 Taylor, Chief Engineer, vol. i., 205  
 Tchamchira (Circassian revolt), vol. ii., 155  
 Tcherkess Hassan, vol. ii., 75, 81  
 Tea (Mikado's Sumptuary Brand), vol. i., 231  
 Terrell, Alexander (American Minister), vol. ii., 194  
 Tewfyk Pasha, vol. ii., 244-5  
 Therapia, vol. i., 251; vol. ii., 278  
 Thetis, Russian warship, vol. i., 87-8  
 Thompson, Ernest, vol. ii., 261  
 Thornton, Sir Edward, vol. ii., 52, 169  
 "Thunderer," vol. ii., 284  
 Time Ball on Galata Tower, vol. ii., 276  
 Tumor, vol. i., 123  
 Tokaido, vol. i., 101, 178  
 Top Capou Serai, vol. ii., 73  
 Torpedo tests, vol. ii., 34 *et seq.*  
 "Tortoise," vol. i., 49  
 Trent, R.M.S., vol. i., 109  
 Treves, Sir Frederick, vol. ii., 254-8  
 "Trident," vol. i., 41, 158  
 Trincornali, vol. i., 66  
 Trinity House, vol. i., 41  
 Tripoli, vol. ii., 21  
 Truscott, Captain, vol. i., 24  
 Tryon, Admiral Sir George, vol. ii., 33  
 Tumagong of Johore, vol. i., 71, 74  
 Tunis, vol. ii., 22  
 Turkey, Naval Service (author enters), vol. ii., 11  
 Turner, Captain Edward, vol. i., 148  
 Tycoon, vol. i., 95, 160; Council of (Gorogio), vol. i., 229  
 Tyrwhitt, Sir Reginald, vol. ii., 285

- VALPARAISO, vol. i., 131, 132  
 Valverde Senora, vol. i., 140  
 Vancouver Isle, vol. i., 104 *et seq.*, 110  
 Varna, vol. i., 266  
 "Vesuvius," joined by author, vol. i., 18, 43  
 Vetsera, Baroness, vol. i., 265  
 Viaud, Capt. (Pierre Loti), vol. ii., 233  
 Victoria, B. C., vol. i., 111  
 Victoria, Queen, vol. i., 261; vol. ii., 11, 137  
 "Victory," vol. i., 245  
 Vincent, Sir Howard, vol. ii., 249  
 Vinicombe, Pasha, vol. ii., 37  
 "Viper," seizure of slave-traders, vol. i., 28  
 Von der Goltz, vol. ii., 90, 146  
 Von Donop, vol. i., 72  
 Von Hobe, Baron and Baroness, vol. ii., 53, 146 *et seq.*  
 Von Hofe Kuala, vol. ii., 277  
 Von Kamphoevener, vol. ii., 146 *et seq.*  
 Von Millgen, Dr., vol. ii., 78  
 Von Moltke, vol. ii., 145  
 Von Ristoff, vol. ii., 145  
 Von Sanders Liman, vol. ii., 147, 197, 264  
 Von Wangenheim, Baron, vol. ii., 278  
 Von Weber, vol. ii., 101  
 Vremya Nova, vol. ii., 54  
 Vries Island, vol. i., 161  
  
 WAECHTER, Sir Max, vol. ii., 250  
 Wallace, General Lew, vol. ii., 189 *et seq.*  
 War Scare of 1861, vol. i., 103 *et seq.*  
 Warren, Reuben, vol. ii., 29, 43  
 Webb, Sir Richard, vol. ii., 283  
  
 Whampoa, vol. i., 80  
 Whittall, Mr. Charlton, vol. i., 169  
 Whittall, Mr. James, vol. ii., 68  
 Whittall, Sir Wm., vol. ii., 70  
 White, Sir Wm., vol. ii., 52, 170 *et seq.*  
 Whitehead, torpedoes, vol. ii., 42  
 Wideawake Fair, vol. i., 48  
 Wilkinson, Captain, vol. i., 268, 273  
 Willis (Legation Yedo), vol. i., 231  
 Wirgman, I. L. N., artist, vol. i., 94  
 Wise, Commodore Charles, vol. i., 16, 18, 52  
 Wolff, Sir Drummond, vol. ii., 175  
 Wood, Sir Richard, vol. ii., 23  
 Woods, Lady, vol. ii., 12, 283  
 Woolwich Dockyard, vol. i., 60  
 Wyoming, U. S. warship; its captain's yarns, vol. i., 213  
  
 YANNI'S Bierhalle, vol. ii., 91  
 Yaous Mehemed Pasha, vol. ii., 134, 159  
 Yedo (Tokyo), vol. i., 180, 194, 220, 229, 230  
 Yedo, Gulf of, vol. i., 192  
 Yedo, visits to, vol. i., 95, 194, 229  
 Yildiz, Sultan's Palace, vol. ii., 107, 123  
 Yokohama, vol. i., 84, 89, 98, 103, 161 *et seq.*, 203, 226  
 Yoshiwara, vol. i., 99  
 Young Turks' Party, vol. i., 284  
 Young, Charles, vol. i., 125  
 Yussuf, Izzedin, vol. i., 255; vol. ii., 84, 251  
  
 ZEMZEM, vol. ii., 28  
 Zia Bey, vol. ii., 72